WEEK ENDING APRIL 7, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

– and Why Not ?

STARS *and* BARS

by **EARL CARROLL**

Stories and Articles by **CHAMBERS, HOPE, MITCHELL, BRADY, McEVOY**

More than cheese

Pabst-ett

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PABST MILWAUKEE REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Six foil-wrapped portions for individual serving. Featured at clubs, hotels, restaurants, on dining cars, etc.

© Pabst Corporation, 1928

An *All-milk* Food for the Children's After-school Lunch

Pabst-ett, more than cheese

THE hands of the clock swing 'round to four—it's after-school lunch time again—and the time to turn to Pabst-ett, *more than cheese.*

When youngsters are hurrying to get outdoors to play, the correct food is Pabst-ett. Correct because children love it spread on crackers or bread — because this finer food is as easily digested and assimilated as milk — because it is more nutritious than milk — and because six o'clock appetites are not dulled by this light, wholesome afternoon lunch.

Pabst-ett is not merely another kind of cheese. It is more than cheese. It is made by the Pabst Process which conserves valuable elements of milk that are lost in cheese making — the milk sugar, milk proteins, body-building milk minerals, vitamins and ***calcium*** — the wonderful food element that many medical experts hold is the most valuable of all. Few foods contain calcium in the proper form to be utilized in diet, as it is found in Pabst-ett.

As Digestible as Milk

Containing all the elements of milk, Pabst-ett is as digestible and more nourishing than milk. Everyone — young children, elderly persons, even invalids — may eat this finer food. And hundreds of thousands prefer it to cheese because of its distinctive, fresh flavor.

Serve Pabst-ett any way you formerly served cheese. You'll find it most convenient to use. It spreads like butter on bread. Toasts to a rich, golden brown. Blends perfectly with vegetables and fruits for salads. Lends color and delightful new flavor to white sauce. Enriches soups. Cooked in macaroni, rarebit, or potatoes, it does not become lumpy or stringy. Pabst-ett melts readily when heated, its fine flavor spreading to every morsel in the dish.

It's time to turn to Pabst-ett, more than cheese. For children — for adults — for elderly persons — Pabst-ett stands alone as a delicious and healthful food.

Not Successfully Imitated

Developed two years ago, Pabst-ett already has become the great favorite among cheese products everywhere. And, it is the only food product of its kind, not successfully imitated. Order from your grocer by name, Pabst-ett, more than cheese. He has this finer food or can quickly get it for you.

PABST CORPORATION [CHEESE DIVISION]
(Also Makers of Pabst Wonder Cheese)
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

YOU need Suspenders to effect the correct hang of your trousers. You'll want PARIS Suspenders—because of their peppy style, comfort and value.

PARIS Suspenders—in their colorful patterns—have been acclaimed the last word among college men and their young dads. PARIS Garters sponsor PARIS Suspenders —enough said!

We'll supply you if your dealer cannot. Just send his name with your order.

Paris Suspenders, $1 to $5

Paris Garters, 25c to $2

A. STEIN & COMPANY

Makers

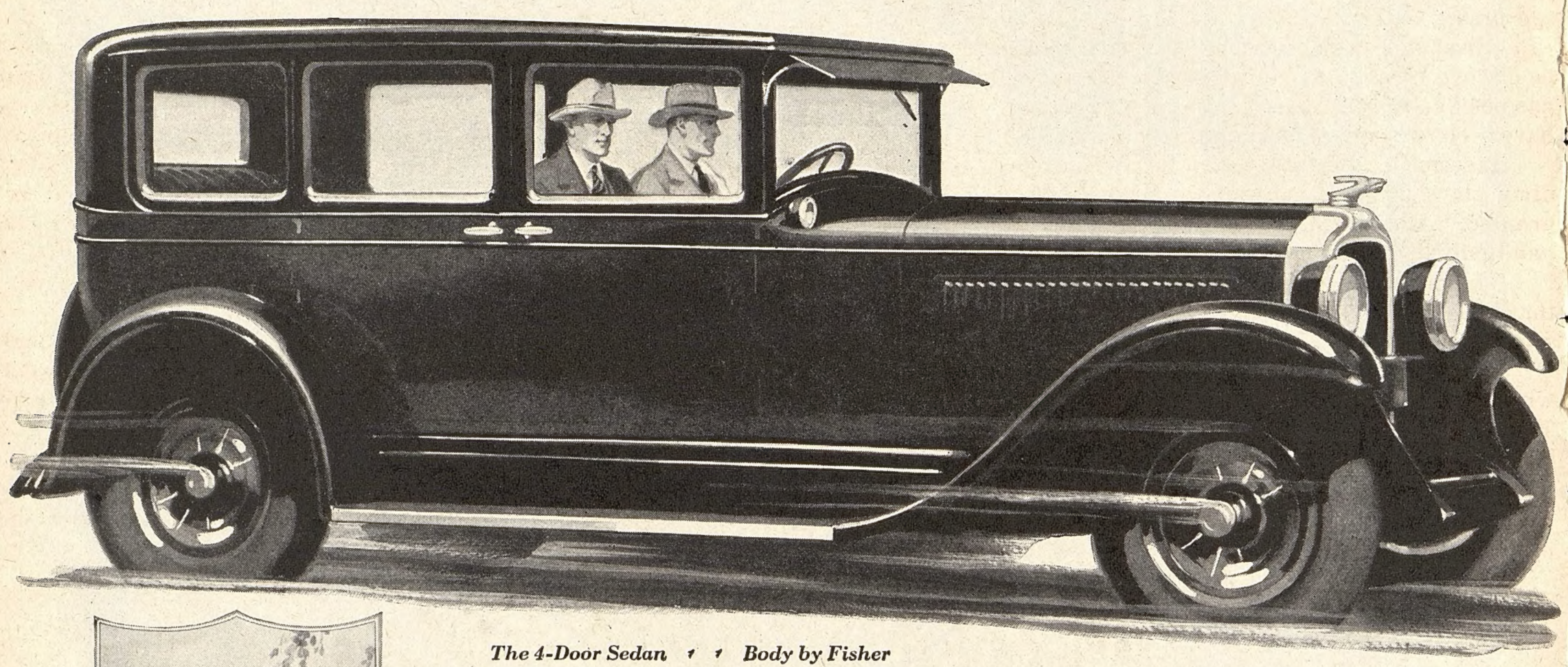
1159 West Congress Street, Chicago

NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES TORONTO

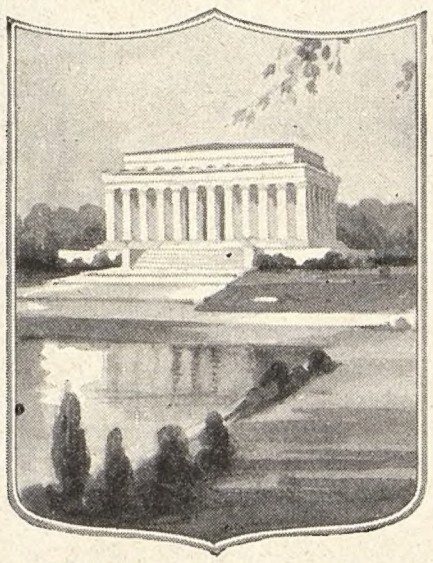
74

PARIS GARTERS *and* SUSPENDERS

Where can you match this engine for
Size * Advancements * Performance?



*The 4-Door Sedan * * Body by Fisher*



The Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C. All America's Tribute to Abraham Lincoln.

Here's a question of facts and figures. No opinions . . . no preferences involved. Where can you match this whispering brute of an engine in a car approaching the All-American in price?

* * *

Where else can you find 212 cubic inches displacement? A 79-pound crankshaft, harmonic balancer, the equal of the famous G-M-R cylinder head?

* * *

Where else can you find this combination . . . gasoline pump instead of the conventional vacuum system . . . triple protection by oil, air and gasoline filters, down-draft crankcase ventilation, cylinder block and crankcase of bridge-truss design?

* *

And where can you match its impressive performance? Its power, its speed and its thrilling change of pace? Where else can you look for such smoothness and silence . . . Where for such completely unruffled mastery of mileage and time?

* * *

Look for all of them elsewhere. Perhaps some day you will find them . . . but now they are confined only in the All-American Six . . . Then after you've looked, try an All-American . . . See how much $1045 will really buy.

2-Door Sedan, $1045; Landau Coupe, $1045; Sport Roadster, $1075; Phaeton, $1075; 4-Door Sedan, $1145; Cabriolet, $1155; Landau Sedan, $1265. New Series Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

APRIL 7, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 14

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.
Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

CENSORSHIP

The drama critic of the New York *Evening Post,* Mr. Robert Littell, had an interesting piece in his paper recently about censorship in the theater.

He said he does not believe that a single actual instance can be discovered and proved in which a normal adult human being has been permanently harmed by seeing any of the plays which have been suppressed of late in New York.

It seems to him rather silly, he added, to talk so much about dirty plays when so many more perilous things are taken for granted. Riding in automobiles, for instance, or lunching habitually on frosted chocolate.

The reason people try to suppress plays, he thinks, is not that they fear they themselves will be harmed. They are afraid somebody else will be.

We agree to most of this. On the whole, sophisticated adults who go to a play like Sex or The Captive are not harmed much. The suppression of Maya is still less understandable. That play would no more lead a man or woman to sin than Ten Nights in a Barroom would lead one to drink.

As far as harm is done by theatrical productions to adult people, taking the term in its usual connotation, it probably is done by the beautiful girly-girly shows—not by any portrayal of a family problem or a *femme de joie* dying.

There is more danger, no doubt, in a stageful of lovely girls undulating in provocative garments (if any) than in most of the supposedly sinister interpretations of life.

But these girl spectacles are not suppressed.

So much for grown-ups. We cannot say positively about them, and we doubt if anyone can.

In the movies a rather different problem presents itself. These are within the reach of children.

The movie producers, however, have realized this and have set up their own censorship, knowing well that if they did not do so they would get it anyway, in an arbitrary form which they would not like.

This censorship, in general, works well. Sometimes, we think, even here it is a little absurd—or, say, overzealous.

In the case of Rain, a forceful, vivid, and well conceived play, it seems to us there was tyranny. To have barred that from the movies was undoubtedly a mistake. And Miss Gloria Swanson, in side-stepping the censorship by the simple ruse of going back to Somerset Maugham's original story and producing from it an acceptable picture, has done a good thing.

We think there is nothing in that picture that would lead anyone, however impressionable, to go in for a life of vice. The story of *Sadie Thompson* is one of drab, dismaying tragedy. Where is the lure in that?

Clothes, money, gorgeous shop windows on display where girls can see them, are the things that lead to sin, as any social worker will tell you. We don't hear much discussion of suppressing those!

It is not easy to sit in judgment on those who sit in judgment. Some kind of censorship in some kinds of cases is needful, no doubt. But it seems to us that such censorship as exists frequently picks the wrong targets.

IN THIS ISSUE

Stars and Bars.....By EARL CARROLL 7
The chronicle of a stage career with a prison interlude

Mary Read.....By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS 11
A tale of a pirate's black heart and a woman's courage

Mother and the War.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 20
A tearful movie presents a white-haired Cinderella

Presidential Possibilities—Coolidge
By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT 23
A character sketch of the Chief Executive

Leaves from My War Diary....By GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL 33
The story of America's air fighters in France (Part Two)

She Who Sleeps.....By SAX ROHMER 43
The romance of a princess out of the past (Part Six)

The Terrible Turk.....By WILLIAM A. BRADY 57
The tragi-comedy of a mighty wrestler as told by his manager

Show Girl.....By J. P. McEVOY 63
The loves and adventures of Dixie Dugan (Part Seven)

Mary's in Bad Now.....By TONI, JR. 72
As dictated to Antoinette Donnelly

Into Temptation.....By EDWARD HOPE 75
A story of what happened to a young man's good resolution

News of the World (p. 19); Twenty Questions (56); Poem (70); For the Love o' Lil (71); Bright Sayings of Children (71); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (73); Vox Pop (74); Cross-Word Puzzle (86); Fashions (87-88); Word Golf (89); Food (90).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

INDEX OF ADVERTISEMENTS ON PAGE EIGHTY-NINE

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

Another story in the stirring pirate series by

Robert W. Chambers

The romantic history of the du Pont family by

Edward Doherty

What teaching offers as a job for women by

Grace Robinson

A sparkling romance of modern youth by

Holworthy Hall

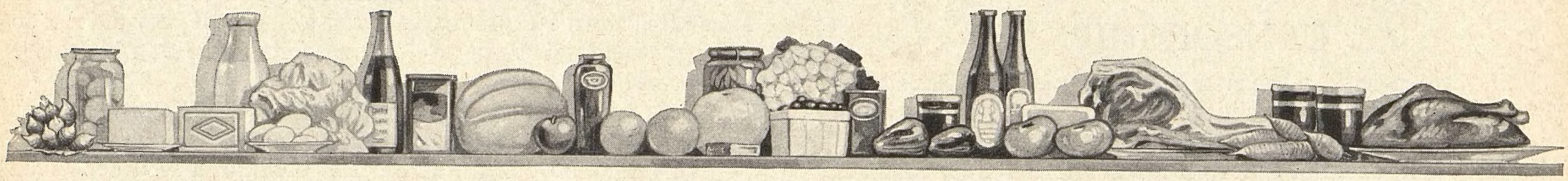
Another effusion from the Interior Decorator by

Bert Green

April 7, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 14
Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

It holds all this food

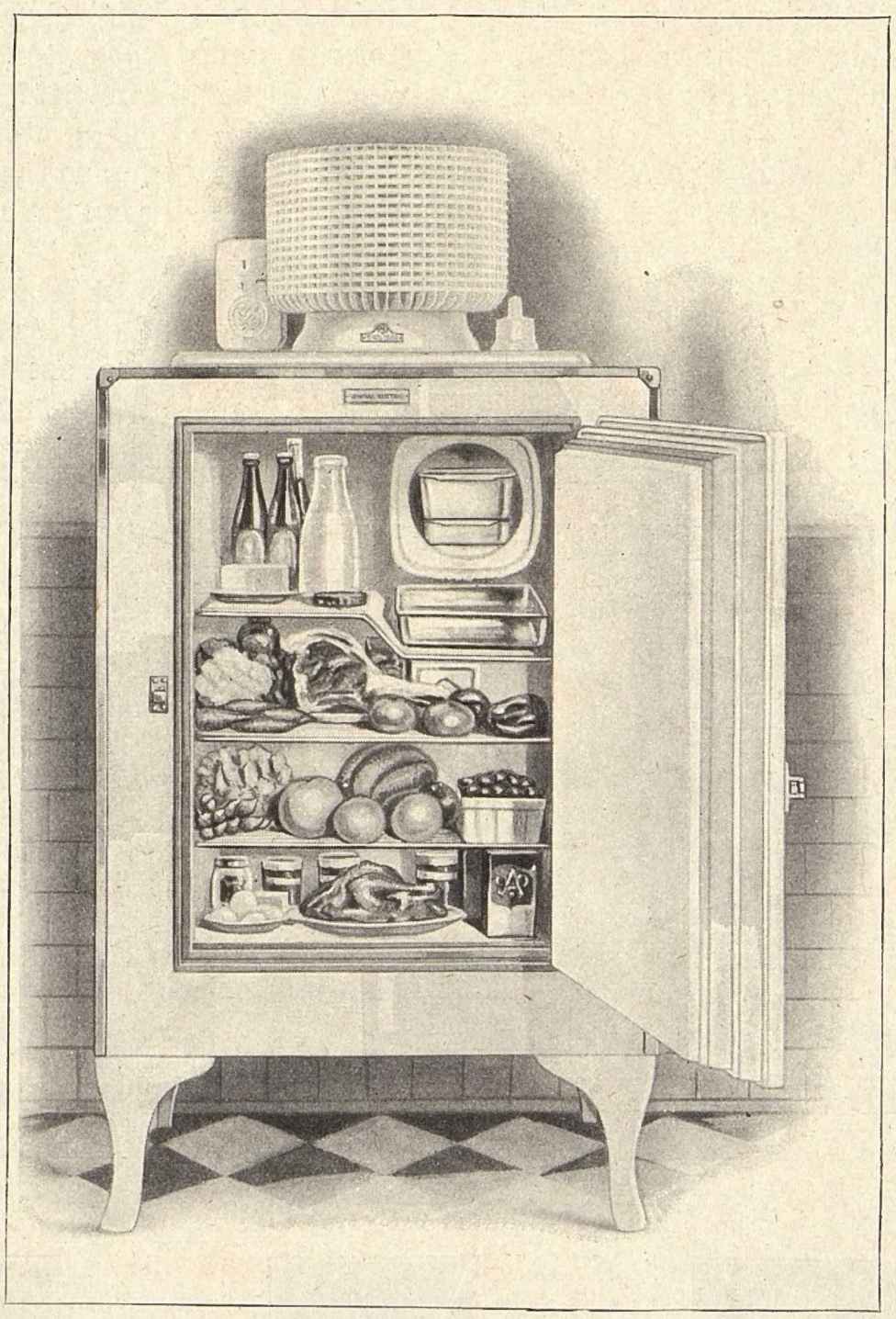


And this great food storage space is just one vital element of value!

JUST look at this model of the General Electric Refrigerator. It is called the seven cubic foot size, but that gives you no indication of its vast shelf area. It actually has twelve square feet of space for food. Visualize a shelf one foot wide and twelve feet long . . . . that's the real size of this seemingly small refrigerator.

The compactness of the chilling chamber makes for this great roominess. It is scarcely larger than the two trays in which the gleaming ice cubes are made.

All the mechanism of the General Electric Refrigerator is enclosed in the air-tight steel casing inside the coils—hermetically sealed—with a permanent supply of oil. All work is *completed* in the factory, where it is tested and retested. No additional work is done when the refrigerator is installed. The unit is intact and is merely lowered into the top of the specially designed cabinet. There is no soldering or plumbing. It can be installed anywhere—plugged into any convenience outlet.



Remarkable, too, is the absence of all belts, fans, pipes and connections. You have already noticed that there isn't a bit of mechanism under the refrigerator . . . . and there is none in the basement. All the models are up on legs—which makes cleaning under them so easy.

See these unusually quiet refrigerators. Compare them with all others. Remember that they are made and guaranteed by General Electric. And just drop us a card for Booklet L-4. It gives complete dimensions and specifications.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

Stars and BARS

P. & A. photo

From Footlights to Prison—and Back

By

EARL CARROLL

(Reading time: 20 minutes 40 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Carroll is one of New York's most widely known theatrical producers. A backstage birthday party, given by him in a friend's honor, came recently under the scrutiny of Federal prohibition agents and led to his being sent to prison on a charge of perjury. He was released after a time on parole, having agreed not to discuss his experience until the parole expired. It expired last week, and here he tells his story.]

WHEN a man is drowning—and drowns—it is an old supposition that events of his whole life pass before his vision, the panorama resembling a motion-picture film operated at incredible speed. Drowned men don't verify earthly theories, so we can't take much stock in this bit of ancient lore. Yet we all know there are times when events of one's life do spread themselves on the screen of one's mind. I am thinking of one particular occasion when they do it more vividly than on any other.

It is not given to all of us to witness this latter phenomenon. And fortunately so, since the time when it happens is a moment of terrifying loneliness and solitude. The place where it happens is prison.

In Atlanta Penitentiary, whither I went on a jury's finding that I had sworn to an untruth concerning what took place at a birthday party on the stage of the Earl Carroll Theater, I became an exceptionally ardent devotee of the chief diversion of prison life—thinking about oneself. Principally, I thought of the strange ways of justice.

Here was I held in bondage, guarded by armed men in duty bound to shoot me down if I tried to escape. Whom had I hurt? Could any man on God's earth say honestly that I was a menace to society—I who had always taken the keenest personal pride in treating my fellows squarely? Was justice fair in inflicting upon me its most drastic punishment—the brand which is so hideous I lack the courage to call it by name?

I hold no brief for perjury. I detest lying. I loathe the perjury which flourishes in our courts daily. But assuming that the law had proved its charge in my case and that I had told a falsehood, what was there to show that I had injured anything on earth except my own peace with God?

Even though I had lied, the worst that could have been said about me was that I had lied, not to save my own skin, but to shield innocent persons from sensational notoriety with which a few scandalmongers had maliciously surrounded the birthday party at my theater.

And it is my conviction that, in a case of that kind, a man would be justified in lying. To me,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

International photo

Vicissitudes in the colorful career of the program-boy-stowaway-flyer-composer-producer Earl Carroll. Dynamic (above) he is pepping up a bevy of Broadway beauties; reflective (below) he is shown gripping the cold bars of his prison cell and dreaming of past glories on the Great White Way.

[STARS AND BARS Continued from Page Seven]

the law of loyalty to friends transcends some of the laws on our statute books.

Prison meditation revealed to me that my life is separated into three distinct phases—my boyhood, my struggle with Broadway, and my experience in prison, which I am relating here for the first time.

The First Phase

I WAS born in Pittsburgh of solid Irish parentage, both my parents having come from the old country. We were neither rich nor poor; just middle class. My education was cut short when I was ten and a half years old. I wanted to work.

From the standpoint of the family's finances, it wasn't necessary to go to work, but the stage held an irresistible attraction for me. I wanted to get a job in one of the theaters. I was taken on as a program boy and worked in most of the Pittsburgh theaters—the Alvin, the Nixon, the Gaiety, the Belasco, and the Grand Opera House.

My education went on from that point in what I picked up from watching plays, visualizing stage situations, studying the tricks employed by actors to get their parts across, and listening to the conversation the playwrights had put into their mouths.

It is the high lights of life which are portrayed in the theater. You get an exaggerated conception of everything. The whole appeal of the dramatic art is to the emotions. It is easy to see what happens if a youthful mind accepts it as a lesson instead of diversion. I absorbed it that way, and I gained a highly impressionistic view of life.

In effect, I was attending a school of mimicry, and my curriculum was the philosophy of playwrights combined with the vocal expression and physical deportment of players.

A marvelous theater reared itself in my imagination. Every time one of the regulars, who called me "Smiley," would press a dollar bill into my hand as I dispensed programs, I said to myself I was accumulating bricks for this amazing temple of art which some day would be mine.

The mechanics of stagecraft were my pet hobby. I learned a lot about them from Kellar, the magician. I learned from watching Richard Mansfield how masterful and exquisite the art of acting can be. The importance of knowing people impressed itself upon me. When sixteen years old I had a speaking acquaintance with nearly everybody in the show business.

Out of this atmosphere of artificial stress on superlatives of human activity grew imagination. Out of imagination grew a longing to visit the Orient. So, with my brother Jim, two years older, I packed up my belongings, journeyed from Pittsburgh to San Francisco, and, as a bellboy on the United States army transport Thomas, headed westward toward the spicy smells.

Jim got off at Honolulu; but it was primarily China I wanted to see. I continued on to Hongkong, where I got a job with a man who was trying to organize a Chinese directory. The enterprise failed, and after a short visit to Canton I decided to go up the coast to Shanghai.

I made several trips on the river steamers plying the Pearl River between Hongkong and Canton. On one of these journeys we were called to the aid of a sister ship which was sinking. I joined the rescue crew and helped to fish out the drowning men. As a reward for my trifling assistance, the steamship company let me have deck passage on a ship bound for Shanghai.

Deck passage means that in transit you are entitled to all comforts of a deck not far from the water line. Against the traditions of white men in the East, I ate with the Chinese wayfarers herded in this "foc's'l," appetite being stronger than pride.

The first mate, on a tour of inspection the second day out, saw me—a white boy and truly well dressed in this nondescript company. He put me on the grill about myself. I told him of my desire to see the world. A little later a kindly old gentleman appeared and chatted with me. He was the skipper, and in me he must have re-lived his own youthful wanderlust, for he had the steward give me a bunk and a place at his own table.

I had 107 cents when I left Hongkong; but at sixteen that was a fortune. I spent ten cents for a cake of soap and had ninety-seven cents when I reached Shanghai.

Rickshas whisked past me in an endless stream when I put foot on shore. Bland-looking coolies pulled them tirelessly, ready to carry me off on a blissful orgy of sightseeing through the land of my dreams. I capitulated; and when my joy ride was at an end I had forty-five cents as my entire earthly stake.

I stood in Nanking Road, wondering what next. My roving gaze took in a magic legend on a signboard—Sullivan & McDermott, Dealers in Kodaks and Photographic Supplies. It was as though a band had suddenly struck up Yankee Doodle.

I hurried to the store, found it an American firm, and slept soundly that night under the hospitable shelter provided by these two gentlemen whose origin, like my own, traced itself to the Old Sod. That friendly lift insured my future for twenty-four hours, which was all I ever asked. My life was distinctly a day-to-day existence.

I landed a job with the Imperial Chinese Customs, handling the tobacco imports and juggling foreign exchange, at a monthly salary of 100 *taels* (about fifty dollars), of which I had to pay sixty *taels* for board and lodging.

Bye photos

Carroll the pilot, and Carroll the boy globe-trotter. (Above) In 1917-18 as a lieutenant, First Provisional Wing, United States Air Service. (Below) In Shanghai, at the age of sixteen, garbed in accepted China fashion.

For a while I picked up a little extra money helping to run an English-language weekly called *The Prince*, but the beach combers in the park along the river front would take the copies away from the Chinese kids, and we had to discontinue it.

When this income was cut off, I asked the head man in the Customs House for a raise. It was refused, so I checked out from Shanghai for Nagasaki, again taking deck passage.

THE spell of the Orient began to dwindle. My worldly capital was now twelve *yen*, and room rent in Nagasaki was tearing terrible holes in it at the rate of two *yen* a day. I learned that the steamship China, from San Francisco, would reach port and leave for Manila the same day. I decided to leave aboard her, no matter how I managed it.

The ship lay at anchor in the harbor. I dressed myself in a white suit and helmet. Remember, I was only sixteen. I went down to the landing station on the day she was to set sail. I hung around for an hour or two without getting anywhere. Time was flitting, so I mustered up courage and nonchalantly stepped into a launch as it shoved off on one of the passenger-carrying trips. The deck stewards saluted me as I walked up the gangplank. I gave a careless little salute in acknowledgment—then hurried to the first washroom I could find, to hide until we were under way.

It was 9 o'clock that night when the chief steward presented himself and asked for my ticket. The skipper was fearfully incensed. He ordered that I be put to work shoveling coal. The temperature in the stokehole was 114° and my fellow stokers Chinese coolies. The spirit was willing, but my technique as a stoker hopeless, for one of the assistant engineers bawled at me to "get the hell out of the stokehole."

For the rest of the voyage I removed rust, and when we reached Manila the first officer told me my best bet was to disappear into one of the landing gigs. Which I did at high speed.

At the outset of this trip around the world I had been a highly strung, sensitive youngster, whose feelings were easily hurt, and who cried at the slightest provocation. All this had changed by the time I got back to Pittsburgh—in about a year and a half. I had lived by my wits. I was resourceful. Yet I was a little dreamier and more ambitious than ever.

The Second Phase

BACK home again, I went to work as assistant treasurer in a theater. Between times I wrote my first play, calling it The Lady of the Night. I sent it to David Belasco, whose play reader, Henry Stillman, wrote back that it had merit, though Mr. Belasco would be unable to produce it that season.

I came on to New York to see A. H. Woods about it. In the year of waiting I ran up a board bill of $500, but luckily it was with friends. Meantime I took up writing parodies on popular songs with Leo Edwards, brother of Gus. We did original songs, too, and began to catch on with stage managers of musical shows.

About the time Leo wrote the music and I the words for Isle d'Amour, my first really big waltz hit, I read that Enrico Caruso had taken to composing melodies. I wrote to him that I was the "foremost lyricist of the day," and that it was therefore appropriate that I should write the words for the songs composed by the foremost singer of the day.

Caruso invited me to call on him at the old Knickerbocker Hotel. I dressed myself in a much antiquated dress suit, the only one I had, and tucked my handkerchief up my left cuff, having seen an English actor do this in some satirical comedy. Caruso was cordial and asked if I should like to hear his melodies. He sang the tunes twice, an impromptu concert for my solitary benefit worth more than $5,000 at the rate he was paid for his art.

To music composed by Caruso I wrote the lyrics for Dreams of Long Ago. Henry W. Savage had a show on at the Herald Square Theater called The Million. One character was that of an Italian tenor. I suggested to Mr. Savage that the Italian tenor sing our song. Mr. Savage, alive to the publicity, agreed.

I arranged with Caruso to be on hand the first night the song was to be sung, and called for him in my "best clothes"—that same sorry dress suit.

We walked down Broadway to the theater. Caruso hadn't known of the capital being made out of the fact that he was the composer of the song, and on the way to the theater I did my best to prevent him from becoming too deeply absorbed in placards in store windows ballyhooing his minor connection with the play.

The song went great. Caruso was called to acknowledge the applause. As he arose he nudged me to stand too. I did and together we bowed.

I guess the people hadn't noticed my name as the author of the words and they probably wondered who the slim young fellow was in the

ill fitting dress suit sharing honors with the world-famous tenor.

I used to visit Caruso a good deal, frequently in the morning. Around noontime he would say, using his pet name for me, "Carrollino, have lunch with me"; and I would accept with avidity, omitting to tell him that I was often down to nine cents for crullers, or that it was frequently a problem to get my laundry out of hock.

OLIVER MOROSCO came out of the West to take Broadway by storm with his production of Hartley Manners' Peg o' My Heart. Meanwhile I had written the words to the song Dreaming, and I went to see him. He was terribly busy, but I gained an audience long enough to enable me to run off a few of my songs.

He wasn't interested then, but three months later wired from California that he wanted the rights to Dreaming for a show called Pretty Mrs. Smith, in which Kitty Gordon and Fritzi Scheff starred. Soon afterward Morosco wired, requesting that I go out to Los Angeles to do lyrics and music for a play for Charlotte Greenwood and Sidney Grant. He offered royalties amounting to 3 per cent of the total weekly receipts.

By this time I had learned something about melody myself and could pick out tunes on the piano by working the keys with three or four fingers. I accepted his offer, took out my own arranger to score the songs for the orchestra, and on a gamble paid the carfare for us both.

Morosco told me he had to have the job finished in nine days. I delivered the lyrics and music in the specified time. The play was So Long Letty, a tremendous success. Frances White and Walter Catlett came out in it. My share of the proceeds was enough to start me on Easy Street.

Morosco then commissioned me to write Canary Cottage, which was Eddie Cantor's first musical show. Marc Klaw liked it so well he contracted with me to do a show in collaboration with Rennold Wolf. It was not produced, but even so I went along with my work, doing The Love Mill for Andreas Dippel, and the lyrics of Florabella for Lina Abarbanell.

The money situation had eased for me at last. In my second year in the Big Town I had paid my debts and had $300 in the bank. The next year it was $1,200. By the time we entered the war I had $80,000 from my writing tucked away, and had branched out as a married man.

But Broadway had me in its toils. My health was such that I was advised to get away from the white-light caldron. But I evaded this penance by building a California bungalow on an office building in the heart of the district which the doctors said was too much for me.

The Philbin Sisters—two beauties in Earl Carroll's Vanities. Each costume cost $1,200, and fifty-six girls graced the finale of Act One—quite a leap from the empty pockets and early failures the producer discloses.

International photo

Carroll in a scene from White Cargo, a play in which he invested sixty-eight dollars and reaped a fortune.

During the war I enlisted as a private in the Flying Service, was commissioned, and served as a pilot. My imagination seemed to stop functioning while I was in the service; but, even so, my accrued royalties from earlier writings amounted to $35,000 during this period of military duty.

Imagination returned after I had been mustered out, and within six weeks I did The Lady of the Lamp, followed by Call a Taxi and Jim's Girl, the latter in collaboration with Thomas Gray. Within six months all three had been sold on an advance and royalty basis, but time went on without any indication that any one of them was to be put on the boards.

Delay nettled me, and I told Lee Shubert I thought I'd have to go into the producing business on my own account. He said he had given me credit for having more sense, and that I ought to be glad the plays had even been accepted.

Finally A. H. Woods—who had made three advances of $1,000 each on Call a Taxi—took a half interest in The Lady of the Lamp, and I staged and produced it in 1920. But it didn't go, and again my finances were near the breaking point.

Macklyn Arbuckle was the star of another play I had written meanwhile—Daddy Dumplings. While the guest of Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. Arbuckle met W. R. Edrington, a banker of Fort Worth, Texas. He brought Mr. Edrington to see me and we talked about refinancing the show. Mr. Edrington offered to put $5,000 in it, but I told him not to, as it looked like a sure bust. He told me afterward that my candor at that time made a great impression on him.

Mr. Edrington became interested in my dreams of my own theater, the boyish picture of which was etched in my mind, and suggested I look around to see if there was any way this vision might become a reality.

I MADE inquiries concerning the plot where the Earl Carroll Theater now stands. The owners replied that they had looked up my financial rating and learned that I had only $30,000. This report on my financial status astounded me, as at that moment I didn't have enough to buy my wife a new Easter hat. I owed $12,000. At any rate, by the end of

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[STARS AND BARS Continued from Page Nine]

April I had the property, and Mr. Edrington's intended $5,000 investment had grown to $770,000. His collateral for my share in the enterprise was my name on a piece of paper.

We opened with Bavu, a Russian drama written by myself. It was an awful bust. Broadway predicted I was riding for a terrible fall. When I hypothecated my life-insurance policy to keep things moving I wasn't sure but that Broadway might have the right dope. From month to month we squeaked through by an eyelash. One month the excess above overhead was four dollars.

In September of 1922 we contracted with Schwab & Kusel to bring in The Gingham Girl, which ran until the following spring and was our first success. Then came the première of the Earl Carroll Vanities, bringing out Peggy Joyce, Joe Cook, Dorothy Knapp, and other stars.

THE first production of the Vanities cost only $35,000. This unbelievably small sum was made possible because I arranged with the costumer, Mme. Arlington, to take a small percentage of the gross in lieu of a set sum. Her share came to a good deal more than $50,000, which would have been the cost of the costumes if I had been able to pay for them in cash. When the next edition of the Vanities came along, I was in position to buy the costumes outright, my finances having been strengthened meanwhile, partly by reason of returns coming in from my production of White Cargo in other theaters.

The White Cargo incident was curious. Leon Gordon, its author, came to me and said the man who had agreed to furnish $10,000 to produce it had been taken ill after investing $4,000, and if I were willing to become the producer, Gordon said I could have an 85-per-cent interest.

W. Herbert Adams, representing the financial interest, also urged me to produce the show. So I agreed. I dug up properties from the cellar of the Greenwich Village Theater and used my credit to rent the right costumes. It opened at the Greenwich Village and was a tremendous success. Eventually it moved uptown to Daly's, and there were nine companies producing it. My actual investment had been sixty-eight dollars.

I felt that my share in it was too high and refused to accept more than 65 per cent, which in itself was enough to make a fortune. Mr. Adams was much pleased at my stand, and we became close business associates and have remained so. In my parole papers with the government he is designated as my official "best friend." It is a happy description.

Up to the period of my life I am now approaching I had produced twenty-three shows —thirteen successes and ten failures—as against the customary theatrical average of one success to six failures.

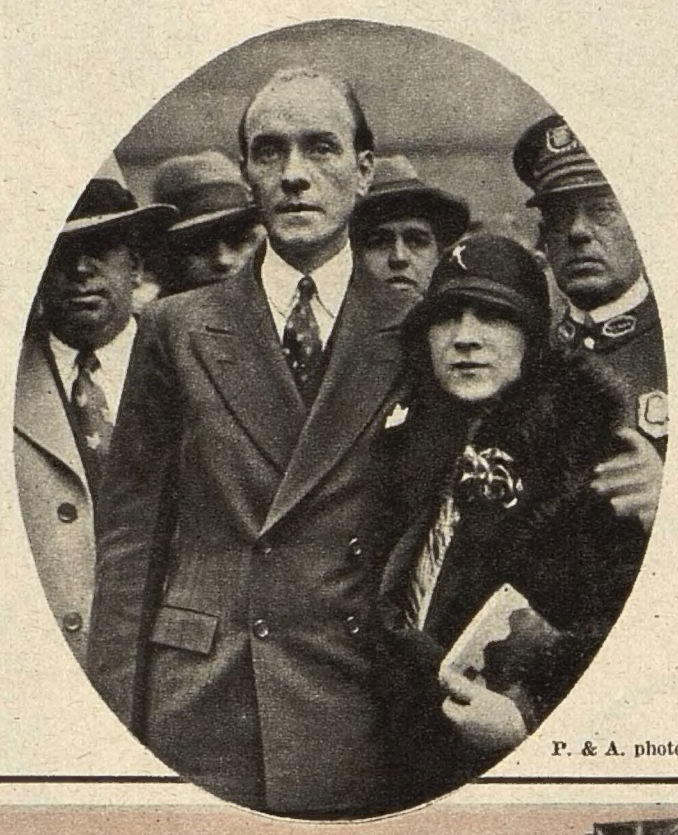
The Third Phase

I OWED Mr. Edrington a great debt of gratitude. How could I show my appreciation? I could not give him money—he had that. I was eager to do something which was so different from the regular routine of his life that it could not fail to bring him genuine pleasure.

And so I devised an annual birthday party in his honor, to be held wherever the Vanities happened to be playing and to be attended by interesting men and women representative of finance and industry, art and literature, and of the sphere he had benefited—the world of play-acting. The first party was held in New York, the second at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, the third at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel in Philadelphia, and the fourth on the stage of the Earl Carroll Theater.

A GUEST went forth from my roof and broadcast to the world that I had put on a wild revel. It was this distortion, invented to appease a demand for scandal, and not any alleged misstatement of my own, which was the great falsehood told in connection with that party.

The situation was fallacious. Here a deliberate misrepresentation had been flaunted with intent to injure many persons. Yet, in the legal sense, this breach was not perjury, because it was not sworn to. Nobody was injured by the thing I was later accused of. Yet the law called it perjury.



P. & A. photos

Wide World photo

The Atlanta penitentiary, where Uncle Sam exacted his toll, and (at left) Warden J. W. Snook, whose kindness, Carroll says, gave him the will to live. The producer is shown at top embracing his wife on arrival in New York, October 22, following his release.

For the sake of argument, let us suppose that I had no scruples against playing host at a questionable affair. Does it stand to reason that I would have invited my own wife, my own sister, and her husband to attend it, or that I would have outraged Mr. Edrington and his friends, with their wives and sisters, to the extent of expecting them to tolerate it?

On this point alone I am willing to leave it to the world whether I am not speaking the truth when I say that this much publicized party was clean from beginning to end. It would have passed on and been forgotten next day if it had not been for one man, who realized what a fine circulation medium it would be for his sensation-loving paper to describe it as a Roman holiday. There were many newspaper men there, but he alone saw fit to do this; and it was my misfortune that my one false guest should enjoy such power.

Out of all the muddle came my arrest, my conviction, and my sentence to serve one year in the Federal penitentiary in Atlanta on the charge of perjury.

I died a thousand times in those days following my arrest. I imagined everybody was looking at me as though I had been branded as a human monster. Human flesh could not stand it—highly strung, supersensitive human flesh. Believe it or not, my flesh is of that kind.

On the way to prison my soul gave up the battle. Degradation had won. I confessed to myself I was debased beyond repair.

During two months in the Greenville, South Carolina, hospital, I could see nothing that could ever come to me in the future which would atone for the misery I had suffered. Drs. Bates, Bruce, and Earle worked incessantly with an intense sympathy I shall never forget. When I finally reached Atlanta, my flag of surrender flew high. Food was brought me, but it seemed like kindling they were piling on to the embers to rebuild them into a continuously torturing flame. I prayed that the fire might give its last sputter and vanish in a gray ash. So I sought to accomplish this by merely pretending to eat; but they, quick to see through my ruse, worked patiently to make me realize the futility of aimless drifting.

MEN were all about me whose fate was far worse than mine. There was Eddie, my day nurse, doing a twenty-year term for murder. Hour after hour he would talk to me about the hiving of bees on the farm he knew as a youngster. He is going back to them when he has paid his debt to society. Personally, I want nothing better than to be with Eddie when he is reunited with his hiving bees.

Barron, my night nurse, there for four years, and Carl, the head nurse, doing twelve, never knew when they talked with me how their fortitude inspired me. Every night Warden Snook would come to ask how I was feeling. I'd tell him, "Great!" and he'd say that it wasn't nearly as bad as I seemed to think it was.

One evening I looked up from my cot to see the warden.

"I heard you're very fond of ice cream," he said, with a friendly smile. "We had some over at my house tonight and I brought you a dish of it."

I lay awake nearly all night thinking. I could still see Warden Snook standing at my bedside, with the light of kindness beaming from his keen, intelligent eyes. I thought of the prison physician, Dr. Nellans. He had left me to myself for days. He seemed to know that some fellows when they're down live in mortal dread of contact with men of their own mental caliber. He, too, was a Colossus of understanding.

The cobwebs which had cluttered my mind vanished.

Suddenly it crashed into my consciousness that the first gentle treatment I had received was from those I had expected to be the most severe.

So I resolved to turn my gaze from that moment to the Main Gate of the penitentiary, through which living men pass to freedom, and to forget the East Gate, through which the dead are liberated. And next morning I told them that, no matter how I'd be received by society, I'd carry on. I had been in prison eighteen days, and within six weeks I was on my feet again and had regained twenty-two pounds of my normal weight.

A man paroled from Atlanta at the time I was came in to see me the other day. We talked about impressions prison life had left on us. He said he found himself continually glancing at his watch and drawing a mental picture of what his former prison comrades are doing at that hour. Prison life moves on an inexorable schedule day by day. Men are there assassinating time.

When men step out of prison, it is only the physical part of them that leaves. For a long time afterward they continue "doing time." Like my paroled friend, I too am always looking at my watch.

THE END

Mary Read

A Tale of a Pirate's Black Heart and a Woman's Courage

By
Robert
W.
Chambers

Pictures
by
NORMAN PRICE

Of a sudden, she began to laugh; and called out to me: "Well, then, what are you, little one? A sea sprite?"

(Reading time: 18 minutes 20 seconds.)

TOM COCKLYN, landlord of The Lost Ship Tavern, sat on the settle under the taproom window, nursing an inextinguishable rage.

Since Captain Death, the pirate, had cut off both ears and buried him to the neck in the sand to die by the mounting tide, Tom Cocklyn nursed his wrath against all sea-rogues, brooded, moped, lived only to do some of them an ill turn.

He saw enough of them, for these wolves of the ocean frequented his tavern at Topsail Inlet when driven to Carolina for wood or water or other provision.

Also they knew him for an old pirate; and some among them had him in their pay. Yet he also was paid by our Governor of North Carolina, the Honourable Charles Eden, and by others, perhaps. But his mutilated ears inflamed his mind even more than his body; and, since that dreadful evening, had changed his noisy brutality into a kind of silent ferocity which made of him a sullen, venomous, inert creature that squatted all day long on the settle to watch the sea.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MARY READ
Continued from Page Eleven]

Such customers as came to The Lost Ship I served now. He would have none o' them—scarcely return a civil greeting—scarce speak to anybody.

Around his rough, bullet-shaped head he wore a red-and-yellow madras handkerchief, day and night, to conceal his cropped ears; for, being nearly bald, neither his hair nor his whiskers, which were as thin and dry and wiry as hair on a sick dog, could conceal his crippled features.

One day two of Vane's men, escaping, came ashore seeking the King's pardon; and Tom Cocklyn took them to Judge Nicholas Trot, and they were tried and hanged. And God knows what evidence Tom Cocklyn gave against them to so rob them of benefit of the proclamation which I, with my own hands, had nailed up in our taproom for all to read according to law.

We have, in Carolina, a thick and bloated kind of snake which is as deadly as it is sudden—and made me think of my landlord and master.

For, one day, I saw a man and a boy land at the inlet from a shallop, and shout to us to fetch a side o' butcher's meat to Calico Jack, who was John Rackham the pirate, master of The Kingston, prize ship.

And I saw Tom Cocklyn take a butcher's cleaver and run toward them. I know not what frightened them or seemed to warn them of his purpose, unless it was the way he ran—crouching and leaping like a panther.

But they became, suddenly, panic-struck, and ran toward the pine woods; and Tom Cocklyn ran after them. And came again to the tavern after half an hour, where, in the yard, I saw him washing blood from his arms and apron and from the butcher's cleaver, which dripped red to the handle.

That night he took a spade and a lantern, and was in the woods for three hours. I heard him come in, as I lay shivering on my garret bed.

NEVER had I heard such cursing as burst from the wounded man's mouth. He pulled his hanger from his sash and leaped at Mary Read.

WE had no guests that day. There was no sound, no movement in the tavern save a buzzing and circling flight of flies. Black Herith sat dozing in the kitchen chimney corner, where, on the white ashes, a single coal lay like a glowing eye.

Moll Fair slept on the pantry bench, like the slut she always was. I had washed her pewter dishes for her; fetched lightwood and water, trimmed candles, and cleaned crumbs.

Eggs I had fetched; I cooped two broody hens; I fed the sow.

Now, with time to myself, I took my schoolbooks to the back door, and there seated myself upon the warm stone. Now, very earnestly, I fell to learning what I could out of these same books, which I had as a gift of Mr. Ross of Sir George Sayles' company—who commanded His Majesty's station ship Sea Hawk; and Mr. Ross commanded her tender The Moth, sloop, patrolling the North Carolina coast from Old Clarendon to Currituck Inlet. After a while I heard Tom Cocklyn bawling: "Boy! Here!—you lazy rogue!"

Neither he nor Moll nor anybody ever had suspected my real sex, save only Mr. Ross, who had surprised it.

I RAN with my books through the tavern and out the front door; and saw Tom Cocklyn lumped upon the green settle in the sun.

"Here," he growled, "look through my spy-glass, for my good eye fails, what with the sun glare and floating specks."

One of his eyes was yellow; the good one was greenish gray.

I took the glass, levelled it.

"A tall ship," said I.

"Dammy," said he, "I can make her out, too. Does she carry colours? I can't see that very clearly."

"Not a shred."

"What do you make her, Freckles?"

"A large merchant out of England, inward bound. Yet—how can that be, for she rides light—unless in light ballast—"

"Hell's roaring head winds!" he growled. "Does a tall ship arrive in the plantations in ballast? . . . Or some sea-rogue has taken and plundered her and put guns and crew aboard, or she's traded in the Indies and sails to Vir-

ginia for tobacco. . . . What's her bearing now?"

"Northwest by north."

"No colours?"

"No, not a rag."

"Guns?"

"If she dropped her ports I could tell you better. I see none—not even a swivel."

"What sail?" he grunted.

"All set, I think."

"What speed?"

"Scarce any. . . . None, sir, by her bow teeth. Taken aback, now—"

"Teeth all pulled?"

"Clean. Her sails all shake. She gathers sternway. I think she is in irons, sir—"

"Give me my glass— By God, she's in irons!"

After a long silence: "She misses stays. What animal handles yonder helm? . . . Now! They pay her off to starboard. Now they trim her. Starboard helm! So! She's under way again—on the larboard tack—"

As he spoke she passed from sight behind the pine woods.

"Who is the great fool who thinks he is sailing yonder ship, I wonder?" growled Cocklyn. . . . "And what is she? Out of her course? . . . A tall ship, hey? A-sailing around Hatteras. . . . Yes. . . . Perhaps. . . . Calico Jack sails a tall ship, too. . . . Jack Rackham. With his light o' love, Bonnie Anne Bonny."

"Anne Bonny?" I repeated.

"The female pirate. There's five hundred guineas posted in my taproom for her, dead or alive. . . . And the same for Mary Read, her ogre comrade. Mary Read—six feet o' bone and muscle, and a man's beard on her chin! Yonder ship may be Rackham's. The Kingston. . . . On a larboard tack, too. Yes, by God."

After a silence, I said to him in a low voice:

"What you did that day in the pine woods you and God only know. . . . But if it be truly John Rackham in yonder ship, perhaps he will anchor and send a boat to ask questions of you."

Then Tom Cocklyn began to damn and curse and grind his raging teeth and fling his spyglass one way and his long clay pipe another. When he had done with his rage:

"Nevertheless," said I, "you had better consider what countenance to make him if he lands and comes here. Or else you had better take horse and go to Bath-Town or Eden-Town."

"Boy!" he roared, "d'yeh think I'm afraid of Calico Jack?"

"You have no more ears to cut," said I, "but still have a throat."

AT that he fell into such a fury that I drew away and stared at him as I might at a dog in a fit—and he a-swearing and a-damning me and John Rackham and every living creature that came into his furious mind.

That storm passed, too. He made me fetch his pistol. I picked the flints for him; loaded both and primed the pans with dry, bright powder. Then he shoved them into his belt and buttoned over them his dirty surtout.

"Freckles," says he, "you take your slate and chalk and your two books, and run along the dunes and through the woods to the hill above Hangman's Point, where the wrecker's beacon stands. And you can keep one eye on your book and t'other on yonder ship to spy out what may chance. And if aught happens to awake your distrust, you shall leg it back to me.

"You understand? Hull down, and you may take a nap if you choose. At anchor, you stand watchful guard. A boat, you lie flat in the sea grapes and observe. And if any men land and come this way, start swift as a dune fox to carry news of it to me!"

I promised. I left him there on the settle, cursing, grumbling, and fondling his loaded pistols, his green eye glaring at the sea.

When, at length, I came to Hangman's Point and sat down on the hot sand among the sea grapes, I saw that the ship was nearly naked of canvas and lay at anchor above the wrecker's beacon.

There was no beacon now; only a dead and twisted cedar with a horse's skull nailed to it—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MARY READ
Continued from Page Thirteen]

the skull of a blind, gray mare used by rogues for carrying a lantern to lure ships to the sands.

Nothing was happening aboard the anchored ship. I opened my book and read very slowly in it how to spell properly in our English language. Then, with slate and chalk and my other book, I set down figures to add, multiply, and subtract—always keeping one eye on the distant ship.

It was pleasant; for I loved hot sand and a good hot sun, perhaps because I was thin and young and not well nourished and the man's work I did kept a girl's slight frame very meagerly covered.

Nestling there in my sand nest among bayberry and sea grape, where hundreds of big, wind-blown butterflies, yellow and orange, fluttered and drifted westward—arriving from Heaven knows where and journeying I know not whither—I contrived to cipher with chalk and slate, and still keep an eye on the ship.

Nothing stirred aboard her, that I could see, where she rode at anchor.

Sand, wind, and sun were hot, and the water of the inlet invited me.

So presently I laid aside slate and book and, still keeping the seaward dune between me and anybody aboard the ship who might be observing the coast through a glass, I quickly took off my smallclothes, stockings, and shirt, and ran down to the water.

And there I lay and splashed in the cool delight of it—running up to the top of the dune to take a peep at the ship now and again—but noticed nothing extraordinary and returned to my bluish, crystalline bath.

OUT into the deep bluish-purple current of the inlet I swam, and there sported and floated—how long I did not realize, until, suddenly remembering the ship, I swam to shallow.

There, rising and wading toward the sandy shore, I had nearly reached the beach when, to my amazement and fright, I saw a figure, suddenly dark against the sky, rise up over the dune and come over it and straight down to shore.

The figure was that of a young woman, though clothed in a strange and wanton fashion. For she wore a scarlet silk vest, open to her belt, and very wide breeches of scarlet silk that fell only above her naked knees; and around her hair—which was brown and blew loosely about her face—was bound a gold-and-red-figured handkerchief of Barbary tinsel stuff.

I stared at her in fear and astonishment—at her naked, sunburned body and her legs in sagging boots of soft gray leather; at her belt of shot silk, which bristled with pistols and daggers; at the short, heavy, guardless sword which she carried in its silver-filigree-and-crimson-velvet sheath.

It was not until she had arrived nearly at the water's edge that she lifted her brilliant dark eyes and saw me. And plainly was as astounded as I.

Then, of a sudden, she began to laugh; and called out to me in a pleasing and merry voice:

"Well, then, what are you, little one? A sea sprite?"

I knew not what to answer, and stood there ankle-deep in water until, smiling still, she bade me come ashore and fear nothing.

"For," says she, "you may take me for a female pirate, and you may be right; but I am a very gentle one to children and would do a harm to no living creature, only if driven to it."

So I waded timidly ashore; and there knew not what to do, for I did not wish her to see me dress me in my boy's garments, yet did not desire to remain naked.

"Well," says she, watching me with her frank smile, "if you mean to bathe again, sit here and clothe yourself with good hot sand while you tell me your name and your quality—for," says she, "you are a pretty child and daintily fashioned, body and head, hand and foot, but seem cruel thin in rib and limb."

So I made for myself a hollow and clothed myself in hot sand.

"What is your age?" said she. "Fifteen—or less?"

"Seventeen."

"God have mercy—do they starve you, then?"

I lowered my head and made no answer for a moment; then, looking up at her:

Map by Ernest Clegg

A chart of the region where Nancy Topsfield, heroine of Mr. Chambers' series, found hardship, peril, and love.

"Madam," said I, "are you Anne Bonny?"

At that she clapped her hands, which were small, brown, and pretty, and burst out a-laughing.

"And where did you hear of Anne Bonny?" says she.

"Oh, madam, there are ballads and broadsides enough—"

"And printed bills of reward," she said. "Five hundred guineas, dead or alive? For Anne Bonny, the female pirate? Is that it?"

"Yes, madam."

"Come, then; and what further?—so you should know her and carry news of her to Nicholas Trot, and deliver her, and become rich, and marry a prince!"

"She sails with John Rackham in his tall ship The Kingston, they say; and is his sweetheart."

"True. What else?"

"But—she is said to be no older than I, and small and light-haired, with very large blue eyes. . . . And I think you must be nearly twenty-one, madam, and are tall and brown."

"All that you say is very true, my child. And, as you see, I am not Anne Bonny. But am comrade to her; and Jack Rackham is my captain, and The Kingston is my ship. Now, then, who am I?"

"Madam, I do not know."

"Why, then, I'll tell you; I am Mary Read. . . . What! You never heard o' me?"

"Yes, madam. But they say of you that you are six feet high, and manlike and fierce of visage, with a sprout o' hair on nose and chin—"

Her uncontrolled laughter rang out in the silence, and so wildly she laughed that she pressed both pretty hands to her naked bosom and sat there rocking and gasping and the tears starring her dark eyes.

"Child," said she, "listen to me—for I shall sail again in two hours and never return; and it makes no odds to me that you know the truth and tell it—though nobody is like to believe you. Shall I reveal myself as I am?"

"If you please, madam."

"Well, then—give me your hand—there!—and look me well in the eyes—so! Do I seem very fierce and murderous?"

"No, madam."

"Cruel?"

"No—"

"Degraded? Debauched? Shameless?"

"Oh, no—"

"Have I bristles on my nose and chin?" She choked with laughing and laid a delicate finger on the tip of her beautiful nose.

"No," I said.

"Yet," said she, "I am that same Mary Read; and I am, as they say, a pirate; and very visibly a female."

AFTER a while I asked her, in a low, embarrassed voice, why she followed so violent and bloody a career who was young and handsome and in her early youth.

"My child," said she gayly, "I shall answer you the exact truth. My poor mother, to gain an annuity promised by my grandmother to any grandson, passed me off for a boy. Always I wore boy's dress as a child. And even after, too.

"When my mother and my grandmother were dead in London-Town, I thought a lonely boy had a better chance in the world than a girl. So I 'listed and served; and in the horse and in a foot regiment; and nobody ever suspected my sex.

"I desired to have a commission; but such are always bought and sold, and I had no money. So I went to sea as a foremast man; and, on the first voyage, the ship was taken by pirates, and I pressed by Calico Jack, who was mate aboard Vane. I have sailed since with Jack Rackham, after he bade Vane go to hell and took The Kingston. And always was hoping to escape—until—"

She fell silent, and I saw a strange and tender look come into her brooding eyes.

"Child," said she, giving me an odd glance, "it is love that holds me aboard Jack Rackham. . . . Your unripe years tell me that you never yet have known that pretty passion.

"Yet, believe me when I tell you that Love, and her twin sister Hate, govern all the world."

Her brown eyes grew remote; she sat playing with my hand in silence for a while. Then caught my eye and smiled.

"A strange world, my pretty," she said. "Would you believe a young female could be a sea-rogue, and live among them, and still remain chaste?* Yet this is so. . . . Then, in April last, Jack Rackham chased The Blue Dove, galley; and coming up with her took her by the board off French Hispañola. And pressed the likeliest men aboard. . . . And among them a young man—pleasant, gentle, very honest. . . . Paul West, his name. . . . And Calico Jack gave him choice—or sign articles with him or die with others aboard The Blue Dove."

She took my hand and laid it on her heart.

"Do you feel the beat, little one? That is love, ever babbling in my breast when I speak this young man's name.

"Do you wish to hear how well I love him?

* It was quite true of Mary Read.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Why do we eat soup at the *beginning* of the meal?

THE FIRST, bright, cheerful glow to the meal! The savory, tempting invitation that your appetite cannot resist! Spoonfuls of deliciousness and invigoration that give a new sparkle and relish to all your food. That is the special charm of soup.

So soup is placed at the beginning of the meal, unless, as so often happens, it is used as the main dish of the shorter meals. Soup is wholesome, nourishing, attractive food in hot, liquid form. It sets the appetite a-tingling. It increases the flow of the digestive juices. It promotes digestion. Meals are enjoyed more and do more good when started with refreshing, stimulating soup.

"Soup every day" is a splendid and delightful rule, followed in millions of homes. It is such a simple and easy way to enliven the daily menus and it pays real dividends in increased pleasure and good health.

Women everywhere realize this. And prove it by the remarkable amount of Campbell's Soups they receive every day in their homes throughout the nation. A food that wins such popularity is a food that people know is good. Every family, every day, should have the benefits of soup.

Tomato Soup so hot and steaming,
How you set their eyes a-gleaming!
Sunshine, health and sparkling pleasure
All combined in Campbell's treasure!

Serve Campbell's Tomato Soup today. Notice how the whole family likes it. See if it doesn't give a new zest to the meal you have so carefully planned.

This is the most famous soup in the world. The flavor is so unique and irresistible. Campbell's make it from their own exclusive recipe.

And women claim that it is in a class by itself. Only the pure juices and luscious tomato "meat" are used, strained to a smooth puree and enriched with golden country butter.

So easy to prepare! You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. Or if you wish to serve an extra-rich, extra-nourishing Cream of Tomato Soup, you add milk, cream or evaporated milk, instead of water, according to directions on the label.

You who plan so faithfully to give a welcome variety to the daily meals—do you take full advantage of the real helps at your service in the 21 different Campbell's Soups, all listed on the label? Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of these soups you select. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

BLUE MOON
FULL FASHIONED
Silk Stockings
AMERICA'S
MOST BEAUTIFUL
STOCKINGS
THAT HOLD THEIR LUSTRE
LARGMAN, GRAY COMPANY
Sales Offices: 389 Fifth Avenue, New York
A decalcomania picture of our Blue Moon girl for your auto window or rain slicker will be sent upon request.
Tenggren

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Well, then, last night my lover, Paul West, quarrelled with Dick Corner, our quartermaster, who is a very bloody and powerful fellow; and Paul is peaceable and unskilled in arms.

"By our articles the law is this: that all such quarrels must be settled the following day ashore.

"Jack Rackham named the hour as five o'clock this afternoon. . . . What time is it now?"

She pulled from her silken vest a gold watch.

"Two o'clock," said she gayly; "and in a little while you shall dress and hide yourself among yonder bayberry bushes, and you shall see a girl pirate fight with Dick Corner for her lover's life!"

"M-madam," I faltered, "what are you saying to me!"

"What is true. For I knew this quartermaster bully would kill my lover. And I went to him in Jack Rackham's cabin, and struck him and cursed him and flung a can of rum in his face, and spat upon him. And I said to Jack Rackham, 'Three o'clock ashore tomorrow, or Paul West robs me of my pleasure!'

"'Dammy,' says Jack, a-roaring with laughter, 'if you have not frightened poor Dick to death you shall use him as you can at three o'clock, you pretty devil!'"

"Madam," said I, turning ill with astonishment and fear, "is it your present and instant purpose to bare that tender woman's body to this ruffian's sword and pistol?"

"To what purpose should I live if he killed my lover?" said she calmly. "But now Dick Corner must first slay me."

I began to cry, silently, the hot tears running down both cheeks.

"Hush," said Mary Read; "there was no other way, my pretty."

She put one strong, beautiful arm around me and drew me to her.

"Presently," said she, "you shall rise and creep up the dune and lie perdu among the shrubs—" She kissed me smilingly. "And there, my pretty, you shall witness to what length a chaste, pure love may go. . . . And if it end badly for me—well, I shall see my lover very soon again. . . . God knows his heart and mine."

"Madam, does your lover know of this terrible adventure?"

"God forbid!"

PRESENTLY she looked at her watch again, then sprang to her feet and drew me with her out o' my couch of sand.

"Come," says she playfully, with a gentle slap on the buttocks, "run to your hiding place, if you would see the sport; for I think their shallop is already on its way ashore."

So sudden and deep and tender a spell had this young woman already woven about my heart that my tears blinded me, and I could scarce find my way up the dune and discover my clothes and make out to dress me.

Shivering there under the bayberry bushes, flat on my belly—and now chilled, now hot, as though with a swamp fever—I lay and looked at Mary Read.

She paced the firm strand, up and down, with light, springy step, swinging her Barbary sword in its velvet-and-silver sheath, and humming aloud a song in a gay, contented voice. God give me such a courage as was this woman's to whom the world had given so infamous a name.

It seemed to me a very long while before I saw her halt and turn her head very quickly toward the seaward dunes which lay piled like snow mounds between the ocean and the sound.

Over these dunes came a huge, hairy man, all alone. Yet there must have been a boat's crew below on the sea beach, because he turned and shouted back to his fellows, who were invisible to me:

"She's here! I'll not keep you five minutes waiting!"

Now, this vast, hairy bulk of a man drew a pistol from his belt and cocked it, and began to run toward Mary Read, yelling foul names at her and cursing her at every stride, promising to do her business for her first, and then for her puny lover, and assuring her he'd rather do it than eat his dinner.

When he came nearer, he presented his silver pistol and fired at her. Not hitting her, he flung it on the sand, pulled another pistol, and ran toward her—a dreadful, monstrous sight in his green velvet, plumed hat, and naked feet, and a fathom of heavy gold chain dangling and tossing about his thick neck and huge and hairy chest.

The second time he fired upon her, Mary Read shot him, so that his hat with the red plumes fell from his head and a wash of bright blood bathed his left cheek and his bearded jaws.

Never had I heard such awful cursing as burst from the wounded man's distorted mouth. He pulled his hanger from his sash and leaped at her; and I saw her Barbary blade flash as it met his, cling to it, twist it, force it down, down, lower, ever lower, till, as she disengaged it, she slashed him twice like lightning, and he let out a roar that might have been heard at The Lost Ship.

Now he went at her in such a panic of blind and bloody fury that she gave ground and ran like a July fawn. But ever, when he stopped to slash the empty air, baffled and in check, instantly she turned upon him and bled him anew with her quivering, reddened point, so that he screamed at her in crazy rage.

I was on my knees in excitement and terror, lest this fearsome, gore-splashed man catch her in his hands and tear her to fragments.

It may have been the salt sand in some mortal wound he had got that suddenly set him death-howling where he stood, naked blade quivering in his fist.

Instantly she glided toward him. He saw her coming, light-footed, shod with velvet, and pause very close to him, near-smiling, motionless.

Then, with infinite effort, he struck at her face with wavering sword, inarticulate, dying on his feet; and Mary Read passed her Arab blade through his body, whipped it free, and sabre-cut him across the neck, so that his head, loosened by the severed muscles, flopped over upon his right shoulder. Down he came in a drenched heap of soiled silk and jewels and blood-wet velvet.

I SAW his thick, hairy fingers move on the sand a little, squirm in a spasm as his lost soul passed. Then the air sighed and whistled from his collapsing lungs, and the heap of flesh flattened and lay red and soaking under the midday sun.

Mary Read looked down upon him; lifted her head and her brilliant eyes to me; slowly held up her Barbary sword in the fierce white sunshine.

Then, in silence, she turned and moved leisurely across the sands toward the sea dunes where, by their longboat, unseen men were awaiting her dead body.

I stood among the bayberrys and watched her passing slowly out of my sight; and it seemed as though I could not endure that she pass so utterly out of my earthly life—so strangely and passionately tender the chord she had touched deep, deep in lonely and unmothered depths within me.

I gazed after her, dumb, with quivering lips, throat tightening under the unuttered cry.

The first woman ever who had touched me or looked upon me in kindness since my mother died of her martyrdom aboard my pirate-murdered father's burning ship.

Now Mary Read had reached the crest of the seaward dunes, and there stood poised an instant, scarlet, hardy, graceful against the burning sky.

A great sob wrenched my chest, tore from my throat the strangled cry of desolation.

It was too far. She never turned her head; and, in a moment, was gone, leaving my straining vision empty, save of the vast solitude of sky and sand.

Suddenly the wild onset of grief overwhelmed me, frightened me, and I began to run toward the tavern. And as I ran I sobbed drearily and wept aloud, my feverish voice calling upon my dead mother sometimes, and sometimes upon Mary Read.

A rousing story of hand-to-hand combat aboard a pirate ship captained by a monster of cruelty. And Nancy in the thick of it! Watch for Drums and Black Colours, in next week's issue.

THEY became panic-struck, and ran toward the pine woods, Tom Cocklyn after them.

RIGHT *Berkeley, Calif.*

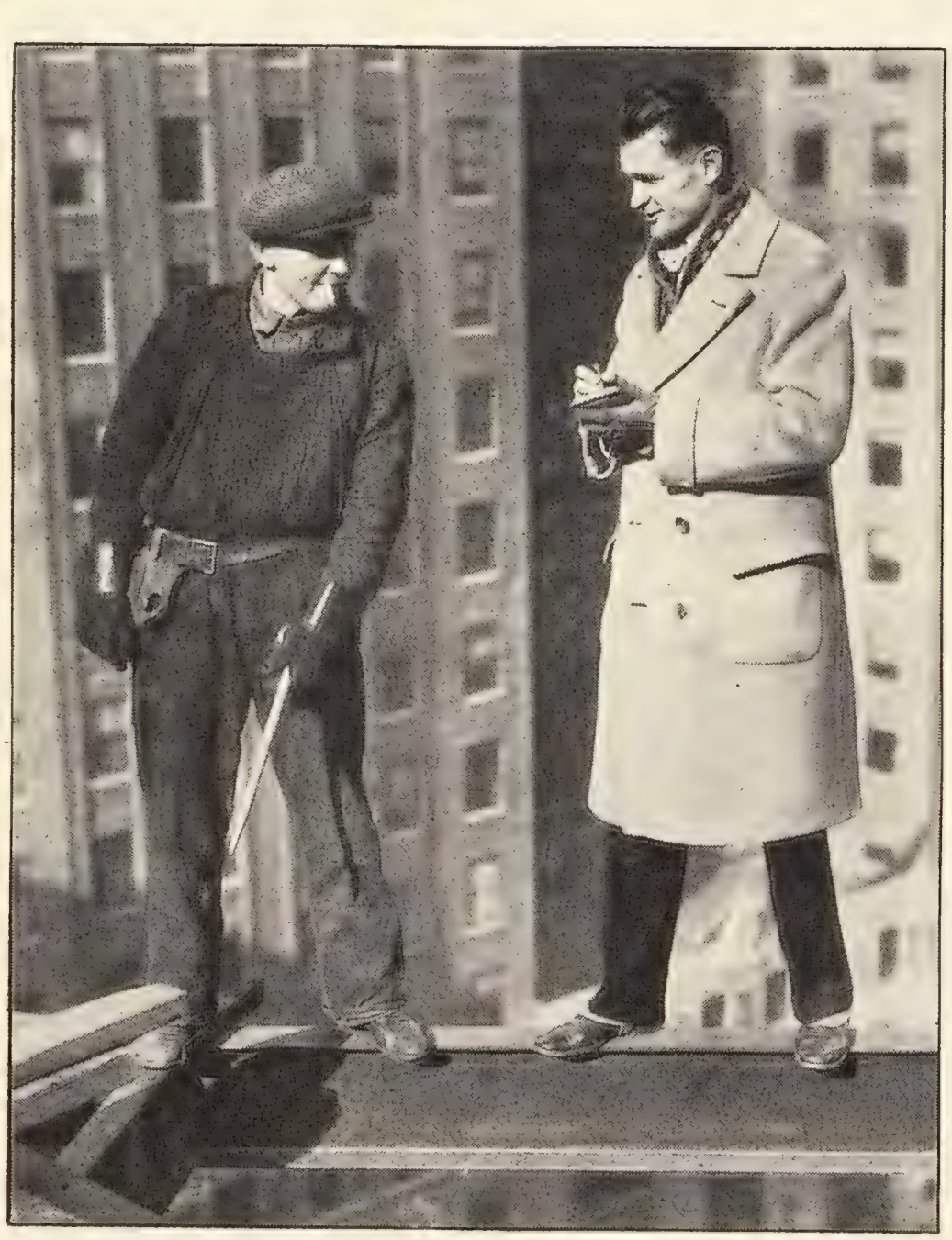
"BORN AND RAISED in San Diego, the playground of California, I lived an active outdoor life—riding, swimming, golfing—and as a result I always had good health. But around the time of my high school graduation, I became run down. Too many parties and dances, I guess—and then there was the senior play. The vice-principal tried to get me to withdraw from the play. But I didn't want to do that.

"It happened that my father was an ardent Yeast enthusiast. I decided to try it myself. I began eating three cakes every day.

"To my surprise I was better within a month, and in two months I was entirely well and vigorous. I was soon able to begin my preparations for college. Now, whenever I feel the slightest return of sluggishness, I go back to eating Yeast again."

Mrs. GWENDOLYN DE JONGE

"... *nerves are* like iron *now*"



MR. FREDERICK D. WADE (*above, at right*), *of New York, gathering data for a magazine article on the hazards of structural steel work*

"But I take no chances of another breakdown in my health," says Frederick D. Wade

New York City

"By the time I was 15 years old my mother had given up trying to keep me at home.

"I worked my way around the world on tramp steamers, then entered college, specializing in journalism. But constant study and overtraining in athletics brought on indigestion.

"When I graduated I was suffering from a bad case of 'nerves'—practically a breakdown. But heeding a suggestion of an athletic trainer I began eating three cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast.

"In 3 or 4 months I was *well*—my nerves as steady as the iron in the construction jobs on which I worked for a time after leaving college. I am writing short stories and articles now. But I still eat Yeast—to keep myself in shape."

FREDERICK D. WADE

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is not a medicine but a *food*—wholesome, fresh as any vegetable.

Yet this food has unusual virtue in correcting certain common ills—indigestion, skin troubles, "nerves." Ills such as these generally come from an unclean intestinal tract. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps the intestines active, *clean*. Brings healthful "regularity."

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. And send for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. R-54, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

LEFT *Tacoma, Wash.*

"THERE is quite a contrast in my hobbies—radio announcing and hiking in the mountains. Broadcasting, especially, requires enthusiasm and a mind constantly alert. My own enthusiasm was, however, badly dampened by boils.

"I tried every cure suggested—no results. At last I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Picture my relief as the boils gradually disappeared. And they haven't returned!"

HERBERT C. FORD

RIGHT

Miss Margaret Alexander's mother writes:

"MY DOCTOR had prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast cakes for my brother-in-law and myself, and I knew they were good for children as well. So when my daughter Margaret became bothered with constipation the first thing I thought of giving her was Yeast.

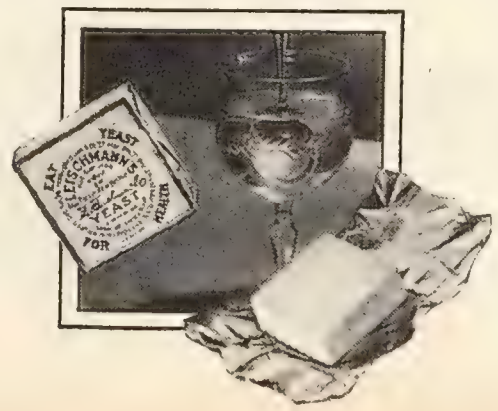
"At first I gave it to her dissolved in milk, but later she ate it just like candy. In about a month's time she became perfectly normal again.

"Now, whenever she goes into a store with me she says, 'Don't forget the Yeast cakes, mother.' They have been nuggets of gold to me."

Mrs. EDITH M. ALEXANDER
Philadelphia, Pa.

How thousands have found health—easily, naturally:

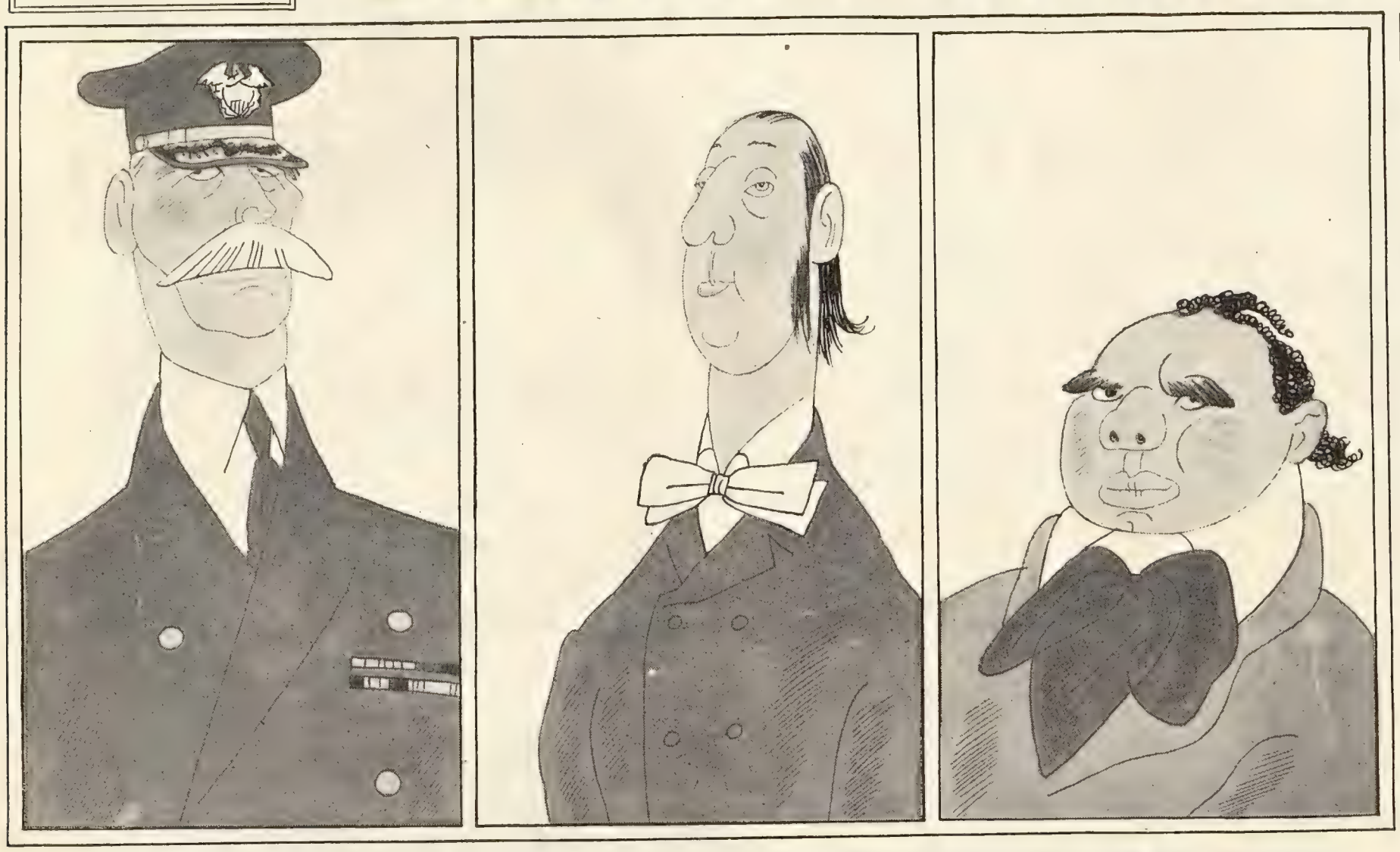
Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. As you are benefited by eating Yeast you can gradually discontinue dangerous, habit-forming cathartics.



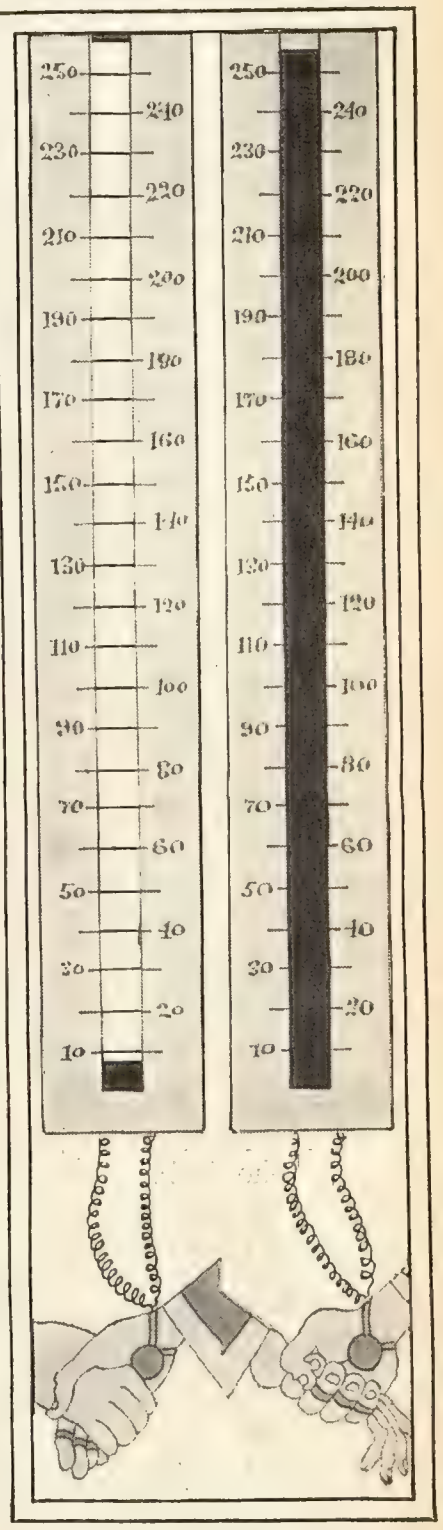
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT THINGS IN THE WORLD IS TO SEE FURTHER THAN THE END OF ONE'S OWN NOSE. Rear Admiral Charles P. Plunkett, whose business is war, says that "we are nearer war today than ever before." Elmer Glen Walsingham Studdam, Congressional Supervisor of the Anti-Saloon League, whose business is prohibition, says that "the illegal consumption of intoxicating liquor has virtually ceased in this country." Abel Cainberg, whose business is modernist sculpture, says that "a great wave of enthusiasm for modernist sculpture is sweeping the world today."



PRESSURE METER, showing the pressure of a man's handshake ten minutes before and ten minutes after being mentioned as a Presidential possibility.

A RESULT OF THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS. Mr. Charles E. Hughes and the chief of the Latin-American delegation sign treaty whereby it is agreed that, if we do not interfere with Latin-American revolutions, they will not interfere with baseball, *our* national sport.

THE SEASON FOR ANIMAL WORSHIP IS IN FULL SWING. *Samuel:* "Once every four years those fellows mention my name oftener and pay less attention to me than usual!"

MOTHER *and the* War

Four Sons Presents a White-Haired Cinderella and an Orgy of Tears

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 31 seconds.)

OVER the Hill to the Big Parade. There you have Four Sons, William Fox's newest sob cinema. This photoplay finally has reached release after a thousand whispers had drifted out of Hollywood. These whispers indicated that Four Sons was looked upon as a new box-office wow.

Possibly so. Four Sons has everything possessed by many recent screen hits. Mother love? Nobody has suffered so much since mamma was dragged to the poorhouse in Over the Hill. War? It is all here once more, even to a comedy buddy. Parades at the outbreak of hostilities, brother against brother in No Man's Land, and the inevitable after-war bread lines.

Four Sons was built from a story, Mother Bernle Learns Her Letters, by Miss I. A. R. Wylie. The letters are the A B Cs the old German mother has to learn before she can pass the barriers of Ellis Island. Miss Wylie wrote of how the bewildered old woman came to her Americanized son, now brash in the ways of Manhattan, and how she fitted into this strange new apartment life.

Four Sons elaborates all this. And how Hollywood loves to elaborate a simple idea! The film story starts in a Bavarian village, where everyone yodels and does native dances, and where *Mutterchen* loves and is loved by her four sons. One, *Joseph*, goes to America.

Then the war comes. Three sons, fighting for the fatherland, are killed. *Joseph*, who has done his bit for Uncle Sam, alone survives. So *Mother* comes to America to spend her last days. *Joseph* is prosperous, for during his absence his wife has advanced his delicatessen to an ornate restaurant.

If you do not mind how thickly the pathos is slathered on—and the box offices prove by Over the Hill, Stella Dallas, Humoresque, and other weepy hits that there are millions who don't—you will find Four Sons an orgy of tears.

Not a gulp is overlooked. *Mutterchen* is always helping others. Then the war robs her of her *Kinder*. The black-bordered official notices come, one by one, carried by an actor giving a desperately mellow imitation of Emil Jannings in The Last Laugh.

Next, little *Mother* is insulted by the arrogant Prussian officers, who sneer and berate her for having a son fighting for America. But little *Mother* smiles bravely. They take away her last boy, her *Andreas*. Another black-bordered letter, just as the Armistice bells ring out. *Andreas* is dead. *Mutterchen* lands in the bread line. She shares her soup with the village children. Then the single ray of sunshine, the final letter—from *Joseph*.

Margaret Mann, a newcomer to film prominence, is *Mother Bernle*. There is a real story behind white-haired Mrs. Mann, billed as "the sixty-year-old Cinderella." She trudged from studio to studio for eleven years. Now and then she landed bits at five and seven dollars a day. Scotch thrift alone pulled her through. *Mother Bernle* is her first chance. Now, at fifty-nine, Mrs. Mann may yet become a star.

The sons are played fairly well by James Hall, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Charles Morton, and George Meeker. Albert Gran is the actor I shall never forgive for attempting to make the Bavarian village postman into Herr Jannings' hotel porter.

For eleven years Margaret Mann trudged from studio to studio. In Four Sons she got her first real chance.

Margaret Mann, as Mother Bernle, in a scene with three of her sons: (left to right) George Meeker, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and Charles Morton.

Director John Ford, who is best known as the creator of The Iron Horse, has crowded all the sure-fire stuff of Hollywood into the film. Dimpled little babies are bathed. Brothers meet and die in No Man's Land, which looks surprisingly like the misty seduction cornfield of Sunrise. Little *Mother* presides alone at a table with four empty chairs.

Mr. Ford has not overlooked a single item considered box-office. He could not have extracted another sob, unless *Mother Bernle* had more sons.

The Archduke Leopold of Austria plays a German captain. Thus have the Hapsburgs fallen. It is amazing that Hollywood considered him the right type.

Four Sons had possibilities. Most any real story of the other side of the Great War would seem to be fumble-proof. It seems to me that it was Mr. Ford and the adapter who muffed their opportunities. They turned a human document into a parade of celluloid claptrap.

Do you know that—

Pola Negri is reported to be leaving Paramount to appear in William Fox pictures? . . . George Bancroft is to do another underworld story called Night Stick? . . . Josef von Sternberg, who directed him in Underworld, is to make it? . . . John Barrymore never permits anyone to watch him during his love scenes?

HEAVIER, TOUGHER, LONGER-LIVED

—everywhere you hear about this new heat-tested oil

NEW lubrication problems have come with the recent radical changes in motor design. Higher compression and higher speeds have increased motor heat and friction. Tide Water has met this problem squarely with an entirely new line of super heat-resisting motor oils. The new Veedol oils are heavier, tougher, longer-lived than ever. They are the best oils for modern motors, better oils for any motors, in these 3 ways:

1. They give greater motor protection (the heat-tested, fighting "film of protection" reduces wear, tear and repair on the engine).
2. They give greater mileage (being heavier-bodied they last longer).
3. They increase motor efficiency (they give a stronger piston seal due to heavier body and super heat-resistance).

Stop today at the first orange and black Veedol sign. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with the new Veedol. Then match its performance against any oil you have ever used before. Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, N.Y. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

30c a quart

(35c in Rockies and far West)

Copyright 1928 by Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation

The NEW VEEDOL

Guarantee

To insure the highest degree of lubrication Veedol is a scientifically proportioned blend of lubricating stocks refined from One Hundred Percent Pure Pennsylvania crude and from other Paraffine base crudes. The Pennsylvania crude required for Veedol is brought direct from the Bradford Field to the Tide Water Refinery at Bayonne, New Jersey, through Tide Water's own pipe lines. Tide Water Oil Company, N. Y.

All that SCIENCE *Can Contribute*

You now find in Miller *Scientifically Correct* Tires

IN all history, the greatest advancements have come as the result of scientific discoveries. And those who have employed science have always gained and held leadership.

Miller Scientifically Correct Tires are no exception. Millions were spent—years of research have passed—and now you may benefit by the results.

These are tangible results. You now buy tires—not on guesswork—but on a knowledge of amazing new mileage—greater service than you have ever experienced. But you must buy Millers to get these 3 great advancements that bring Scientific Correctness.

1. *One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls*

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire with the One-Piece tread from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars proved to users the *scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

2. *Geared-to-the-Road, Road-Shaped Tread*

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load, the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear, the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there, a third unique result was obtained.

3. *"Uniflex" Cord Construction*

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—recovers from blows to normal shape with the quick, lively action of real rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to the life of all Geared-to-the-Road tires.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
of N.Y.
AKRON, OHIO, U.S.A.

Miller *Scientifically Correct* **Balloon Tires**
REG U.S.PAT OFF.

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

Presidential Possibilities—
COOLIDGE

A Character Sketch of the Man Who Said He Did Not Choose to Run

By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

(Reading time: 20 minutes 31 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: At many national conventions a dark horse has proved to be the nominee. At this year's Republican Convention the dark horse may very well be the author of a certain famous declaration about his wishes as to the candidacy.

This is a word-picture of the man, and the last of Mr. Bennett's articles on Presidential Possibilities.]

KANSAS CITY in June can be like an oven on baking day. On days when the hot wind billows in from the plains it can be almost unbearable.

Next June accommodations for the delegates to the Republican National Convention will not be spacious. Convention Hall—built in a hurry for the Democratic National Convention which nominated Bryan in 1900—is well managed, but as to conveniences it is quarter of a century behind the times. The hotels, unlike New York's hotels in 1924, will raise their rates for the period of the convention.

Delegates, harassed by the heat, their money running low, and their self-importance stricken by long-drawn-out proceedings which they can neither end nor enliven, can be peevish and flighty as schoolgirls caught in the rain at a picnic.

Suppose, under such conditions, a deadlock. Suppose Herbert Hoover just strong enough to destroy himself by being only so strong as to create a Dawes-Lowden coalition against him—a coalition which, in its turn, is not strong enough to do more than jockey toward some safe mediocrity like—well, there always is an abundance of mediocrities in the offing.

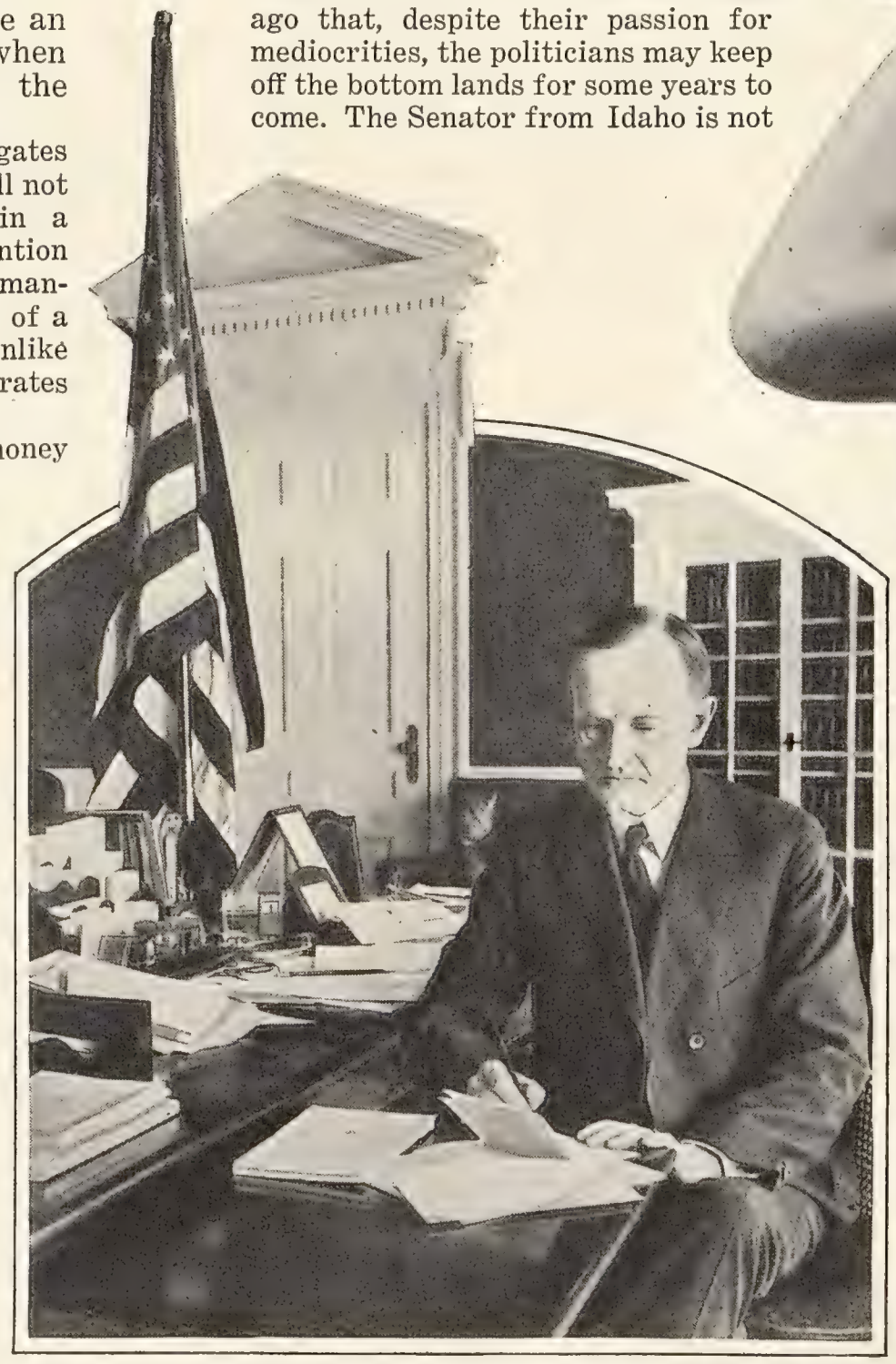
More than a third of the time during the fourteen decades of the Presidency the politicians have selected and the people have elected inferior men to the Presidency when superior men were available—not only available, but receptive; not only receptive, but eager.

They made Presidents of General Harrison, Mr. Polk, and General Taylor when they might have had Senator Webster or Senator Clay. They chose Senator Buchanan when they might have had Senator Douglas. They chose General Grant when they might have had Horatio Seymour. They chose General Garfield when they might have had Secretary Sherman. They chose Judge Taft when they might have had Philander Knox. They chose Warren Harding when they might have had Herbert Hoover or Hiram Johnson. It is uncanny!

And nobody who knows the annals would put it past the American people to make a President of Frank Willis, when they could have Hoover or Dawes or Lowden or Borah.

But suppose the Kansas City convention does not end in the bottom lands of mediocrity. Senator Borah told me a few weeks ago that, despite their passion for mediocrities, the politicians may keep off the bottom lands for some years to come. The Senator from Idaho is not a profane man. He was uttering awe rather than obloquy when he said:

"By God, Bennett, we struck bottom when we elected Warren Harding! Two years more of that group and we wouldn't have had any government."



©Henry Miller

Calvin Coolidge, whom Vice President Dawes calls "our first business President," seated at his desk in the executive office of the White House.

P. & A. photo

Mr. Coolidge has never said in so many words, "I will not accept the nomination for the Presidency in 1928."

Suppose that the Kansas City convention, in case of a deadlock, keeps off the bottom lands and does not nominate Frank Willis or Jim Watson. But suppose that, as another way out of deadlock, there is a cry of *Sauve qui peut* by the Federal officeholders among the sweating, fretting, and financially depleted delegates. Suppose some handsome, resounding gong starts a stampede with a cry of "Men,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Bring the Beauty of Springtime to Your Complexion

WINTER'S drab harshness disappears with the enchanting touch of Spring. The rebirth of life and beauty is nature's reminder that your appearance should also enjoy a similar transformation.

Now is the time to bring to your complexion the youthful freshness so effectively obtained thru the use of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

It renders to your complexion a subtle, fascinating charm that cannot be secured through powders. Your skin assumes a soft, silky, even appearance, that will not streak, spot, rub off or show signs of moisture. A beauty that "stays on" without constantly "touching up."

Every moment Gouraud's Oriental Cream remains on your skin it is protecting your appearance. The effective, antiseptic and astringent action it always exerts helps correct and prevent blemishes, skin trouble, wrinkles, freckles, flabbiness, muddy or discolored skins, oiliness, etc. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

Send 10c. for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
430 Lafayette Street New York City

Check shade desired: White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

L. Apr. M-35-8

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES Continued from Page Twenty-three]

let's nominate Coolidge!"—just as Frank Willis gave the cue for a prearranged stampede with his cry of "Boys and girls, let's nominate Harding!" in Chicago in 1920.

Suppose the tired convention does nominate Calvin Coolidge, and, having nominated Charley Curtis for Vice President—which is what Curtis really is after—thriftily adjourns and leaves the nomination of Coolidge on the White House doorstep.

Things almost as strange have happened in national conventions. A thing almost as strange happened to Calvin Coolidge in 1920. Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin was to have been nominated for Vice President. He was the choice of an officious Senate coterie that took itself with irritating seriousness.

But the mechanism slipped a cog. The Senator who was to have pulled the lever stepped to the rear of the sweaty hall for a few minutes. While he was absent from the convention floor the nomination of Calvin Coolidge was accomplished. And look at him now!

IF he is nominated for the Presidency by a weary and distraught convention, Mr. Coolidge could take that nomination from the White House doorstep without justifying the charge that he is a double-dealer. He has never said in so many words, "I will not accept the nomination for the Presidency in 1928." Neither in the "I do not choose" statement nor in the White House statement to the Republican National Committee did he say that.

The most he has explicitly done is to make it clear that he does not want the nomination, that he will not seek it, that he believes the party will "respect" his "decision," that he wishes the party to "continue the serious task of selecting another candidate," and that he considers himself "eliminated."

He has shown where his heart is. In a tired man's slip of the tongue he spoke of Herbert Hoover as "President Hoover" in the presence of Washington correspondents assembled for one of the twice-a-week White House conferences with the press. He was much vexed that the slip was telegraphed to the newspapers as quickly as correspondents could break from his presence and reach a telegraph key. The next day he sharply scolded them for making public two words which, as news, were of more worth than 200 columns of his intentional utterances at these conferences.

Vice President Dawes has said: "I am no prophet. I have known the President a good many years, however, and I have never known him to say a thing he does not mean."

Even so.

But again it may be pointed out that Mr. Coolidge has never uttered for publication the forthright words, "I will not accept the nomination for the Presidency in 1928." Furthermore, a nomination for the Presidency amounting to a demand and almost equivalent to election to the Presidency is not an object which a free man kicks from his doorstep.

In short, Mr. Coolidge means what he says: only, he has never said it.

Hence he is the most likely dark horse of the impending exercises at Kansas City.

I love to write about Calvin Coolidge.

Seven years I have been writing about him. Seven years I have watched him and listened to him. Seven years, beginning with the March day in 1921, after his inauguration as Vice President, when he said to me:

"As a boy I was very shy—although the stories about that are exaggerated—and I still am, but I don't show it so much."

He has not changed. He still is shy and he still makes successful effort not to show it. That is why men consider him cold and austere. He does not release his elations because he is shy. He is so shy that he would consider release of elations as almost an impropriety.

The only occasion, public or semipublic, when I have heard him acknowledge elation was at a Gridiron dinner, and it was truly affecting to hear. He looked from the high table out over such an array of eminent men as only a Gridiron dinner can assemble.

THE company had given him a greeting at once ceremonial and brotherly, and like a brother—an elder brother—he responded to it, saying gently when he rose, "I thank you for your songs and your good cheer."

Softly he drifted into a little homily on comradeship—how it rested and heartened men, how it made duty fair to look upon, and how it cleared away misunderstandings and difficulties, and sweetened existence.

What he said was brief, unforced, and fond, and at times touched with the whimsical, as when he said, "I am not practiced in politics"; and it won that finest of tributes, several seconds of silence before the storm of applause enveloped him.

In sharp contrast to that spontaneous manifestation of the man was the more characteristic manifestation of himself which he released a few days after President Harding announced that he had invited Vice President Coolidge to sit with him at the council table on the days of the President's conferences with his Cabinet.

This was an innovation, and it was generous. Its effect at the moment was to give the Vice Presidency more significance and to dignify the holder of that office. Calvin Coolidge had a right to feel elated.

I was sent to interview him about his elations—if any. He had already attended one Cabinet council. I asked him what he conceived his new Cabinet duties—new in the whole history of the Vice Presidency—to be. Now here, surely, was a chance for a man to be pom-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

Uncle Calvin Says—

DO the day's work. Expect to be called a standpatter—but don't be a standpatter. Expect to be called a demagogue—but don't be a demagogue. Don't hesitate to be as revolutionary as science. Don't hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table. Do the day's work.

* * *

I am for economy not because it saves money, but because it saves people.

* * *

Our country is more, far more, than a political union. It is a spiritual union.

* * *

Human nature is about the most constant thing in the universe.

* * *

From the home that is truly a home emerge respect for the rights of others and the habit of co-operating.

* * *

The process of civilization consists of the discovery by men of the laws of the universe, and of living in harmony with those laws.

* * *

We cannot permit ourselves to be narrowed and dwarfed by slogans and phrases. It is not the name of the action, but the result of the action, which is the chief concern.

* * *

I wonder why a people which has carved an empire out of a forest has never learned to think of the forest as the most heroic of its crops?

* * *

If the people do not act for themselves, no one can be very successful in acting for them.

* * *

There are only two main theories of government in the world. One rests on righteousness; the other rests on force. One appeals to reason; the other appeals to the sword. One is exemplified in a republic; the other is represented by a despotism.

* * *

The government of a country never gets ahead of the religion of a country. There is no way by which we can substitute the authority of law for the virtue of man.

* * *

We live in an age of science and of abounding accumulation of material things. These did not create our Declaration of Independence. Our Declaration of Independence created them.

* * *

Religious liberty, educational and economic opportunity, constitutional rights, the integrity of the law—these do not emanate from the government. Their abiding place is with the people.

Condemned ...without a hearing

....*without a hearing!* Why? Well, perhaps that first impression was not good. And first impressions, as we all know, are made mostly by men's faces. How sound and sane, then, the advice that runs—*Keep your Face Fit!*

Turn at shaving time to Williams. Profit by their 88 years of study of what is best for beard and skin. The accumulated wisdom of near a century is in these two things that do so much to leave and keep Faces Fit,—*Williams Shaving Cream & Aqua Velva.*

Start the day with Williams Shaving Cream. Pure, uncolored, supermild, it will give you a shave that's smooth, grateful. It gently cleanses facial pores. Tones up facial tissues.

Then Aqua Velva. Made expressly for after shaving, it will wake your skin and liven it. Protect it. Help to heal tiny nicks. Keep it supple, well-conditioned, youthful. Conserve its natural moisture. *Keep* it as Williams lather *leaves* it,—Fit, all day long.

(Fifty cents for a five-ounce bottle)

Try this formula,—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. Find out what face comfort,—*Face Fitness,* really means. Why not tomorrow? And, once begun, you'll continue!

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM --- AQUA VELVA

WOMEN ARE FASCINATED by this BEAUTY BATH SECRET

FASTIDIOUS women who desire a soft, smooth skin should try the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath—

It is sensational in immediate results—no discomfort—no waiting—and trifling expense!

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in a half tubful of warm water—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap and then feel your skin. In texture it is soft and smooth as the finest velvet—as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

Linit gives the skin just the right amount of lubrication. It neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, which often makes it chafed and inflamed, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless.

In fact, starch from corn is generally recommended by doctors for the tender skin of babies.

If you cannot believe that a fine laundry starch like Linit also makes a marvelous beauty bath, we suggest that you make this simple test:

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced—INSTANTLY!

Corn Products Refining Co., Department L, 17 Battery Place, New York City

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES Continued from Page Twenty-four]

pous and owlish. But Calvin Coolidge replied:

"If Hahdin' asks me to look up anything, I'll do it. If I have any views that seem to me pehtinent to the discussion, I am to give them. If the othehs seek my views, they will receive them."

"And do you sit at the end of the council table opposite the President?"

"I do. Mr. Hooveh is at my right and Mr. Davis at my left."

"Shall you specialize in any subject?"

"Possibly. That will develop. I am not there, remembeh, as a membeh of the Cabinet. I am not there as president of the Senate. I am there as Vice President."

That was all he had to say about that—and that was all he said about that. He had not, in other words, gone heady and immediately visualized himself as a crown prince commanding an army on the battle front.

HE spoke that day with animation—for him—of what he thought were the two most urgent matters before this nation.

I would give to any charity he might name a month of my wages to know whether he still thinks them the most urgent matters before the nation, and to hear him, after nearly five years in the Presidency, informally consider them as he did that day. But he does not give interviews now. Yet what he said that day is still "pehtinent" and I do not think he has changed his views. Luckily, I saved my notes, which are almost shorthand.

He said:

"The most urgent business before the nation is financial. Whether it was as member of the Northampton Common Council or as Governor of Massachusetts, I've never known anything more urgent than that first consideration in legislation, 'Where are you going to get money enough to run the government?' Almost everything hangs on that.

"We have had in the last few years a great deal of humanitarian legislation—vocational education, good roads, sanitation—and some people are inclined to overlook the fact that those are first of all just as much questions of what resources can you get out of the finances of the nation as policing and lighting are.

"Of course, to get humanitarian legislation you have got to train up the public that has the desire for the legislation; but all that desire doesn't provide the funds. To get the funds there must be increased production in this country."

Now, I think that sensible, emphatic, untrimmed utterance, which went to the heart of the matter, is still newsy because it tells you why Calvin Coolidge has been the kind of President he has been.

He is the kind of President that is a comfort and not a distraction to the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives. In the House and with the Appropriations Committee all money bills must originate.

Wide World photo

Coolidge dressed to fit the title, Leading Eagle, bestowed on him by the Sioux.

P. & A. photo

The President in cowboy regalia presented to him by the Boy Scouts of South Dakota.

Martin Barnaby Madden, chairman of that committee, has been twenty-two years in Congress, and is the man who stands between you taxpayers and the well meaning raiders of the national treasury in behalf of good causes. As such he has had to deal with two Presidents whose opinions about the value of the government's money and the difficulty of getting it were antithetical.

WITH Warren Harding it was easy come easy go. With Calvin Coolidge it is hard to get and to be sparingly spent.

After a discussion of appropriations with Coolidge, Madden departs happy and heartened. After such a meeting he once said to me:

"Coolidge will stand by. Few Presidents will. He doesn't talk. He listens. He wants to know. When he does know he puts his finger on the spot. And he knows before you're half through telling him."

Vice President Dawes, who is inclined to think of the budget system, which he launched in 1921, as a fount from which all blessings flow, sometimes speaks of Coolidge as "our first business President," meaning that he is the first President who has had a chance under normal conditions to foster national economies under Dawes' beneficent budget system.

"He is," says the General, "an overseer of the government's business, with the power of reward and punishment. Say the policy has been laid down to reforest a region or to tame a river. Who most sagaciously can reforest, and has proved it? Promote him. Who is the most visioned engineer? Put him in charge of the river. That's business. What shall be the destination of a trading ship? The owners decide. Who can make the coal last longest? That's Coolidge."

REFERRING again to my notes of Coolidge's conversation in 1921, I find in them one of his extremely infrequent uses of so emphatic a word as "appalling," and his statement of what, next to rational financing of the government, he considers the most urgent business before the nation.

"Education," he said, "is the next most important business before us. Twenty-five per cent of our army in the World War was illiterate—unable to read or write not alone English, but any language. In the German army practically all were educated. We had a large number of men who could not read an order or even a street sign.

"It's an appalling thing, and it shows that in education of the foreign-born we have only scratched the surface. The illiteracy is not confined to any part of the country, but is general. The reason we would give for our share of it in Massachusetts is that thirty-three and a third per cent of our population was born on foreign shores. They came to us as adults. Any child that's born in Massachusetts can't escape an education. In the South there is some excuse. They have not had the money to provide public education as needed."

Calvin Coolidge shares with Frank Lowden the feeling that high-minded public men in this country are paying the penalty for the excessive "publicity" which

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Mother's treat—it's Eskimo Pie time!

Eat it like a banana—peel back the foil wrapper

When school's out . . . when boys and girls come home . . . it's time for refreshing Eskimo Pie.

Children love its magic flavor. Mothers know that Eskimo Pie is as healthful as it is delicious. And men say it's the perfect three-o'clock bracer.

Nothing else is like it. Rich, wholesome ice cream, enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate . . . a double treat in a single silvery wrapper!

At parties and meetings—at luncheons, dances, places of amusement—Eskimo Pie never fails to add enjoyment to the occasion. Women serve it as a delightful change from commonplace desserts.

Make Eskimo pie a daily custom. Ask for it at your nearest drug store or confectioner's.

BUY THEM BY THE BOX—SERVE THEM ON ALL OCCASIONS

© 1928, E. P. Corp.

An enticing bar of firm, delicious ice cream, enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate, held in a sanitary moisture-proof wrapper. That is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—*Eskimo Pie*

Over three hundred million sold yearly

NOTE TO RETAIL DEALERS: *If your ice cream manufacturer is unable to supply you with Eskimo Pie advise us immediately.*

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION

ICE CREAM for health

ESKIMO PIE MANUFACTURERS: *Our retail selling plans and point-of-purchase advertising are ready for you. Write us for full information.*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Laundry-washing Saves Money

. . . because of the economies resulting from its ever-increasing volume of business, the modern laundry is able to offer a superior quality of work at prices considerably less than home-washing costs ✣ Damp Wash Service—exactly what home-washing gives you—averages about half the cost of home-washing . . . . counting laundress hire, meals, carfare, soap, powders, bluing, starch, gas, water, repairs and depreciation on equipment, interest on investment, etc. ✣ It is this substantial difference in cost that is daily prompting new thousands of women to patronize the laundry—many of whom are thrifty home-makers who formerly imagined they could not possibly afford laundry service ✣ If you will make a comparison between laundry and home-washing costs, you, too, will discover that it is now possible to obtain from the laundry a better quality of work *for less* ✣

The LAUNDRY does it best

Clothes are dried to ironing dampness in these water extractors—without displacing a single fibre

The inside surfaces of this washer are smooth as glass.

Skilled scientists determine exacting washing formulas used in modern laundries

—and Laundry washing is better

Modern laundries not only save you money on the actual washing—they also save money by lessening wear on clothes. Cylinder washers cleanse your clothes by gentle sousing and rinsing—eliminating all vigorous rubbing. Wringing is done by ingenious spinning baskets that extract water without damage to fabric. And in addition to these revolutionary advancements, the laundry-owners of today employ only the most scientific washing formulas—the result of years of research by the corps of scientists maintained at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research and the proving station at the American Institute of Laundering.

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

© 1928 L. N. A.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

low-minded public men seek. Mr. Coolidge spoke of that with thin-lipped disfavor at a time when there had not been a millionth part of the impertinences written about him that since have been written. But the words "Silent Cal" were on everybody's lips, and he was tired of them.

"A single attribute of a public man," he said, "soon gets him transformed into an epitome of that attribute. They've been writin' a good deal about me. I don't like those things. I try to avoid them. Public men are pretty much like anybody else."

He was not, however, squirming under criticism, but resenting those intrusions which make public men ridiculous, for he added:

"Public men must expect criticism and be prepared to endure false charges from their opponents. It is a matter of no great concern to them. It is public confidence in government which is the matter of great concern."

Such are some of the solid, steadying qualities which have won for Calvin Coolidge the deep respect of his countrymen, and such are some of the spiritual qualities which have sustained him. I don't know but what some intuitive sense of those spiritual qualities—of the devoted goodness of the man, his high sense of honor, and his pious simplicity—has penetrated the hearts of his countrymen and deepened their respect into a regard not without tenderness.

What I do know is that his goodness in act and his purity of motive once prompted as fine a demonstration of chivalry among opposing partisans as ever I saw.

IT happened in the Senate, that day when Norris of Nebraska ("Grumbling George"), in one of his least felicitous moments, impugned the honesty of Mr. Coolidge. The insinuation brought the Democratic leader of the Senate, the fiery Joseph Robinson from Arkansas—where they do not breed cooing doves in politics—to his feet in stately wrath.

"As an American citizen and as a Senator of the United States," he said, "I believe that your President and *my* President is an honest man. Democrat as I am, I resent the charge and I combat the charge that Calvin Coolidge is a crook. For, sir, I do not lose my character as a Democrat or as an honest citizen when I repudiate any measure based on the assumption that the President is dishonest.

"He is *my* President by the choice of the American people, . . . and it is just such insinuations as the Senator from Nebraska has uttered that have given to Calvin Coolidge a prestige and a power far greater than the principles he espouses have given him a right to enjoy. For the poisoned darts of insinuation have been powerless to pierce the shield which honest manhood wears."

Grumbling George did not reply.

I WAS saying a while back that I love to write about this man. And I most love to write about the Neighbor Coolidge of the furtively kind acts and the spontaneous laconicisms, the Coolidge who is a complete Yankee epitome of the quiet, common-sensible, unpretentious New England neighbor that usually is the most useful resident of the neighborhood and is the longest remembered after he is gone.

Mark Sullivan figured out a few weeks ago that now on the mind of Calvin Coolidge as President are fifty subjects ranging geographically from Russia to Nicaragua and from Boulder Dam to Muscle Shoals—"all of them," Mr. Sullivan added, "important and all attended by infinite intricacies."

A mind so crowded has little time and probably less resiliency for those routine amenities of existence which make the good neighbor.

Yet this happens:

The door of a secretary's office at the White House is pushed open early one morning. A pair of tired gray eyes peer into the room and a gritty voice says:

"How's Miss Peck this morning?"

© Henry Miller

A photograph of the President's family on the Mayflower, taken before the death of the younger son. Left to right: Calvin, Jr., Mrs. Coolidge, the President, John Coolidge.

"She's better, Mr. President."

"Any feeveh?"

"A little, Mr. President."

"I sent Dr. Coupal out to her last night. Please keep me informed."

Miss Peck is a White House stenographer, not to the President, but to an assistant private secretary to the President.

Calvin Coolidge is always doing things like that.

He loves the bestowal of the neighborly touch as much as he loves to bestow it. He gets, poor man, little of such bestowal since he left Northampton.

One January morning I saw him quite literally tickled pink by a touch of forthright neighborliness.

It was General Jackson's birthday, and the President had gone across from the White House to place a wreath of palms and roses at the base of that so-called "rocking-horse" statue of the General which commanded Thackeray's wonderment many a year ago.

As he advanced to place his tribute, Mr. Coolidge removed his hat and stood uncovered before the pedestal for several seconds.

"Mr. President," upspoke a peppery old lady not known to him—"Mr. President, put on your hat or you'll catch your death of cold!"

"Oh, well," said Neighbor Coolidge, "there's somebody to take my place." And he laughed—but in a kind of culprit, schoolboy way.

"But we don't want anybody to take your place," the old lady scolded. "We're all back of you and want you where you are, and you must put on your hat!"

That, Calvin Coolidge, chuckling softly, meekly did. I never saw him more genuinely pleased.

"May we ask how Mrs. Coolidge is, Mr. President?" was a question put to him by the correspondents in February, when his wife was kept to the house by illness.

The President took off his horn-rimmed spectacles and looked up eagerly.

"Just a cold," he said. "The doctors think she's betteh. But she must rest for a week or so. There's considerable pain in the back. But there's nothing functional in the illness."

He talked on for a minute or so—neighborly as an old shoe.

ANOTHER time, when he and his wife had just come from an exhibition of the Junior Achievement League, he was asked what he thought of the new league's purpose, which is early to train American boys and girls to skilled work.

"Well," he said, with a sparse smile, "I came in contact with 'junior league' work when I was quite young."

The reticent smile broadened. Then came the point. It was:

"Father organized it, mostly."

The roomful burst into a shout of laughter; and if Calvin Coolidge did not thoroughly enjoy the success of his joke, then his twinkling eyes belied him.

"The chicken-and-egg industry," he continued, "is one that lends itself especially to the efforts of boys and girls. And raising wheat—that isn't beyond them, eitheh. I can speak about that from my own experience. Grandfatheh died when I was six years old, and I

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Come, come, Junior. Be Mama's brave little man."

The "Oily" Nineties

Junior's strategic position is of no avail. Hiding will not save him from the noxious dose...and he's due for a different sort of hiding from Father if he doesn't take it. Today...Junior's juniors escape the wailings and whalings that generally went with old-fashioned castor oil...because they are given

KELLOGG'S
THE ORIGINAL
tasteless
Castor Oil
There Is No Substitute

Kellogg's is tasteless because it is the *only* castor oil super-refined by the Kellogg exclusive patented process. Untouched from refinery to you, it is never sold in bulk, nor in any form other than the original 3 oz. and 7 oz. bottles. We want to prove to you that Kellogg's is really tasteless. A convincing trial bottle will be sent you for 10c in stamps. Write for it today. Walter Janvier, Inc., 417 Canal St. New York, N. Y.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

COUPON
Walter Janvier, Inc.
417-421 Canal St., N.Y.
Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me Trial Size Bottle of
KELLOGG'S TASTELESS CASTOR OIL
Name.....
St. and No. or R. F. D.....
City.....State.....
F

Bilious? Kellogg's will work wonders.

Light Up

With a Combination

ELECTRIC CUNO MATCH

and

UTILITY LIGHT

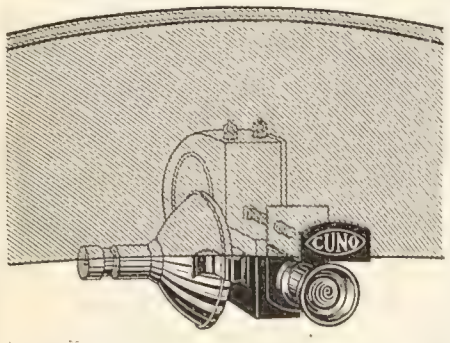
Here is a real convenience—and a real necessity for your car.
by day—an *"Electric Match"*
by night—an *"Electric Match"*
or
A Safety Utility Light

For lighting cigarette, cigar or pipe—just pull out the lighter—in a second a red hot glow is automatically ready for your light. No fussing for matches, no danger in taking hands off wheel.

With an "Electric Match" only one hand is necessary—and your eyes are on the road. The "Electric Match" is "the light that won't blow out."

If you need an emergency illumination at night for looking at motor or changing tires—just insert the lamp in place of the heating unit. It takes only a second and you have a utility light with six foot of cord. Or it may be used as a spotlight.

Fits any dash on any car. Ask for "Electric Match" No. 603 at any garage or accessory store. Only a few minutes to install. Price only $4.50 complete. Other model "Electric Matches" from $1.75 to $6.00.



"Electric Match" No. 603 Deluxe Dash Model—Has automatic switch which operates when heating unit is withdrawn about fifteen inches, automatic rewinding reel and 6-foot parallel cord. Also 2 5/8" Utility Lamp—6 C.P. bulb and carrying bracket. Easily mounted on either metal or wood dash by using the bracket furnished. Each $4.50. Prices in Canada and Far West slightly higher.

Write for complete circular No. 8

Bakelite lighter with ash tray that acts also as a holder. Plugs into any 110 volt circuit. Lights your smokes from electric unit. Very neat and moderately priced. If your dealer has not this in stock, sent prepaid on receipt of price, $3.00. *AGENTS—write for special proposition.*

THE CUNO ENGINEERING CORP.
Meriden, Conn.

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

remembeh that it was at his inspiration that I sowed my first wheat. So I must have been considerably under six then."

All the President's favorite stories have a humorous twist and all of them point a moral. They are more parables than stories. Here is one of his favorite parables as told by himself:

"A sentinel is posted in the garden of a European monarch. Nobody knows why he is posted there. There seems to be nothing to guard. Finally it comes out that a hundred years ago a rose-bush in this garden bore a very handsome rose, and the bush became the special favorite of the empress. At the emperor's command a sentinel was posted to guard this precious bush — a hundred years ago.

"But now the roses are gone, and the bush has vanished, and the empress too. But still a sentinel stands guard—the successor of a hundred years of sentinels—posted nobody knows why, except that for a century such has been the rule."

The President paused.

AS for us, we could draw our own moral. As for him, this was the moral he drew:

"Without constant supervision of government departments, officials outlive their functions. And any report of a resignation—well, one is always justified in receiving it with doubt."

Mr. Coolidge is not only capable of humor: he also relishes the humor of others. 'Tis a not invariable sequitur.

"At the Postmaster General's dinner last night," said a very distinguished man of letters, "I got a real laugh out of the President with my old yarn about President Harrison. . . . This I consider my greatest social achievement!"

In "this Tom, Dick, and Harry business," as Lord Rosebery called party politics, the President may not be an image of joviality; and yet, he likes people—likes to watch them, likes to meet them face to face. He is a window shopper of humans, just as he is a window shopper along F Street in his evening stroll.

"I observed," he said meditatively, the day of his gorgeous reception by Minneapolis and St. Paul, when he was deeply impressed by the prosperity of the Northwest, "I observed that most of the ladies had on silk dresses, and I thought I noticed a pretty generous display of silk stockings."

"What nice pink complexions you young Englishmen have!" he exclaimed to the traveler and publicist, Cecil Roberts.

"Just think," said Roberts afterward, "of the three seductive words wrapped up in that short sentence: nice, pink, young! And yet they call him 'the Silent President.'"

When the White House reporters asked the guest, who had come expecting a weighty interview, what the President had said to him, Roberts gravely replied:

"He put a new complexion on my outlook."

Then the reporters were sure it had been a weighty interview.

When Mr. Coolidge was asked if the Easter holiday hand-shaking, with its record tussle of 1,420 persons greeted in twenty-eight minutes, was not wearing on him, he said:

"No. I don't at all dislike hand-shaking. It brings me into a contact with people that I can't get in any other way. I like it. It's been suggested that the visitors be assembled on the lawn and that I go out and make a speech to them. But I think they are like me—would rather be shaken hands with than have a speech fired at them."

SOME day the American people will like to read a calm, fond, simple, truthful book about Calvin Coolidge—a book that, without obliterating the patient routine to which he has held so much of his life and spirit, will winnow away the insignificant detail of the routine, and so will impart not only its pathos, but will make known also the processes by which routine became part of the indispensable mechanism of a good and fruitful life.

But who can write that book, which must be peppered with the sage, homely, shrewd apothegms of the quaintest figure in our political annals since Franklin, but which also must be touched with the splendor of an astonishing career, and which must present to you the nation's orderly, matter-of-fact storekeeper who is also a chiseler of beautiful phrases?

I know of but one who is wise enough, with the wisdom of the simple, to write that book. His name is Calvin Coolidge.

That book he should leave as a legacy to his countrymen. For they will think fondly of this intent, shy, grave-eyed, plain-speaking man when he has become a tradition. They will love the tradition of his strict actuality. They will recognize that he, in a flighty time, was capable of making up his mind, and, in the face of clamor, of keeping it made up. They will like to dwell upon his quiet finalities and his spacious fundamentals. Always he has loved the finalities, and patiently has he searched them out.

"THERE was," said Washington Irving, "a noble way in former times of saying things simply and yet saying them proudly." Such a thing, proudly yet simply said by Mr. Coolidge, I leave with you for your pondering. He never made a more characteristic utterance:

"About the Declaration of Independence there is a finality that is exceedingly restful.

"It is often asserted that the world has made a great deal of progress since 1776, that we have had new thoughts and new experiences which have given us a great advance over the people of that day, and that we may therefore very well discard their conclusions for something more modern.

"But that reasoning cannot be applied to this great charter.

"If all men are created free and equal—meaning if no one is to be accounted as born into a superior station—that is final. If they are endowed with inalienable rights, that is final. If governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, that is final.

"No advance can be made beyond those propositions. If anyone wishes to deny their truth, the only direction in which he can go is backward—to the time when there was no equality, no rights of the individual, no rule of the people."

THE END

Keystone photo
T. Coleman du Pont

Next Week—

The du Ponts of Delaware

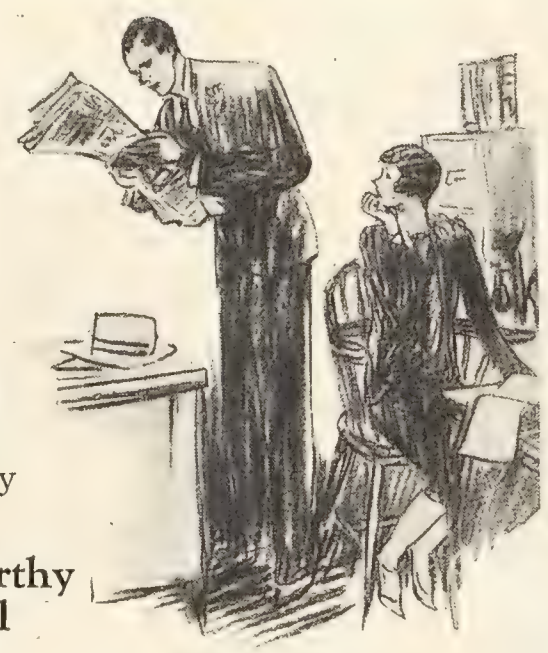
By Edward J. Doherty

THE story of a family of American multi-millionaires—a romance of industry, enriched by the flashing personalities of many brilliant men and women.

ALSO

The Law and the Lady

A love story by **Holworthy Hall**



Wiping out the "?" behind the Used Car

If you could *know* that information given you about a used car was the whole truth, you would have no fear of dissatisfaction with that car after you bought it.

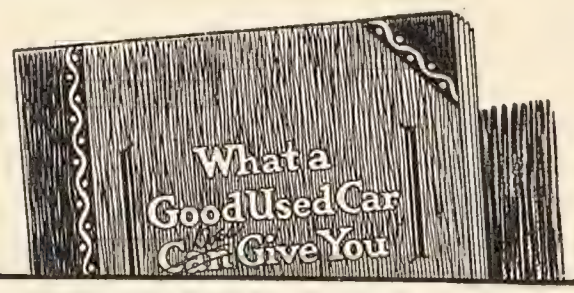
If the salesman enjoyed your confidence, you would trust him absolutely.

The Cadillac-LaSalle dealer in your city is trying to deserve just such trust and confidence in selling used cars.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Division of General Motors Corporation

DETROIT MICHIGAN



CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY L4-7-28
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Since it does not obligate me, I should like.....copies of your booklet of facts, "What A Good Used Car Can Give You".

Signed .....

Address.....

City.....State.....

What is YOUR underwear handicap?

When the Slicer Is *Sliced!*

A slice, and he can't correct it. Something's wrong, and he doesn't know what it is. When the truth is discovered, he'll find that he's slicing the ball because his underwear is slicing him.

Thousands of golfers discovered last summer that new freedom in underwear makes it easy to relax and cut down strokes. The Lewis Golf suit takes no liberties. You're scarcely aware that you're wearing underwear at all. No "balloon sizes." No binding-bunching-plastering. Just airy, cool relaxation as its magic fabric absorbs and evaporates perspiration with almost miraculous ease. And the natural crotch support it furnishes brings you in, vigorous and untired, still sweet in temper at the 19th hole. Let your favorite store show you the one and only Lewis Golf Suit today!

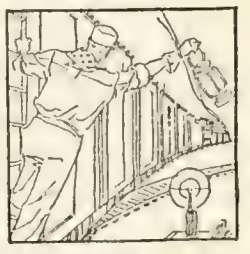
Altho' the Golf Suit is admittedly the most comfortable underwear made, those who prefer a two piece garment will find an almost equivalent comfort—with exceptional style—in the Lewis Golf Shirt and Sport Shorts.

Look for the Lewis label and the little golfer on every *genuine* Lewis Golf Suit.
If your dealer hasn't the Lewis Golf Suit, send us your measurements, with a check for $5.00 for two suits postpaid.
Lewis Knitting Company
110 Main St., Janesville, Wis.

Made by the makers of the famous Lewis Union Suits

Brings New Enjoyment to Every Sport

LEWIS GOLF SUIT



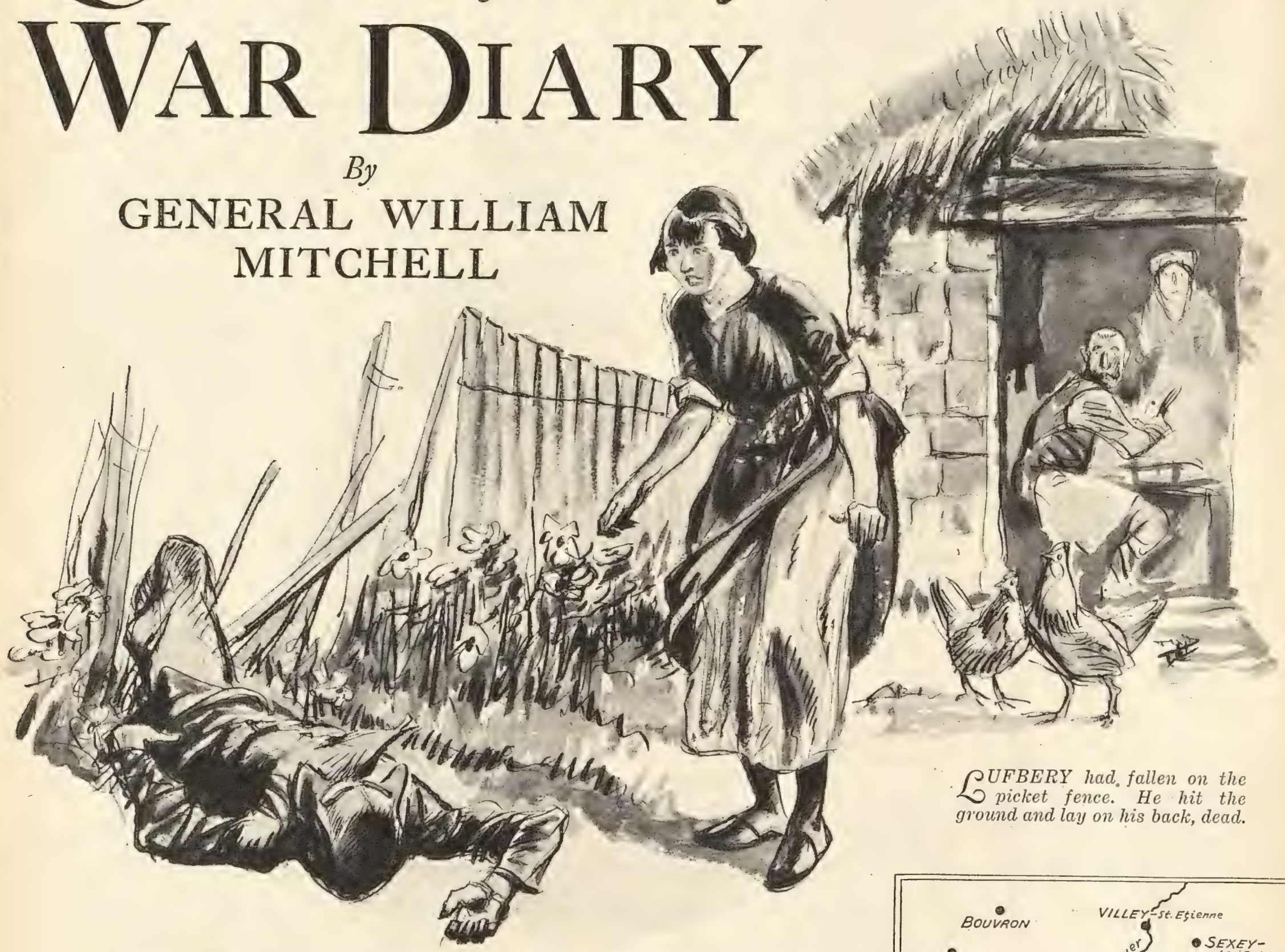
For Active Men in Every Field

The NEW UNDERWEAR *That Gives* NEW FREEDOM

Leaves *from my* War Diary

Pictures by
Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

By
General William Mitchell



Lufbery had fallen on the picket fence. He hit the ground and lay on his back, dead.

Lufbery Falls—The German Drive—America's Airmen Face Richthofen's Old Circus

(Reading time: 23 minutes 5 seconds.)

THE author, General Mitchell, was in active command of our fighting air forces during the decisive fighting of 1918. His opportunities to observe the war were unsurpassed.

He kept an intimate record of what he saw at the front from April, 1918, until after the Armistice and the occupation of Germany. His opinions come to you uncensored.

Last week, in the first installment, which covered the events of April, 1918, General Mitchell pictured the aftermath of the great German assault of March, the gaping hole in the British line, the long-range bombardment of Paris, and the assignment of the U. S. Air Force to defend the St. Mihiel-Pont-à-Mousson sector.

The diary continued with a vivid sketch of a double American victory on the first day of independent operation, and of an air raid on Nancy.

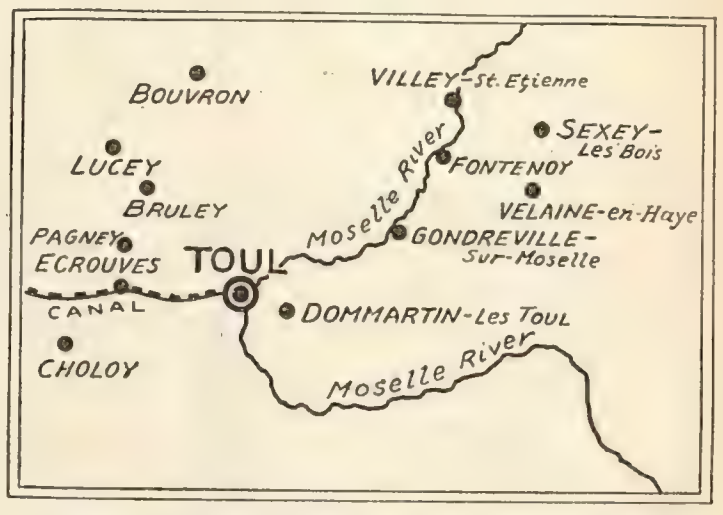
Part Two

May, 1918.

WE now have an actual observation group acting with two squadrons in it, the First and the Twelfth. We have a pursuit group composed of the Ninety-fourth, Ninety-fifth, Twenty-seventh, and 194th squadrons, with an air park, under command of Major Atkinson. We have an army observation squadron, the Ninety-first, and a bombardment squadron is almost ready to come up to the front. From now on our force will grow rapidly.

We are now not only using our squadrons on the front, but we are having maneuvers and aërial instruction with the ground troops at the schools and in the training areas. Our infantry divisions are beginning to come up, one after another. We have all the equipment that money can buy, but lack what money cannot buy—that is, experience and a good corps of officers.

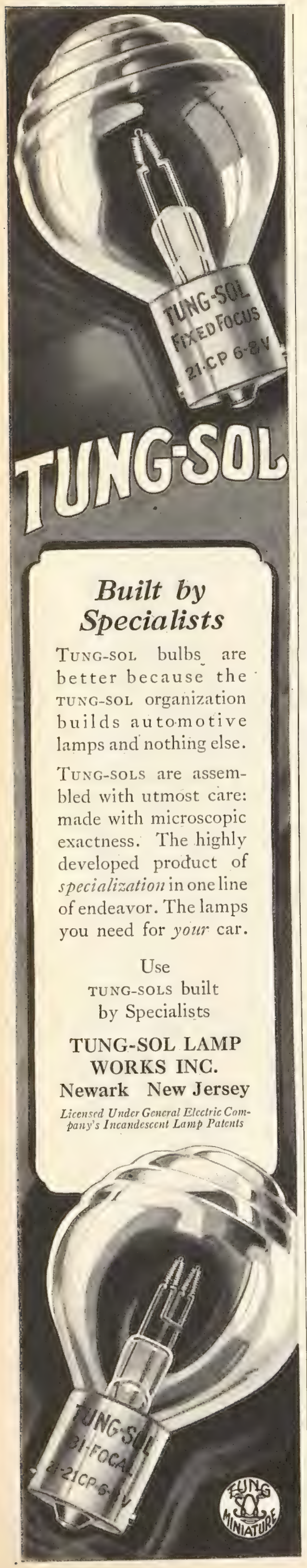
Both of these will come with work on the front, but will be purchased at a tremendous cost in lives. What we need at home is a good nucleus of citizen soldiers. The idea of intrusting everything to a small regular army, which in truth is not an army, but merely a national constabulary organized for peacetime duty, is poor national economy.



A map showing Toul and the vicinity where the battle took place in which Lufbery, America's famous ace, was killed.

Brereton has taken the Twelfth Squadron over to the Baccarat sector, and I went over to see him. A British two-seater DH airplane attempted to dive on a German ship in that vicinity. Both wings had come off the British plane, and the fuselage, like a projectile, had shot to the ground with its living freight.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Continued from Page Thirty-three

Another British airplane landed with bombs where our Ninety-sixth Bombardment Squadron is stationed. In taking off, the pilot stalled the machine, which fell to the ground and caught fire. The bombs exploded immediately. A piece of the fur collar of the pilot or the observer was found afterward, and also the heel of a shoe.

The airplanes with which the First Observation Squadron are equipped are Spad two-seaters with Hispano engines. They are utterly worthless for observation work, and when heavily loaded with their cameras and machine guns are very dangerous. We have lost some good men, killed uselessly as a result of being equipped with these airplanes. I am trying hard to get Salmsons for all our observation squadrons.

THE headquarters of the French Eighth Army desired to present the Croix de Guerre to our officers who had distinguished themselves, and accordingly, on May 15, a formation took place at the Toul airdrome.

There were French troops, and also troops from the Twenty-sixth Division, accompanied by their bands. The ceremony was attended by General Passaga, commanding the Thirty-second French Army Corps, General Liggett, commanding the First American Army Corps, and General Edwards, commanding the Twenty-sixth American Division. General Gérard, commanding the Eighth French Army, and I made the presentations.

We had lost two good men who were on the list for citations: Charles W. Chapman, killed in action, and James Norman Hall, whom we thought at that time was dead. They received the decorations posthumously. Peterson, Rickenbacker, and Meisner were decorated.

Our men continue to do well both in pursuit and observation aviation. As the end of the month approached I felt that we could render a good account of ourselves anywhere that we might be put. Comparatively speaking, we are away ahead of the troops on the ground. If we could only get a sufficient number of good airplanes we could certainly have a terrific fighting aviation within a few months.

The end of May proved to be a very sad period for me. To begin with, Major Lufbery was killed on May 19. Lufbery was our leading pilot, and was a great source of strength on account of the confidence our men had in him and on account of his great ability to impart details of air fighting to them.

I was sitting in my office in Toul on May 19 when the alarm was sounded that a German airplane was near. I looked out of the window and saw the anti-aircraft artillery filling the air with projectiles. The German airplane, a two-seater Albatross, was so close to the ground that I thought it was going to land; but suddenly it arose again.

I dashed for my automobile to get to the Toul airdrome, telling Hall, my operations officer, to notify the French Aviation at Nancy that a German airplane was headed in their direction.

As I left in my automobile I could see one of our airplanes engage the German ship, but in an utterly futile way. The pilot did not close up, but expended all his ammunition uselessly in the air. For this performance I have sent the pilot to the rear.

I HURRIED for the airdrome, but was stopped by a foolish sentinel on the way in who asked me where my pass was. As I arrived on the field I saw an airplane cutting across to head off the German ship. This I was told was Lufbery.

As we had had several patrols out over the front that morning, there was nobody else ready to go after the German machine at that time. As it was too late for me to get in the air, I returned to the office and went to work.

Within a few minutes my telephone rang, and I was informed that Major Lufbery had been killed. His plane had fallen at a little place about six miles from Toul on the Moselle River. A detail from the First Pursuit Group under the commanding officer had gone over there to get the remains, so I ran over to find out what I could about his last fight.

The little village is on a high bank which gradually slopes off to the Moselle. At this time of the year it is covered with flowers and fruit trees in bloom. Lufbery's body had fallen out of his plane into the back yard of an old shoemaker's house. The shoemaker's daughter, a girl of about sixteen years, lived with him.

Their back yard is a typical French back yard of that class of people. There are little boxes for rabbits, a place for a cow and chickens. A long white picket fence separates the yard from others. Along the fence on both sides there is a fringe of flowers. It was on this picket fence that Lufbery had fallen. One of the pickets pierced his left leg and unquestionably greatly broke the fall. He hit the ground and lay on his back, dead.

THE shoemaker's daughter rushed to Lufbery's body and, opening his flying suit, saw his decorations and recognized him immediately. Lufbery was a great hero among the French peasants, because his mother was a peasant. The girl immediately covered the body with flowers and waited for others to come and carry it to the town hall, where our men received it.

The old shoemaker's description of the combat was the best that anybody gave me. He said that all of a sudden the alarm of the approach of a German airplane was sounded.

The people ran for the cellars. But immediately afterward the roar of an American airplane could be heard, and the people yelled to each other: "The Americans are coming—we will be saved." Many then came out of their cellars.

The large German plane was close to the ground, and the pilot and observer could be plainly seen. At the same time, coming from the direction of Toul with an unbelievable speed, a single small American airplane approached the German.

He came straight up on to the tail, and it looked as if the two airplanes touched each other. Four or five shots were fired by the American, but the German did not reply. The American turned quickly, climbed in the air, and came straight for the German, again under his tail. Again the airplanes looked as if they were touching; again shots were fired by the American. The German replied with only four or five.

The American airplane drew off gradually, turned upside down, and it looked as if a sack filled with

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

U. S. Official

General Mitchell at the time all active air units were attached to the First Army Corps.

For Real Pleasure, Gene Sarazen Smokes Lucky Strikes

Brilliant golf champion finds Luckies soothing to his nerves

"When it comes to the crucial moment and your nerves must be under control, I turn to a Lucky Strike. They leave a soothing effect upon my nerves and throat. They're great, they afford a real pleasure." Gene Sarazen

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"Quality tells—that's why the sales of LUCKY STRIKES are growing. The best smoking tobacco on the market is bought for that purpose. I know what is in LUCKIES; I have bought tobacco for them for several years."

Harry Grimes
Tobacco Buyer

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

©1928, The American Tobacco Co., Inc.

HUSBANDS ...*you may be* SORRY!

YOU like your wife with her hair bobbed—but you didn't stop to think that bobbed hair means tight hats—and tight hats are dangerous to any head of hair.

HERE are two simple rules for keeping hair and scalp vigorous and healthy—and they apply to men as well as to women.

1. Keep the scalp clean! Shampoo regularly with Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. Made from pure crude and pine tar oils, it cleanses deep down to the hair roots yet does not leave the hair harsh or dry.
2. Massage and brush the hair vigorously every day. Once or twice a week saturate the scalp with Wildroot Hair Tonic. This reliable tonic stops dandruff, invigorates the hair roots and leaves the scalp antiseptically clean. The most widely used hair tonic in the world.

YOU can't start these treatments too soon. Invest in these two bottles today. Wildroot hair preparations may be obtained at drug stores, barber shops and hair dressers' everywhere. Accept no substitutes.

WILDROOT

HAIR TONIC — TAROLEUM SHAMPOO

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Continued from Page Thirty-four

something fell out of it. It was the pilot, Lufbery.

Smoke then began coming out of the plane. It caught fire and glided several hundred yards, when it crashed and burned up. There was no mark on Lufbery's body except one bullet shot through the left hand.

It appeared very probable that either his controls were cut, causing the airplane to turn over, and he fell out, or that he jumped out because it was on fire. I doubt very much if an old pilot like Lufbery would have jumped on account of fire. All the eyewitnesses I talked to said Lufbery fell out before the plane caught fire.

I think it quite probable that Lufbery, in his hurry to get after the German plane, failed to tie himself in the plane with his belt; that the German shots cut his controls, his airplane turned over, and Lufbery fell out. Just think—if he had had a parachute he could easily have been saved!

LUFBERY had never shot an airplane down on our side of the line. All his combats had been in enemy territory. And he was terribly anxious to shoot one down where we could get at the wreck, both on his own account and to show our new pilots how it was done.

The German airplane proceeded on its way. It was attacked by some pilots from the French Pursuit Group at Malzéville under Captain de Rode. The German machine was forced to land and the pilot and observer were captured.

The action of this German crew was remarkable. They had been sent over to distract attention from another airplane that was flying at a high altitude for the purpose of taking photographs.

The Germans at first sent over several airplanes at high altitude. Our men shot them down. They were followed by pairs of airplanes. Again our men shot them down. Our Nieuports were now able to go as high as the German Rumplers. Finding that this scheme did not work, the Germans sent over an airplane at high altitude and one at low altitude, knowing full well that the one at low altitude would probably not return.

The bravery and devotion of this German crew can be imagined; although they had killed one of the best men, either in the French service or in ours, they were held in great respect for their daring fight. There is more chivalry left among our airmen than is the case with the ground troops.

In this war the ground troops seldom meet their adversary face to face. They are operating out of dirty wet ditches, covered by dust, smoke, mud, and fragments of shells and machine-gun bullets or by gas clouds. All this talk about closing up with the bayonet is largely a myth. When troops get close enough for that, one side or the other breaks and runs away. War on the ground nowadays resolves itself into an attack of masses that employ missile-throwing weapons to keep the adversary as far off as possible.

In the air the action is entirely individual as far as combat is concerned. Each man singles out his adversary and they engage in mortal combat. Already we have received notes from the Germans, dropped on our airdromes, as to what has become of the pilots we have lost, and with a request for information as to their pilots whom we have shot down.

On May 20 we buried Lufbery in a little cemetery beyond the Sebastapol Hospital, in the corner of a wood. Already several of our airmen were in it, some killed by the enemy and some killed by the poor machines that we have had to equip our men with. We all assembled and went out to the cemetery with Lufbery's casket piled high with flowers.

General Gérard, General Edwards, and I made short addresses, and while we were doing so the airplanes of our First Pursuit Group flew over, led by Rickenbacker. They came low down and dropped flowers over the grave as the casket was lowered.

The commander of the Independent British Air Force came over and asked me if we could help him in his bombardment raids. He is bombing the area north of Metz with DH4 airplanes in the daytime. He said that when his planes crossed the line the Germans would note the direction of his flight and from that could tell what place he was going to attack.

They would then send pursuit aviation up, wait for the bombardment ships to turn for home, and then attack. The British have lost a good many airplanes with their crews in this way. They have no pursuit aviation with which to protect their bombers. I promised him that we would assist at once.

The next raid that he made, we sent out a patrol to meet the British bombers on the way back. Our patrol maneuvered into the sun, and, sure enough, the German pursuit attacked the British bombers as they neared the line. Our men attacked and dispersed them at once, shooting down three German ships without loss to ourselves. The British are elated over this protection that we have given them.

SO I ran over to find out what I could about his last fight.

THE hard work and the losses that our men were sustaining without much relaxation were beginning to tell on them a little. As I heard that Miss Elsie Janis, the actress, was to be in our area, I sent over to see if she could come and give an entertainment for our First Pursuit Group. Although she had given three performances that day, she came to the Toul airdrome.

We assembled the pilots, both from the pursuit group and our observation aviation. The men fixed up a stage of boards, held up by gasoline trucks, in an old prewar hangar that was on the flying field. All the windows were shaded so that the lights could not be seen outside and draw fire from a German bomber. The hangar was lighted by electricity generated by one of our machine-shop trucks. Miss Janis gave a remarkable per-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

Write us your opinion of this *menthol-cooled* smoke

Is it really cool?
Does it actually soothe the throat?
Does it banish that smoked-out feeling?

* * *

Questions...questions...questions. No cigarette ever before stirred up such questions. No cigarette ever before changed so many smokers' ideas and prejudices.

Spud seems to be the most discussed, most condemned, most acclaimed cigarette in the world...and thriving mightily on the commotion.

* * *

Then there are reports:

About the officers of Uncle Sam's Navy ...they're taking up Spud.

About débutantes of Chicago...Spud is a sign of belonging.

About a D. S. C. Colonel...he tried a Spud...damned it...came down with a cold and tried another Spud...is now its missionary among all his friends.

And from Yale...that Spud was discovered within the Harkness Quadrangle.

* * *

All this has happened in one brief year. We are pleased, but wondering what it's all about.

* * *

Won't you write us your opinion of Spud?

Smoke one...reflectively. Postpone judgment until you're over the initial shock of surprise. The first puff will be decidedly cool. With succeeding puffs, the coolness will taper off. With succeeding cigarettes, your mouth will grow accustomed to the lower temperature...the fine tobacco flavor will predominate. But, as you smoke, you will notice other and extraordinary sensations ...an actual moistening of the mouth ...a pleasant throat feeling...a clearness through nose and head.

* * *

Then write what you think of Spud.

Tell what kind of a smoker you are... how Spud struck your fancy...what effect it had on you.

Help us to discover why all America is taking up Spud...how it is using Spud ...why all the discussion? Just write a letter of 300 words or less. $4,000 cash prizes will be given for the best letters. $1,000 cash is the first prize. Other big cash prizes. 559 prizes in all. Write just as you would to a friend. Here are the contest details.

$4,000 CASH PRIZES

for the best letters on "What I think of Spud Cigarettes."

1st Prize	$1000
2nd Prize	500
3rd Prize	250
4th Prize	100
Next 5 Prizes $50 each	250
Next 10 Prizes 20 each	200
Next 40 Prizes 10 each	400
Next 100 Prizes 5 each	500
Next 400 Prizes 2 each	800

559 Prizes in all, totaling $4000

THE JUDGES:

FREDERICK C. KENDALL, Editor of "Advertising & Selling".

JOHN LEE MAHIN, Vice-President, Street Railways Advertising Company.

FLOYD W. PARSONS, Feature Writer, Editorial Director of several business papers and special writer for The Saturday Evening Post.

CONTEST DETAILS

1. Write a letter of 300 words or less, describing what you think of Spud Cigarettes. 2. Use one side of paper only. Put name and address on manuscript. 3. Address envelope to P. O. Box 2374, Louisville, Kentucky. 4. Envelope must be postmarked before midnight, June 30, 1928. 5. No communications acknowledged. No manuscripts returned. 6. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of the prize tied for. 7. Contestants agree to accept decision of judges as final. 8. Employees of Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company are not eligible.

AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY. · *Largest Independent Cigarette Manufacturer*

SPUD

menthol-cooled

CIGARETTES

20 *for* 20¢

YOU can obtain Spud Cigarettes at most club, hotel and other quality stands. If you do not now use Spuds, you may have a sample (free) by addressing the manufacturer.

If Spud Cigarettes are not obtainable near you, and you wish a supply for yourself or your friends, send stamps, check or money order for single package of 20 (20c) or tin of 100 ($1.00); please give name of your dealer in coupon.

FREE BOOKLET—

"Welcome, little stranger" is its title. It gives, entertainingly the story of Spud Cigarettes, and what people famous and otherwise, have said about them. Use coupon.

Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

PLEASE send free booklet, "Welcome, little stranger"

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

4 Ly.

If you wish SPUD CIGARETTES, check below:

☐ Sample ☐ Package of 20 (Enclose 20c)

☐ Tin of 100 (Enclose $1.00)

*Name of Dealer*_____

FREE—this remarkable new rouge. See offer below.

WOMEN WRITE US
They use this treatment

Begin now to give yourself the Ingram treatment best suited to your skin. For large pores, do this: Wash your face twice a day in warm water and a good soap. Rub the lather gently into the skin with a soft cloth. Be sure to rinse off all the soap. Then dash your face with cold water and dry it gently with a soft towel.

Now apply a thin, even coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Wipe this off with a soft cloth. Then dash your face with cold water once more and dry with the towel.

Keep your skin soft and fine by the method that thousands of beautiful women use. Society leaders, screen stars, stage beauties write us that Ingram's Milkweed Cream is the only cream they have used for ten—twenty years or more. It gives your skin exactly what it needs.

Learn how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream and avoid large pores. With each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream come full instructions. Women write us telling how they have improved their skins by following these instructions.

So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar —$1 size more economical —Theatrical size $1.75.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 162 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Let us send you FREE purse-size package of this remarkable new rouge—Ingram's American Blush Rouge, and an interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging.

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Continued from Page Thirty-six

formance which was thoroughly appreciated by our men.

I was having lunch on May 27 at the Café Bosquet in Toul when my adjutant, Captain Kelleher, came to me with a very perturbed look on his face. I could see, as he approached me, there was something serious.

U. S. Official

Lieutenant James Norman Hall.

He called me to one side and said: "I have some bad news for you. Your brother has crashed in an airplane." I asked him if he were dead and he said that he was. The accident had occurred at our air depot at Colombey-les-Belles.

He had flown down to Chaumont in the morning to attend to some matters of equipment for the air troops. He had had one forced landing on the way down, due to oil trouble in his engine, but had landed, repaired it, and proceeded on his journey. Coming back, he had attempted to land at Colombey-les-Belles. The airdrome at this place is quite bad.

As he came in to land he had a great deal of speed. His front wheels hit hard and he bounced. He lowered the tail of his ship. The next time the wheels and the tail skid hit hard, and again he bounced. Apparently he decided to make another turn of the field, so he put on his motor and started to make a circle.

WHEN he started to make the turn, the longerons or beams in the back part of the fuselage broke, and the ship fell to earth, and he was instantly killed. It was a weak ship.

Thus died my only brother, a splendid young man of twenty-three years of age. He had everything in him that a brother should have. He was greatly thought of and respected by everyone with whom he came in contact. Major Frank Page took charge of the body and all the arrangements for the funeral, which we held next day in a manner similar to Lufbery's.

U. S. Official

Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt.

This was his first campaign, and it seemed to me that if either of us had to be killed I should have been the one, because I have been in several campaigns before. While primarily his death was due to a weak airplane, I think that his eyes were not as good as they should have been, and that he stretched matters in his physical examination to get by the doctors, in his anxiety to be in the Air Service and be near me.

U. S. Official

Lieutenant Charles W. Chapman.

I HAVE made up my mind more than ever to rely on the judgment of the doctors as to a man's fitness for flight. Our doctors prove their value more and more every day. I have also determined to continue to try every kind of airplane myself, that our men have to use, before adopting it for our service.

Of course, hind sight is better than fore sight, but if our government and our army had followed the recommendations that I had made in April, 1917, more than a year ago, which are a matter of record, we would have had good airplanes long before this. But there is no use crying over spilt milk; in a war the only way we can make up for our losses is to fight the enemy more strongly.

U. S. Official

General Mason M. Patrick, made Chief of Air Service in May, 1918.

It is a tradition in our family that every male that is able goes to war immediately on the outbreak of hostilities. My mother has both her sons and four sons-in-law in the services. She has contributed every male member that she could. She is getting old now, and I am afraid that my brother's death will have a very bad effect on her, although she will never complain or say anything about it.

The death of Lufbery and my brother has been a great spur to the pilots in the First Pursuit Group. They immediately began to put forward redoubled efforts to shoot down the Germans. On the afternoon of my brother's funeral, I got in my airplane and inspected all of the aviation that we had on the front, including the work of the pilots over the line. It cer-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

Her last party!

She laughed at her mother. "It's only a sore throat," she said, and went to the party. But there was a long wait for a taxi when the party was over. The night was chill. The next day she felt wretched. Still she did nothing about it. "Just a cold," she repeated—In ten days she was dead!

* * *

When will people begin to realize the folly of neglecting a cold or sore throat?

Neglected, these apparently trivial ailments may lead shortly to serious illness or even death.

At the first suspicion of trouble, go to bed, eat wisely and gargle systematically with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, used full strength. If immediate improvement is not shown, consult your physician.

In the past fifty years, however, Listerine has checked thousands and thousands of cold weather complaints before they had a chance to become serious. This is due to its antiseptic action. The instant it enters the mouth it attacks the disease-producing bacteria that develop there.

Your chance of escaping colds or dangerous "flu" and pneumonia will be considerably bettered by the systematic every day use of this pleasant antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

NEVER NEGLECT SORE THROAT

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

Dermutation does it!

There's a smooth, fresh finish and feel to the Mennen shave that's immediately noticeable and gratifying to you. It's *dermutation* that does it, *dermutation* that softens the toughest, horniest beard that grows, leveling the skin peaks around the hairs, so your razor cuts the beard square, clean and even at the skin surface. No nicking. No scraping. None of that irritating drag, that yanking at the hair roots so painful when the razor balks at a partially softened beard.

No caustic to burn or smart. And Mennen works equally well in water hot or cold, hard or soft. Five soothing emollients tone up the face, leaving it comfortable and smooth for hours to come.

And be sure to top off with *Mennen Talcum for Men*—soothing and comfy—stops face shine, yet doesn't show. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

Now Made With Menthol!

Many revel in the reviving, snowy coolness that a dash of menthol adds to your shave. Now you can enjoy Mennen either way. To get the *mentholized* ask for the Mennen tube with the red ball.

MENNEN

The Improved

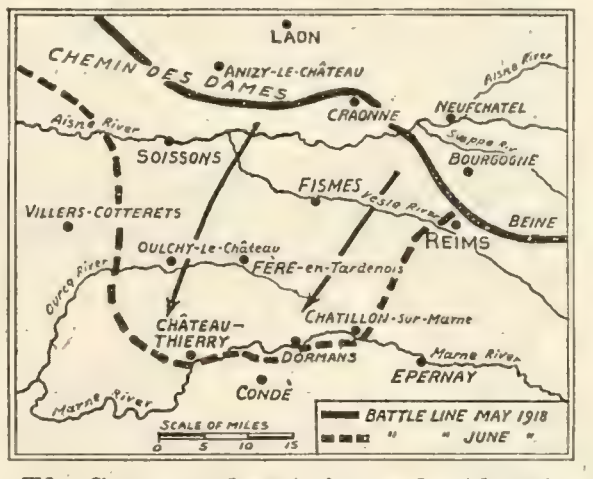
SHAVING CREAM

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Continued from Page Thirty-eight

tainly is a source of great satisfaction to see how they are perfecting themselves in the short time that they have been on the front.

Douglas Campbell was a great friend of my brother's. He made up his mind to shoot down several German airplanes to make up for John's loss. Campbell and my brother had been among the first ten flying cadets to come to Europe in August, 1917, and were close friends. On the last day of May, Campbell shot down a two-seater in single combat, which crashed just north of the headquarters of our Fisrt Division at Ménil-la-Tour.

In this combat the German observer exhausted all his ammunition. Campbell considered letting him go, but on second thought he knew the German aviator had secured valuable photographs of our area, and he shot him down.



The German thrust from the Chemin des Dames to the Marne, just before the A. E. F. helped to stem the advance.

The pilot and observer were both officers of the Prussian Army and were given a suitable military burial. Campbell reported that, as he approached for the last shot, the German observer stood in the back seat with his arms folded, looking him squarely in the face. His empty cartridge belt was dangling over the side of the airplane from his machine gun. He was waiting bravely for the death which he knew was sure to come.

Another kaleidoscopic change has taken place in the Air Service. General Mason Patrick, an engineer officer, has been made Chief of the Air Service. General Patrick has always been an efficient engineer officer, and recently has been in charge of what we call utilities in the service of supply.

Things have gotten in such a mess in the interior, however, that it is necessary to put somebody in charge of things there that General Pershing has confidence in.

Patrick was in Pershing's class at the Military Academy at West Point, and has always done good work. He will get along pretty well if he keeps his hands off the air units that are actually fighting. If not, he will get into trouble, because the time has arrived when we are actually fighting hard against the Germans, and interference by nonfliers will be disastrous.

OUR First Army Corps, under General Liggett, is to be put into the line as an organization just as soon as it is possible. All the active air units on the front are to be assigned to it, and I am to retain command of them. General Foulois is to be assigned as Chief of the Air Service of the First Army.

Milling is coming up to the front to take command of a wing. Every two or three months we change the title of our office, but fortunately we are left fighting the enemy all the time. The only actual change that takes place is to get a new rubber stamp out with which to mark the correspondence. I have a good working staff now, and the air units that we have on the line can be rapidly expanded as our men come up.

The English are badly smashed up and are trying to replace their losses in men and equipment. In the meantime they are putting up what amounts to almost a last stand, as is shown by the order issued by General Haig, commanding the British Army, which is as follows:

> Every position must be held to the last man. There must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind depend alike upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment.

The French know that they are to be attacked next, and that the British will be unable to render much help for a while.

June, 1918.

THE Germans have attacked the French Army in force. The blow came along the Chemin des Dames, the place where the French thought it might come last autumn, which led to the battle of Malmaison in which the French captured the heights that covered that area.

The Germans used very much the same strategy and tactics against the French in this area as they did against the Fifth British Army in March. The German advance toward the Marne was so fast that the French Army units that stood in their path were entirely destroyed, and even the French airdromes were taken, with the airplanes in them—some 200 planes being lost in this way by the French.

Again there is a tremendous hole in the line and the Germans are advancing rapidly on the Marne. General Foch is being criticized a good deal for not having had more troops where the Germans broke through; but if he put all his troops on the line he would have no mass of maneuver with which to hit a movement by the Germans.

Most of his reserves have been used up in helping the British, though. My friend Major Armengaud, who now is on General Foch's staff, tells me that Foch is trying to get a mass of maneuver together, but at the present time the British are powerless to detach any troops, let alone to hold their own. Their army is in terrible

shape since the drubbing it got from the Germans, and it will take a couple of months to get on its feet again.

The French have used up their troops that they brought up from Italy to stop the German attack against the English.

The only real reserves are our new American divisions; and these, I understand, General Foch has ordered to the vicinity of Château-Thierry to try to stop the German advances.

Of course, what the Germans are now trying to do is to seize the line of the Marne and occupy the mountain of Reims, which is the key point in that area.

If the Germans are successful in this they will be able to bring up their troops and supplies behind the curtain of the Marne. The mountain of Reims will form a great bridgehead and base of operations for an advance into the heart of France. This point not only has great defensive strength, but it is a splendid point from which to take the offensive, because good roads radiate out from it in all directions.

The Germans are unquestionably attempting to end the war now by one great final campaign. They have taken the punch out of the British by the campaign this spring. We are not yet ready as an army, so that the French must stand the full force of the German blow.

If the Germans do not end the war now, we certainly shall have an army of 1,000,000 men this year and 2,000,000 men next year, and they know it. I doubt if they can get very far, because they are not strong enough in the air, their cavalry is used up, and their automobile transport and armored cars have no rubber tires. They also are very weak in tanks.

Our Second Division is already fighting near Château-Thierry and has helped to stop the German crossing of the Marne.

General Liggett is preparing to move the headquarters of the First Army Corps to Château-Thierry.

The French are terribly afraid of this great German stroke. It is reported that the Germans have shut down all their munition factories because they have enough ammunition to last them until the end of the war, no matter if it takes two or three years. They have taken all the available men from the factories and from the interior of Germany and put them in the ranks for this great attack.

German troops have been brought up from Italy, and reserves and second-line troops from the Russian frontier. Now is the time for us to get into it, whether we are ready or not.

Up to the middle of the month we worked out the manner in which we should take our air forces to the Château-Thierry area. We decided to form them into a brigade under my command. Colonel Milling is to have direct command of a wing at Toul to which all the squadrons coming up from the interior are to be assigned for battle training.

AS soon as this was decided, I immediately went to Château-Thierry to the headquarters of the commander of the Third French Army, General Degoutte, to whom I reported. He instructed me to co-ordinate our work with his Chief of Air Service, Major Gérard.

I have never seen a more stunned group of people than were the officers at the headquarters of the Third French Army, and, for that matter, the troops also.

The French are not at all excitable in the face of danger; in fact, they are probably the coolest of people under that condition. The French troops of the Third Army were away beyond that. They acted as if they had been hit hard in the head with baseball bats.

They had been under a constant attack for nearly a month; they had lost miles of territory, thousands of men, and hundreds of airplanes. There were no reserves to give them. They just had to hold the ground or die. The flower of German Aviation is concentrated over their victorious army. The French Air Division, from its constant duty on the front, is having to recuperate and re-equip.

We buried Lufbery in a little cemetery beyond the Sebastapol Hospital, in the corner of a wood.

I immediately selected the points where our various squadrons should go, selected the supply points, and where we would get our gasoline, ammunition, and rations. Colonel Dunwoody in Paris is a great help. It is the first time that we really begin to feel that somebody is behind us in the interior who can get the stuff up.

I organized the movement of our air units from Toul to the Château-Thierry district into three echelons. I sent a part from each group ahead to the airdrome to which the planes were to fly to prepare for their coming. The airplanes then flew directly to their destinations, where they found arrangements already made for them and most of their mechanical personnel on the ground.

The third echelon, called the rear party, remained at the old air-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Many a man lets down on the very threshold of success because his health has been a secondary consideration in his ambition to cross the goal

Wives must share this responsibility

Why risk the family's health when one of its most common enemies can so easily be defeated?

TOO little bulk in the food you serve can cause a condition that may undermine the health of your entire family.

Lack of bulk is one of the chief reasons for constipation to which physicians attribute a high percentage of ill health today. Yet in most cases constipation is unnecessary. The experience of millions proves that it can easily be prevented.

Post's Bran Flakes is a bulk food which acts as a body regulator. Normal persons who eat it every morning find it a safeguard against constipation.

And it is so delicious to the taste that eating it regularly is a pleasure.

Make this two weeks' test and note the difference

Constipation must not be neglected!* Start our test now. Mail the coupon for a free sample which shows how delicious this food is. Or order a large package from your grocer. Don't expect the one serving from the sample package to correct constipation. To be effective, bran must be eaten regularly.

Every day for two weeks, eat Post's Bran Flakes with milk or cream. Its crispness and flavor will delight you. Vary the dish, if you like, with fruit or berries. It also makes marvelous muffins and bran bread.

We predict that after two weeks you will find this delicious bulk food a natural regulator, and will notice a big difference in the way you feel.

Then follow the example of millions of healthy people who eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning.

**Ordinary cases of constipation, brought about by too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.*

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

as an ounce Post Health Products *of prevention*

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE PACKAGE

Postum Company, Inc., Dept. B-1348
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me your free booklet and a sample package of Post's Bran Flakes, so I can see how good it tastes.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY STATE .....

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

"EVERWEAR—EVERYWHERE"

IT'S BLOSSOM TIME
in hose colors now

We now find ourselves rushing hither and yon to secure a new and really smart wardrobe in which to greet that lovelorn and flower bedecked lady, Spring. And, of course, with each new outfit must go *the* correct hose.

Here the rushing hither and yon abruptly ceases . . . for immediately all needed hose are found at the very first Everwear counter. Hose that come in all the newest colors, carefully fashioned for eye-catching slenderness, especially reinforced for wear-resisting security.

Match with Everwear Hose each purse, hat, glove and dress . . . and still feel most smugly economical . . . for those amazingly moderate Everwear prices are becoming the talk of every smart gathering.

Everwear hosiery always comes in black and white checkered boxes. Ask at your store. If Everwear Hose are not found there, then will you write us?

THE EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY
Pioneer makers of quality hosiery for women, men and children
Milwaukee Wisconsin

Everwear SUPREME VALUE Hosiery TRADE MARK

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY Continued from Page Forty-one]

drome, picked up everything that was left, cranked up the machines when they departed, and then caught up to them in their motor trucks.

This was the first movement of our Air Service from one part of the front to another. It was accomplished most successfully. The First Pursuit Group flew as a unit with some seventy planes, and arrived with only two ships absent. These had landed on account of motor trouble, but rejoined the next day.

Our observation squadrons did equally well, and, although equipped with inferior airplanes, still they rendered an excellent account of themselves.

Belleau Wood, an important position near Château-Thierry, had been held by the Second Division for almost a month. On the first of July they were ordered to attack the village of Vaux. The Twelfth Observation Squadron adjusted the fire of the artillery, protected by the First Pursuit Group. Major Brereton piloted the plane—with Lieutenant Hazlett as observer—that started the fight.

Due to their excellent observation work, the city of Vaux was taken, with 500 prisoners, and completely destroyed by the artillery.

WE are now engaged in daily and constant fighting. Major Gérard desired that we put patrols along the front, to act defensively against the German observation planes that were coming over to reconnoiter.

This I considered poor strategy, and told him so; but we put it into effect.

Of course, the Germans merely waited until they saw our small patrols of five or six airplanes and then jumped on them with vastly superior numbers.

The best groups of the German Aviation are in front of us. Jagdstaffel One, the famous red-nosed pursuit group formerly commanded by Baron von Richthofen, is against us. Jagdstaffel Two, equally as good, occupies the airdrome at Coincy. Jagdstaffel Three operates from airdromes in the vicinity of St. Quentin.

The commander of each one of these groups has from twenty-five to fifty Allied machines to his credit.

The pilots composing the flights are the most expert the Germans have on the Western Front. The Germans employed formations of from twenty to thirty machines and it was merely suicide for us to continue to act as we did in small patrols.

In a few days we lost Quentin Roosevelt and many other good men.

The Allied Air Forces carry the fighting to the Germans and stage a victorious raid on Fère-en-Tardenois. The Germans put their whole strength in the July attack along the Marne, halted in good part by the A. E. F. and our aviators. Read the stirring account of this World War crisis in next week's Liberty.

"Laid me up a month—*that sore throat*"

"Raw weather, an excited crowd—I scarcely realized my throat was raw . . . Next day the doctor put me to bed—and my enforced vacation began. I won't forget Formamint again."

At the first sign of raspiness begin with Formamint. And see your doctor as soon as possible. He approves of Formamint. These pleasant tablets release over the entire throat a powerful, safe germicide he relies on himself.

Unlike gargles, Formamint can be taken *anywhere*—continuously. To fight sore throat, one tablet every hour; as a preventive, one every two hours. All druggists. Test Formamint yourself. Send coupon today.

Formamint
THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

FREE OFFER

Bauer Chemical Co., Dept. L-16
113 W. 18th St., New York City
Send me, free, samples of Formamint in metal pocket case.

Name_____

Address_____

WILL YOU Accept $75.00 a Week?

This great nationally known corporation, the leader in its field in America, is now allotting exclusive territory on either a Spare-Hour or Full-Time basis to honest salesmen and saleswomen who furnish good references and who can handle successfully our various lines.

You Can Sell Everyone Everywhere

Personal and Commercial Stationery, Commercial and Professional Removal and other Announcements, Wedding Announcements and Invitations, also three distinct lines of Xmas Greeting Cards to sell respectively to stores, banks, business houses, professional people and individuals.

This is a life-time proposition on a very liberal and immediately paid commission basis, offering an opportunity for you to secure promotion in just a few months to a District Managership position where you will put out your own sub-salespeople and build up a permanent business of your own, worth from $6,000 to $12,000 a year.

All necessary samples, stationery and advertising are furnished at our expense.

Address immediately in full as follows

SALES MGR. DEPT. J
The Process Engraving Company, Inc.
Troy at 21st Street, Chicago

Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Absolutely Nothing Better

She Who Sleeps

DANBAZZAR gently detached the gold mask. A pale, exquisite face was revealed, delicate as a Greek cameo.

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

(Reading time: 25 minutes 15 seconds.)

Barry Learns Strange Secrets of Life and Death

A Serial by

SAX ROHMER

IF anyone had told Barry Cumberland that he was insane, he would hardly have resented the charge. Admittedly, he was a member of a secret expedition with the maddest of objects: the entering of a certain Egyptian tomb, and the awakening and removal of its occupant, a princess. It was alleged that she had been sleeping for thousands of years.

In this connection, Barry had a double reason for doubting his own sanity. His father, John Cumberland, a wealthy New Yorker whose hobby was Egyptology, had bought from the dealer Danbazzar an amazing illustrated papyrus. Its hieroglyphics, translated, gave an account of the entombing of a captive princess who had been subjected to a sort of mummifying process which would preserve indefinitely both body and life. To waken her, a drink prepared by a given formula must be administered.

John Cumberland immediately decided on the expedition, with Danbazzar as guide. His friend, Professor Blackwell, and Barry were to go with him. Barry, inspecting the papyrus, saw in an ancient drawing of Zalithea a striking likeness of a beautiful girl he loved. His brain reeled! This girl, to whom he had never spoken, he had seen first under weird circumstances. Driving at dusk before a storm, a flash of lightning had illuminated a house ahead. On a high balcony she stood—entrancing—in the dress of an Egyptian princess. Unnerved, Barry lost control of the car, had a smash, and awakened in the hospital. Recovered, he found the house again, but not the girl.

The long journey to the desert was made at last, the tomb entered, and the great granite box opened. Within lay a wooden mummy case. On it was the portrait of its occupant. It was a likeness of the girl of the balcony!

PART SIX

THE hours that followed the raising of the great lid were feverish hours. They were marked by at least one strange event.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Distinguished House is Built of Face Brick

Build the home of your dreams

—send for these helpful books and plans

"The Story of Brick"—an attractive booklet with beautiful illustrations of modern homes and chapters on such matters as Comparative Costs, Basic Requirements in Building, The Extravagance of Cheapness and kindred subjects. Sent free on request.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" embrace 128 designs of houses, unusual and distinctive in design, convenient in floor plan and economical to build. Four booklets showing 3 to 4-room, 5-room, 6-room and 7 to 8-room houses. Each 25 cents. Entire set $1.00.

"The Home of Beauty" contains 50 two-story, six-room houses, submitted by architects in a nation-wide competition. Sent for 50 cents.

"A New House for the Old." Stop repairing and painting by veneering the old house with beautiful Face Brick. This instructive booklet sent free.

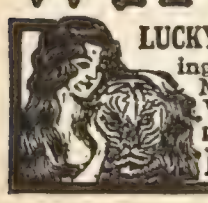
AMERICAN FACE BRICK ASSOCIATION
2152 City State Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FACE BRICK
—requires no paint or whitewash

IRON GLUE

To Mend Picture Frames
Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug, grocery stores, or 15c size sent by mail. Tubes. Bottles.
McCORMICK & Co., Baltimore, Md.

WHY BALD AT 40?



LUCKY TIGER stops falling hair by killing the germs. Money-Back Guarantee. Whyte-Fox knocks pimples. Barbers or druggists
LUCKY TIGER

[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Forty-three]

Danbazzar sternly took command. The tomb was cleared; the triumphant workmen were sent off to their quarters; all operations were suspended until morning.

In view of the advanced state of the work, and of what interference at this critical step would mean, Danbazzar determined to supplant the ordinary guards. It was arranged that John Cumberland and Barry should take a half-watch (two hours) at the high and low ends of the valley; then Hassan and Danbazzar; and finally Professor Blackwell and Mahmoud. All would be armed.

"It'll take me right through the first spell," said Danbazzar, "and most of the third, to collect the stuff I want to take along. Maybe I'll make more than one journey each time, and Hassan can help."

"Don't forget the signal!" Professor Blackwell warned. "We are all tuned up above concert pitch!"

And so, beneath a glorious moon that painted the valleys of the Kings and Queens with silvern mystery, Barry and his father began the first watch. Wholly animated now by the spirit of adventure, they tossed for positions—and Barry got the low end.

Shouldering his rifle, he marched down the slope; and, his post reached, gave himself over to reflection. The first idea to claim his mind was a grotesque one. Here was a group of eminently respectable Americans mounting armed guard over a tomb that belonged to the Egyptian government! True, they had evidence pointing to the possibility that it contained a living woman; but to pretend that they were in any sense actuated by the motives of a rescue party would be sheer hypocrisy.

ZALITHEA! To no living soul had he breathed his conviction that Zalithea—if she really lay under that painted cover—had already appeared to him, perhaps in visions, but apparently in the flesh! He knew that he had not spoken of this because he had not dared. Even now he was afraid to think of the painted figure.

And the morrow would show—what?

Resting his rifle against a rock, he filled and started a pipe. At this point he was no great distance from the haunted valley where he had seen the mummylike figure moving.

The thought was unnerving. He imagined that gaunt, half-human shape creeping toward him, secretly, through the darkness. In the little hollow were ruins of those huts which had been built in a remote age for the accommodation of the tomb guards.

If the spirit of such a guard could revisit that spot, how bitter—and how just—would be his resentment!

And now, coming unmistakably from the direction of the haunted hollow, a sound broke the profound silence of the night—*a woman's voice!*

UTTERLY unexpected, wholly incomprehensible, it seemed to make Barry's heart stand still. No word reached him; merely the silvery tones. From a great distance it came—and ceased abruptly—almost as though the speaker had been silenced.

A woman—in that place—at that hour! His hands closed like a vise upon the rifle. He gripped his pipe between his teeth desperately.

Intently he listened, holding grimly on to his slipping courage, while minute after minute passed in profound silence—that great, deep silence of the desert which can almost be heard.

Hours seemed to elapse in this way. But when Barry glanced at the luminous dial of his wrist watch, he learned that he had been on guard for less than half the allotted span.

Another sound had broken the stillness.

Barry heaved a sigh of intense relief. Higher up the valley, someone had clapped his hands three times. Immediately John Cumberland's voice came:

"Who's there?"

"Danbazzar," Barry heard.

After this, words became indistinguishable. But a human link had been established. He no longer felt alone with the shadows. And his dread slipped from him like a discarded garment.

The second hour of his duty wore on uneventfully, and at last came the familiar signal again.

At the end of some discussion, a dinner menu for Zalithea was decided upon.

Some conversation there was; then an interval of silence. Finally he heard the voices of John Cumberland and Danbazzar drawing nearer as they walked down the slope. Coming around the last bend:

"Two more loads will do it," Danbazzar was saying. "I'll bring them up while Blackwell and Mahmoud are on watch. Then everything will be safely planted by daylight." As they came into view: "Hullo, there!" Danbazzar called. "All clear?"

"Yes," said Barry, "except that I heard a most extraordinary thing about an hour ago."

"What?" Danbazzar demanded sharply.

He bent forward, so that even in the darkness of the *wadi* Barry could see the gleam of his fierce eyes.

"A woman's voice!"

"Eh!" John Cumberland exclaimed. "You must have been dreaming, Barry!"

"I wasn't dreaming, Dad."

"Where did it come from?" Danbazzar asked rapidly. "Which direction?"

Barry pointed.

"Down there—where we saw the mummy man."

"Good heavens!" said his father. "The haunted valley!"

He was acquainted with the story of the apparition seen by Danbazzar and Barry, and had even explored the hollow by daylight, but had found no evidence of human habitation.

"Strange," Danbazzar muttered, in his deep voice. "Did she seem to be speaking English?"

"I couldn't say. No words were distinguishable."

"Was it a young voice?" John Cumberland asked.

"Yes."

DANBAZZAR stared hard at Barry.

"I heard it," the latter repeated.

"I don't doubt you heard *something*," Danbazzar admitted. "But I'm just wondering what it was. There are night birds that have a note not unlike a woman's voice. Some small animals, too, when a jackal gets them, squeal like hares. And the cry of a hare is very human. Did you know that?"

"I knew it," Barry replied, "although I never heard one. But this was no animal or bird. It was a woman a long way off, but unmistakably a woman."

The mystery unsolved, they presently parted, Danbazzar taking over the watch, and John Cumberland and Barry returning to camp. They exchanged greetings with Hassan es-Sugra, posted at the head

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

It will pay you

--in dollars and cents, weeks and months-

to get the EVEREADY LAYERBILT

This is the patented Eveready Layerbilt, the unique "B" battery that contains no waste spaces or materials between the cells. No other battery is made like it.

THE most economical Eveready Battery is the Eveready Layerbilt. You will spend less money for "B" batteries, and enjoy better ones, if you always get the Eveready Layerbilt. It is the best "B" battery we know how to build, and we have been building dry batteries for 33 years. If during all that time we had not continually increased our skill, added to our knowledge, and built better and better batteries, the name Eveready would not have the reputation it enjoys today among battery users.

Inside the Eveready Layerbilt are unique *flat* cells, instead of cylindrical ones as in all other dry cell "B" batteries. The flat cells pack in the box tightly; there is no waste space between them. The flat form gives the active materials larger surfaces to act on each other. These flat cells actually produce more current per unit of materials—by all our tests they are the most efficient dry cells made. That's why the Eveready Layerbilt lasts longer.

So long does it last that the effort of replacement after months of use seems slight indeed. During all those months you enjoy Battery Power, pure Direct Current, hum-free, silent, uniform, dependable. You get the best reception of which your receiver is capable. Any good battery will give you Battery Power; the very smallest Eveready will do so. But no Eveready will last as long as the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486.

Illustrated to the left is the cylindrical cell type of "B" battery construction. Each cell is a unit connected to the others by soldered wires. The space between the cells is wasted, useless.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Radio is better with *Battery* Power

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night

East of the Rockies
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time
Through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations

On the Pacific Coast
8 P. M., Pacific Standard Time
Through N. B. C. Pacific Coast network

EVEREADY Radio Batteries
—they last longer

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

Nation

IN stores all over the nation it begins next
National Lloyd Week, very much worth w
delight in the thrilling beauty of this year's
now richly lacquered in innumerable pleasi
binations—charmingly upholstered in plai
brics—offering you countless opportunities
appearance of room after room. Special fea

Because the baby carriage days are "the crucial 500 days of baby's life," each Lloyd carriage is scientifically constructed to absorb the shocks that may distress the little spinal column.

A shock-proofed Lloyd carriage is as easy to buy—and frequently less costly—than any other kind. And the popularity of the Lloyd carriage illustrated here, is due to its dignified good style quite as much as to its in-built comfort.

When the little feet are just about to find their own way around—and for some months after they can do so, a smart, comfortable stroller is a necessity. Many styles. Priced very moderately.

PATENT PROCESS
Lloyd
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Furniture &
MENOMINEE

al Lloyd Week April 9 to 15

y—eventful
r . . . You'll
urniture—
s and com-
tterned fa-
reating the
oo, will be given all week long to Lloyd baby carriages and strollers—smartly styled—shock-resisting—presenting advantages that every baby's mother should secure . . . Watch the newspapers—and store windows—for National Lloyd Week announcements. For interesting uses of color in furniture write us for Booklet 98L. For baby advice get Booklet 99L. Just address Lloyd Loom Products, Menominee, Mich., or Orillia, Ont., Canada.

LOOM
Products
Carriages
HIGAN

"Durable as fine wood furniture and usually more interesting," is the reason one eminent interior decordtor gives for his recommendation of at least one completely Lloyd outfitted room in every home.

Woven from smooth, sturdy fabric on marvelous looms invented by Marshall B. Lloyd, this furniture is given great strength by invisible cores of tested steel wire in every upright fabric strand.

Lloyd furniture, for all its beauty and distinction, can be priced very moderately simply because the looms that produce it weave 250 times faster than human hands—effecting great economies.

BENRUS

THE STRAP WATCH OF SPORTSMEN

Earl Sande up, in the Pimlico Futurity

Not only SANDE—
Every champion wears this watch!

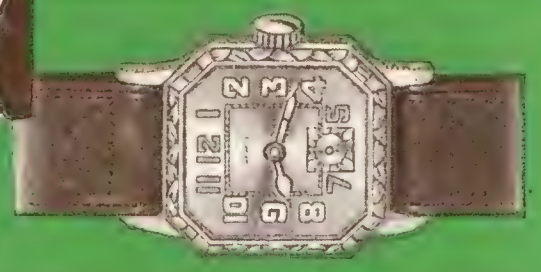
THE GREATEST FIGURES in every sport—men like Earl Sande, Babe Ruth, Vincent Richards, Red Grange, Gene Sarazen, Benny Oosterbaan—all of them wear Benrus strap watches! These are champions—they must have the best. Naturally, they were *first* to discover the unusual qualities of Benrus watches.

Benrus is the one fine watch—accurate to the split second—that's built to endure the rough-and-tumble of daily outdoor sports wear.

On the wrist of a champion a watch gets no favors. A Benrus asks none. Steadily, day after day, it keeps on telling the right time.

Sports wear, hard as it is, is not the only severe test of a strap watch. You yourself, on the go all day, give your watch a thousand unnoticed strains. That is why *you* need a Benrus.

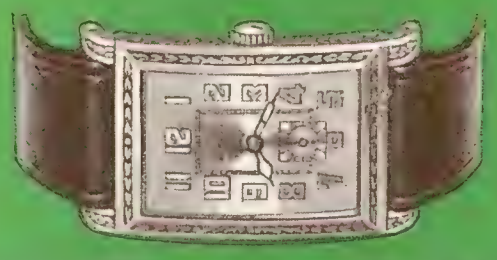
The most progressive jewelers in town feature Benrus watches. There, you can examine these fine timepieces for yourself, and make your choice. Prices are most moderate.



BENRUS FORREST . *15 jewels* . $28.50

BENRUS BROOKLINE, *15 jewels*, $37.50

BENRUS SANDE, *15 jewels, 2-color*, $47.50



BENRUS CORSAIR, *15 j'ls, curved*, $49.50

BENRUS WATCH COMPANY, NEW YORK

Also makers of

"The Wrist Watch of Fashion"

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

of the valley, and then, silent for the most part, tramped on to the tents.

Professor Blackwell was very much awake. In fact, he had got Mahmoud to prepare coffee for them.

The phenomenon of the mysterious voice was discussed at length.

"I vote for some kind of nighthawk," John Cumberland finally declared.

"It was no nighthawk," Barry assured him.

"H'm!" murmured Professor Blackwell. "I am consistently unfortunate at games of chance. But I venture to hope that on my watch I may draw the upper end of the valley, and Mahmoud the lower!"

How this fell out, and what Danbazzar and Hassan had to report, Barry did not learn. Determined though he had been not to close his eyes until the night was ended, he found himself nodding over his pipe. John Cumberland was deep in slumber in a chair, and Professor Blackwell's snores rang out sonorously upon the desert silence.

BARRY did not realize that it was he who had cried out. But instantly came recognition of the fact. He clapped his fingers over his mouth.

Barry aroused himself, and:

"It's no good, Dad!" he said.

John Cumberland started into wakefulness. The Professor snored on.

"We must turn in," Barry continued. "We are both dead beat!"

"You're right, my boy," his father agreed. "But who's going to wake Blackwell when the time comes?"

Barry pointed, laughing sleepily.

A cheap alarm clock, set for fifteen minutes ahead of the Professor's watch with Mahmoud, stood only six inches from the sleeper's head!

"The scientific mind," murmured John Cumberland; "always methodical. Good night, Barry. I'm for bed."

"Good night," said Barry.

Five minutes later he was fast asleep.

And the sun was high above the valleys where those who ruled Egypt in the golden past slept even more soundly than he, when a booming voice ended his slumbers:

"Turn out!"

Barry opened his eyes. Danbazzar stood looking into the tent.

"We open the sarcophagus in an hour!"

II

BARRY looked around the square, rock-hewn chamber communicating with the tomb, and wondered why he felt no inclination to laugh. Had Jim Sakers formed one of the party, his mood might have been different; but in the company of his father, Danbazzar, and Professor Blackwell, he found himself touched by awe.

They wore robes, sandals, and curious linen skullcaps which entirely concealed their hair. Danbazzar, so arrayed, presented an impressive picture. The others, save for their deeply tanned skins, could by no stretch of the imagination have been mistaken for anything but American citizens masquerading.

Professor Blackwell, oddly enough, was more convincing than the rest. Without his spectacles, although he could see little, he had a distinctly hieratic appearance.

Hassan es-Sugra was not present. With Mahmoud he mounted guard in the valley above.

A richly embroidered curtain hung in the now demolished doorway of the tomb chamber. The heat was almost insupportable; and the smell of some kind of incense which was burning on the other side of the curtain added to the oppressiveness of the atmosphere.

Danbazzar gave his final instructions.

"To the best of my knowledge," he said, "everything is ready. The seven lamps are ready to be lighted. You know when to light them and which lamps each of you must light. The last one, *I* light. The two unguents are in the bowls. You"—turning his piercing regard upon Barry—"will put the taper to the liquid in the perfume burner when I give the signal.

"The wine for the final draft, you"—indicating John Cumberland—"will pour into the cup on to the powder at the last moment—when she opens her eyes.

"And now—the most important point of all. The sarcophagus I've had lifted out on to a sloping trestle. The implements for raising the lid are ready. The couch, described in the formula, is still serviceable if we take great care. Directly the lid is off, she must be taken out of the sarcophagus and laid on the couch. I'll do it. From that moment on, no one must speak! No one must make a sound! Just do your jobs. And, for God's sake, don't bungle!"

HE held the curtain aside, and the party filed into the tomb.

It was dimly lighted by an ancient lamp set upon a pedestal and the air was misty with clouds of incense arising from a tripod placed on the right of the doorway.

The lotus sarcophagus rested, slanting, near to the great granite box which had contained it for generations. Upon a low table were two bowls containing some kind of ointment, a metal perfume burner, a jewel cup in which was some gray powdery substance, a stoppered flagon, and a curiously shaped lamp. The table was set close to the head of a long, narrow, gilded couch, having legs carved to represent those of an animal, and found in the tomb.

Six other lamps were placed at intervals around the walls.

Danbazzar pointed to a bundle of tapers.

"The moment I lift her out," he directed, "light those tapers at the brazier. The wrappings I look to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Schnauzer

"Worms Were Killing My Dog"

"I feel sure that worms would have killed my dog if it had not been for Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules. Now I know what to do for him."

More dogs die from the effects of worms than from any other cause. All dogs, puppies especially, have worms. Use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules, or Liquid. Use Sergeant's Puppy Worm Capsules for pups.

SYMPTOMS of Worms
Bad breath, watery eyes, ravenous appetite, pinched expression, pale inner lips twitching while asleep, fits, changeable appetite, tendency to eat sticks and stones.

Do You Know?

Do you know how to rid your dog of worms? What to give him? How to give it? Do you know how to prevent worms? It's worth while to find out, particularly as the information costs nothing. There are effective remedies for this and all other dog diseases and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

DON'TS for Dog Owners
Don't neglect to worm pups regularly. Worms are recurrent.

Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for a free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatment for each. There are useful articles on feeding, breeding and rearing dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable animals. It is free.

Expert Advice Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once.* State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for over fifty years, are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1472 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write For Free Sample of Sergeant's Dog Food
We guarantee your dog will eat it.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

find perished, and I shall set to work right away. Say all you want to say before I get the lid off. I shall work fast, even if I do damage. Once the thing is open—not a word from anybody."

He stooped over the sarcophagus, with its startling presentment of the occupant. His shadow, gigantic, moved upon painted walls and ceiling. A sound of wrenching, cracking wood broke the oppressive silence.

Barry clenched his teeth hard. He glanced at his father. Even through the tan one could see that John Cumberland had grown pale. Professor Blackwell's gaunt features glistened with perspiration.

The heat in the tomb seemed to be growing greater every moment.

JOHN CUMBERLAND stepped forward in response to a signal from Danbazzar. Together they raised the painted lid and rested it upright against the nearest wall.

Through a mist that was not wholly due to the incense, Barry saw the figure of a woman lying in the sarcophagus!

The figure was swathed in saffron-colored wrappings. The arms and hands were enwrapped also. But within a sort of aperture where the face should have been appeared a thin gold mask. Casting an imperious glance around him, and raising a finger significantly to his lips, Danbazzar stooped.

Lifting the mummylike form, he placed it on the couch.

With a pair of surgical scissors he began to cut through the wrappings.

A hand touched Barry's arm. He started wildly.

Professor Blackwell, his features strangely haggard, handed him a taper and pointed to the tripod.

Barry, by dint of a stupendous effort, regained control of himself. He remembered that it was his duty to light the first two lamps.

This duty he performed blindly. A sound of tearing linen seemed to fill the chamber. The perfume of the oil in the lamps began to mingle with that of the incense. . . .

John Cumberland lighted two more lamps.

Barry turned and looked. Like lilies blooming in corruption, he saw two slender, exquisite arms peeping out from the torn and powdered wrappings—bare, creamy shoulders gleamed in the lamplight.

Danbazzar gently detached the gold mask and removed the turbanlike swathings which confined a mass of short, wavy dark hair.

A pale, exquisite face was revealed, delicate as a Greek cameo. Long, curling black lashes rested on the youthfully rounded cheeks. The pouting lips seemed to smile.

"Zalithea was frightened to death—the poor lonely little girl."

In on the hush of it burst a loud, harsh cry: "My God!"

Even as he met a furious glance of Danbazzar's blazing, wild-animal eyes, Barry did not realize that it was *he* who had cried out. But instantly came recognition of the fact.

He clapped his fingers over his mouth. John Cumberland had his hand raised in warning—a hand that shook wildly. Professor Blackwell lighted the last pair of lamps. His face looked waxen—ghastly.

A WAVE of embarrassment swept over Barry, making his very scalp tingle. He turned aside.

But his heart was leaping—leaping—

Danbazzar lighted the seventh lamp—and glared at Barry.

Barry plunged a taper into the brazier and applied the little tongue of flame to an oily liquid in the perfume burner. It ignited at once. Danbazzar, bending over the girl, blew the aromatic smoke gently over her face.

At which moment Professor Blackwell staggered toward the curtained doorway. John Cumberland, his face masklike, waved to Barry to assist the Professor. Danbazzar never even glanced aside as Barry threw a supporting arm around the tottering man and helped him to gain the outer chamber. There:

"Air!" he whispered. "I must have air!"

The task of getting him along the sloping passage was no easy one, for Professor Blackwell was heavily built.

But it was done at last. The Professor sank down in that little artificial cave created by the screen, and shakily produced his flask.

"Go back," he said in a low voice—"go back. You will want to see if—"

"I couldn't think of it," Barry returned. "Not until you feel better. Was it the heat down there, Professor?"

THE Professor returned his flask to his pocket. Some trace of normal color was showing again in his cheeks.

"Not entirely," he replied. "That was not without its effect, of course. But I confess that my threatened collapse was not entirely due to it. Your training, Barry, has not followed the same lines as mine. You are not only a young man, but you are plastic minded. The sight of a person defying the law of gravity without mechanical aid, for instance, would not appall you?"

"It would certainly interest me."

"Quite! Quite! There's the difference. It would *horrify* me! And today I have witnessed a thing which has knocked the keystone out of the structure upon which my professional life rests. Those scientific principles to which, as a sane man, I have adhered unquestioningly throughout my career have been ruthlessly destroyed. Either modern physiology is fit only for the scrap heap or the claims of so-called occultists are worthy of close examination—"

"You think she is really alive?" asked Barry eagerly.

"Think!" retorted the Professor. "I *know* she is! Whether the madhouse treatment now being employed by Danbazzar will terminate her miraculous trance or not, I cannot say. But, quite definitely, she is alive! Go back, Barry. *I* dare not!"

Eagerly Barry obeyed.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

Kotex Reduces Prices

A few months ago, as a means of winning a million new users for Kotex, so as to expedite nation-wide distribution of the new Improved Kotex, we made a special offer of one box of Kotex free with every two boxes purchased for 98c. This sale is now ended.

So overwhelming was the response to this offer that we doubled our output and are thereby now able to announce a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

These 2 exclusive new features have doubled Kotex sales

TO meet the immediate and overwhelming response of women to the two exclusive new features of Kotex we have been obliged to double our manufacturing facilities.

This fact and the introduction in our plants of our new, patented machinery enables us to announce a reduction of 30% in the regular price at which Kotex will be sold to all drug and dry goods stores.

* * *

Were it not for the fact of our being assured of a doubled demand for the new Kotex it would have to be sold at higher rather than lower prices.

* * *

Rarely is a manufacturer able to offer better goods and lower prices at the same time.

Two years of exacting work in our laboratories by designers and chemists (in cooperation with women doctors) led to the perfection of the Improved Kotex.

With the presentation of the new-style Kotex, exclusive in design, comes the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

1 ***A new skilfully devised cut, with corners scientifically rounded . . .*** worn under the most clinging gowns, the Improved Kotex remains non-detectable.

2 ***Softer gauze, fluffier filler*** end the discomforts of chafing and binding.

& **RETAINING ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION OF THE KOTEX YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN.**

What the new features mean

By a unique process, developed only after months of experiment, corners are now scientifically rounded and tapered so that the pad fits snugly, comfortably, securely. Closest-fitting gowns retain slim, smooth lines. This brings a composure heretofore impossible.

Now, exclusive methods have been found for making the absorbent filler *still softer*. Chafing and binding are eliminated.

27 women doctors, 83 nurses cooperated enthusiastically

During the past two years, 27 women doctors, 83 nurses and six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas. They know your problems not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view.

Kotex features are exclusive

Added to these two exclusive new features, the remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any waterproofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . at drug, dry goods or department stores. Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort. Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

How People Banish Fat

Not always by abnormal exercise or diet. That is hard and slow. Most people who try it lack the patience to continue.

Another method has in late years attained enormous use. It is easy, pleasant, scientific, based on modern research. The slender figures now so common are largely due to that.

That method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others. Now in almost every circle there are people who can show you what they do.

Marmola contains a substance which in the body, turns food into fuel and energy rather than into fat. The complete prescription is stated in every box. Also the reasons for results. This to banish any fear of harm and to let you know just why you get the benefits that come.

Go try Marmola, as myriads of people for two decades have done. Not only for new beauty, but new health and vitality. Simply take four tablets daily until you get the results desired. Then, in kindness to your friends, tell them what Marmola does. Go order before you forget it and watch the delightful change.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Fifty]

He found his father and Danbazzar bending over Zalithea—their expressions tense. The slender curves which it had seemed desecration to uncover were hidden beneath a fine Egyptian shawl, but it revealed the delicate lines of her slim, still body.

Barry feasted his eyes on that pale, charming face. Zalithea! Doubt was done with. By some unsuspected gift of prevision, of clairvoyance—call it what he might—he had been enabled to see her, though she lay deep in this rocky tomb, long before he had ever set foot on the black soil of Egypt! It was, therefore, predestined. As Hassan would have said, "It is written." Because of this wonder which was to come, he had never found his ideal woman, but had dreamed of dark, mysterious eyes which one day would beckon to him.

A faint sigh broke the deathly stillness. Princess Zalithea raised her drooping lashes—and looked long and wonderingly into the faces bending over her. Then, without otherwise stirring, she turned her dark, beautiful eyes in Barry's direction.

Danbazzar, that man of steel, gripped John Cumberland's shoulder and indicated the stoppered flagon. Cumberland, making a visible effort to steady his hand, poured the old wine into the goblet.

Never removing that fixed, childlike look of inquiry from Barry, the girl allowed Danbazzar very gently to lift her up. He held the draft to her lips—and spoke a few words in a language entirely unfamiliar to the others.

Zalithea glanced swiftly up at him, and swallowed the drugged wine.

Then once more she looked at Barry, smiled like a tired child, and lay back, closing her eyes.

Danbazzar pointed to the doorway. As John Cumberland and Barry tiptoed out, he extinguished the seven lamps, joining them in the outer chamber.

"She is now sleeping normally," he whispered. "She should wake in eight or nine hours' time—and resume life!"

He reeled, clutched at Barry, and:

"Get me out!" he said hoarsely. "I'm through."

III

PERHAPS, in his heart of hearts, no one of the party—excepting Danbazzar—had ever really counted on success. Certainly, in their wildest imaginings, they had not schooled their minds to *acceptance* of the miracle; had not realized what success would mean.

A girl who had lived during the reign of Seti I—a girl barely out of her teens—was living now! She must be, according to ordinary human computation, fully three thousand two hundred years old; but, according to all the laws of modern physiology, she was still no more than nineteen or twenty!

To the Professor the problem presented was one of scientific faith. Acceptance meant destruction of his life's labor, the tearing up of every textbook written on the subject. It assailed the very throne of reason itself. Rejection, with Zalithea living, meant closing his eyes to the truth. For a long time he remained alone in his tent and could not be induced to see her.

John Cumberland's problem was a legal one. To whom did Zalithea belong? Since she antedated any government of which documentary trace remained, surely not to the authorities at Cairo? The thought that a false step might result in her loss was terrifying.

But if these two found their ideas chaotic, how infinitely more so were those of Barry. At one moment he was raised to a poetic heaven. In the next he found himself plunged in an inferno of such torturing doubts that he longed for

the power to run away from himself.

Upon the realization of his shadowy idea, the proof that the unknown might become known, had followed—what? A knowledge that he must either fly from Zalithea or learn to love her, and that she was, to all intents and purposes, a supernatural being!

DANBAZZAR alone attacked the problem with confidence. A large bell tent was set up at the lower end of the *wadi*, and furnished, though simply, in ancient Egyptian fashion. At the end of some discussion, a dinner menu for Zalithea was decided upon, and Mahmoud given the necessary orders. Danbazzar's optimistic foresight had not stopped here. A messenger who had been dispatched to Luxor at dawn returned before midday with an elderly Arab woman.

"She has been standing by over a week," said Danbazzar. "Hassan engaged her. She's a trained servant and was seven years in the harem of the last khedive. Remember!" he warned. "Hassan doesn't know what we found in the sarcophagus! Nobody outside of this party knows. Zalithea is the sick daughter of a friend of mine in El Kasr who has come down for treatment by Professor Blackwell. That's the story and we've got to stick to it. The sarcophagus was empty."

Accordingly, Safîyeh was installed, with her few belongings, in the new tent. A covered litter was extemporized.

Danbazzar, following two hours of profound sleep, had become his capable self again. Three visits he had made to the tomb and reported that Zalithea slumbered soundly.

John Cumberland's anxiety was intense. He had argued for the immediate removal of the girl from that nearly unbreathable atmosphere, but had been overruled.

"We'll stick to the formula," said Danbazzar truculently, "with or without your permission. She has to stay there eight hours."

They carried the litter up to the tomb, setting it close to the screen. Professor Blackwell mounted guard at the top of the valley and Barry at the bottom. They wore their ordinary working kit; but John Cumberland and Danbazzar had arranged to put on ancient Egyptian dresses under cover of the screen before awakening the sleeper.

THAT Danbazzar could make himself understood in the long-dead language known to Zalithea had been already proved.

"I know very few words," he admitted, "and until today I couldn't tell if my pronunciation was understandable. Others have claimed to know how to speak the language. But no living man for a thousand-odd years back has been able to prove it! I shall have to try to talk to her. She is sure to be frightened. I expect she'll be as weak as a kitten. And it's going to be no easy job to carry her up past that broken door."

"Let me help!" said John Cumberland eagerly.

Danbazzar shook his head.

"Just stand by with the litter," he directed. "The fewer strange faces she sees the better. I can manage alone."

But the wonder of Egypt's sunset was stealing over the valleys before the litter was borne down the *wadi* to the tent and a slight, muffled figure tenderly carried inside.

Barry was wild to see her. Danbazzar would not consent.

"Zalithea was frightened to death," he said; "poor lonely little girl. When she saw old Safîyeh she just fell into her arms and hid her face against her."

Professor Blackwell looked up. They were seated in the big tent.

"I have been endeavoring to do as you requested," he said. "But to prescribe any routine or diet for such a patient is quite beyond my powers. I have somewhat recovered from the first shock, however, and I am prepared to give her an examination at any time that may be convenient."

"When she has bathed and recovered from the journey," Danbazzar replied, "I should like you to see her. I think I have made her understand that the high priest is coming."

"The high priest!" exclaimed Professor Blackwell.

"Well, you must remember," said Danbazzar, "the priests were the doctors in her time. And I figured out that someone must have looked her over on the other occasions."

Professor Blackwell clutched his high brow.

"I was about to say something insane," he murmured. "I was going to ask if she seems to remember her last awakening. It suddenly occurred to me that this took place roughly three thousand years ago!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

He'll protect her – as well as *he* can

SHE seems safe, during the day, playing her games with her big dog to watch over her. And she seems safe at night, asleep in her clean little bed.

But is she really protected?

No matter how carefully you clean your house with soap and water, her worst enemies are still likely to be left as active, as deadly as ever. Soap and water cannot safeguard your home against the germs which carry the diseases most dangerous to little lives.

Insure your home against these common diseases! It is so easy. Just add a tablespoonful of "Lysol" Disinfectant to each quart of your cleaning water every time you clean, and proceed in your regular way. Get the "Lysol" habit. Use it, *as a matter of course*, every day, as so many thousands of women do. This is the health insurance which pays dividends you could never measure in money.

Do *your* share!

Send for our free booklet, "Preventing the Spread of Common Diseases." You should have it for constant reference.

In the meantime, when you clean tomorrow, start the "Lysol" habit. Buy a bottle today. Complete directions come with every bottle. "Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail *only* in the *brown* bottle packed in the *yellow* carton.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company. *Sole Distributors* Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*
Dept. 139, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, *your booklet*, "Preventing the Spread of Common Diseases."

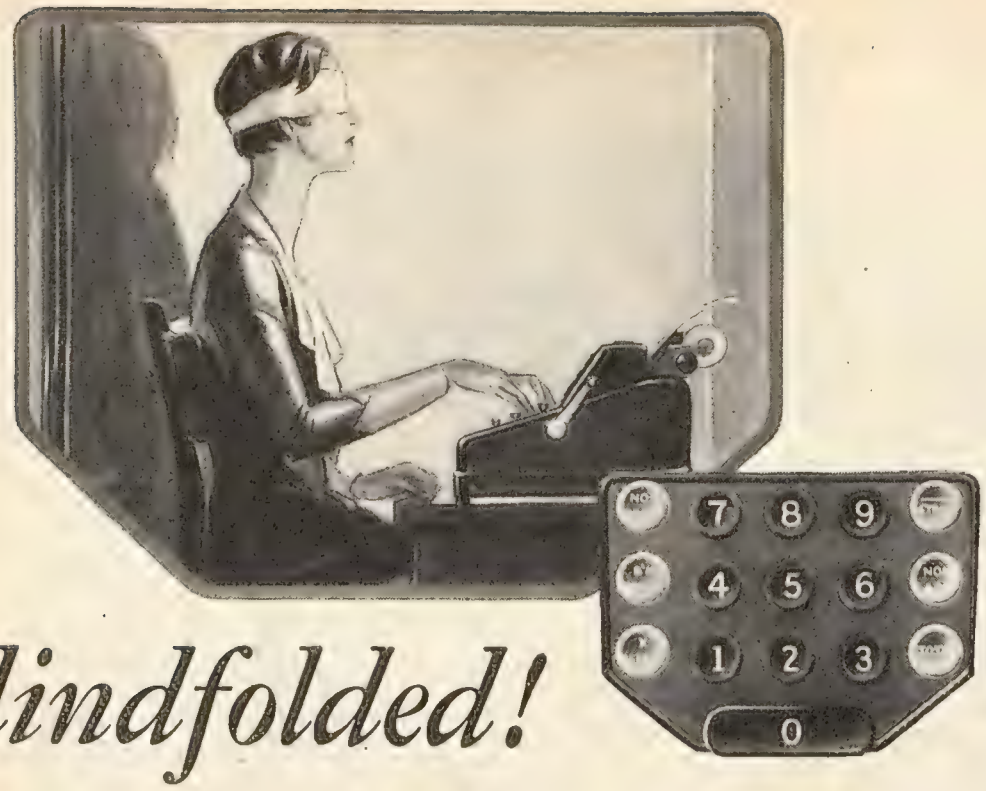
Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1928



Blindfolded!

. . this Sundstrand operator did not make a single error

MEN shouted, "Add 1242 and 371 and 9642. Now subtract 9347. Multiply by 81." The answer? 154,548. They read it themselves — then they checked it by hand. It was always right.

There she sat for six whole days . . . the noise of the convention around her.

Any numbers, any combinations — this operator did not make a single error, even though she could not see the keys. Why? Because Sundstrand has a marvelously simple keyboard — only ten numeral keys. So simple that the touch system is natural. So simple that errors are few. So simple that a good operator can figure almost as fast as you can talk.

One hand controls all operations. Every figure is printed on a tape in plain sight. Direct subtraction — which means no complements to figure — is as simple and speedy as addition. Just touch the subtract key and write. Automatic-shift multiplication is just as easy. Sundstrand does half your thinking and all your work.

Nor are Sundstrands expensive. They cost as little as $100. Don't be satisfied with machines which simply add. A request brings you Sundstrand's fully illustrated descriptive booklet on the complete line of adding, subtracting and calculating machines and cash registers. All with the ten-key keyboard. The coupon below will bring you complete information.

Sundstrand

ADDING, FIGURING, BOOKKEEPING MACHINES AND CASH REGISTERS

Product of

General Office Equipment Corporation

342 MADISON AVENUE — NEW YORK CITY

ALSO MAKERS OF ELLIOTT-FISHER FLAT SURFACE ACCOUNTING-WRITING MACHINES

GENERAL OFFICE EQUIPMENT CORP.
342 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me your illustrated booklet, "Under Your Finger Tips."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Fifty-two]

"Yet she *does* seem to remember it," Danbazzar declared.

"What!" cried Cumberland. "You have gathered this?"

Danbazzar inclined his head in that graceful manner which was his.

"I'm not certain," he confessed. "But I think so. I realize I only know enough of her language to act as a link. From this we must build up, and teach her English as though she were a child. Her difficulties are going to be worse than those of an ordinary foreigner. We shall never be able to find any analogies! The objects, the customs—all are different."

Hassan es-Sugra, it appeared, had been prepared for the coming of the mythical sheik's daughter. He expressed no surprise, on his return from Kurna, nor did he inquire what had become of her escort.

He had been making certain mysterious arrangements for transporting the tomb furniture to some place of safety. Work was to be resumed on the shaft next morning, with the object of widening it sufficiently to allow for the removal of the sarcophagus, and the fine and unusual wall paintings were to be photographed before the tomb was reclosed.

MEANWHILE, Professor Blackwell had completed a professional examination of his strange and beautiful patient. He returned to the tent, where the other members of the party awaited him, in an indescribably puzzled frame of mind.

Removing his skullcap, he lighted a cigar, and fortified himself with a peg of whisky from one of the bottles buried in the sand.

"Amazing!" he declared; "quite, quite amazing—her pulse, respiration, and temperature are absolutely normal! Her flesh is firm and healthy. Her hair is vigorous. Her teeth are perfect. I could swear that her nails were manicured yesterday!"

"They were last manicured around thirteen hundred and sixty B. C.!" said Danbazzar.

"There is a small scar under the hair, just above the right ear, which suggests that the theory—now generally accepted, I believe—that surgery was practiced by the ancients, is not without foundation. She is in extraordinarily good spirits. I twice caught her laughing at me!"

No one seemed very surprised, but:

"What about diet?" asked John Cumberland.

"Frankly," the Professor returned, "I see no reason whatever to treat her as an invalid. Apart from the fact that she seems to be rather tired, I can detect no abnormal conditions of any kind."

Barry, having prepared for the evening meal, climbed the side of the *wadi* to that spot from which, on the night of their arrival, he had watched the sun setting. It was not so long ago. It seemed an age. He knew that something had happened in the interval which marked the end of one phase of his life; the beginning of another.

Now that he had actually seen Zalithea, that vague dread which had sometimes troubled him when he had found himself thinking of the girl on the balcony had gone. Yet, he asked himself tonight, did not his recognition of this girl increase rather than solve the mystery?

Since it could not possibly have been Zalithea he had seen on that balcony in New Jersey, then in the garden of Mr. Brown's house, and later on Fifth Avenue, it must have been her living double! This, or, as others had suspected, a delusion. But why should he have suffered this delusion, not once, but many times, immediately prior to the night that the papyrus came into his father's possession?

Surely he was justified in believing that only some form of telepathy or clairvoyance could explain it — and that this explanation presupposed a mysterious bond of sympathy between himself and the girl he was destined to meet?

He recalled, was ever recalling, how Zalithea had looked at him in the moment of opening her long, dark eyes. Death had effaced physical memory in his own case; only subconscious memory remained. But Zalithea, never having died, remembered!

They had met before, in those remote days—and she remembered him!

What this inexplicable discovery might mean to John Cumberland, to Danbazzar, to Professor Blackwell, he could but dimly foresee. But what did it mean to him?

This he could not foresee at all.

And then, as he began mechanically to climb down to the camp, the sound of a distant voice reached his ears. It was a laughing voice—and he knew that he had heard it before!

IV

"I HAVE reached a decision," declared Professor Blackwell, "upon a point that has been worrying me."

Dinner dispatched, they sat around the table in council, pipes and cigars going. Safîyeh had reported that her charge had found the soup, the fried chicken, the Château Yquem—of which they had only three bottles—and the peaches entirely to her satisfaction.

"What point?" asked John Cumberland.

"Distinctly," the Professor resumed, "distinctly she is the property of the Department of Antiquities."

"What's that?" cried Barry. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"He's talking sense," Danbazzar's deep voice broke in. "There are no two ways about it. She is."

"Are you all mad?" said Barry.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

"Say, Joe, speak to Mr. Ray the next time he comes in . . . . he's gone over 8,000 miles"

When your garage man takes a look at your speedometer and suggests that you re-cartridge your Purolator . . . he's doing you a real service.

The car manufacturer who put a Purolator on your car originally did you a service, too.

He made it possible for you to go 2500 miles or more without changing the oil . . . instead of having it done every 500 miles.

* * *

The Purolator on your car filters every drop of oil as you use it. It catches all the dust, all the fine metal particles, all the hard carbon . . . every bit of dirt—and holds it.

It does this for mile after mile until after about 8000 miles the filter cartridge has caught all the impurities it can hold.

After that, unfiltered oil is reaching the cylinder walls and bearings. And dirty oil, as you know, may cause considerable damage and a big repair bill.

* * *

If you have run your car 8000 miles, it is time for a new Purolator Cartridge—so that your Purolator will continue to give you the protection the car manufacturer intended you to have. Ask your garage man about it—if he doesn't speak to you first.

MOTOR IMPROVEMENTS, INC.
353 Frelinghuysen Avenue
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
Licensed under Sweetland Patents

RE-CARTRIDGE YOUR

PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

every 8000 miles and avoid the dangers of dirty oil

[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Fifty-four]

"You behave as though the Department of Antiquities were an orphanage!"

"Or a harem agency," prompted the Professor. "Yet the fact remains that they and no one else have a legal claim upon her person. We are no more entitled to remove her from the country, alive, than we should have been entitled to do so had we found her in what I may term a normal state. I mean dead. She is as much the property of the Department as the sarcophagus she lay in."

"I must agree with you," John Cumberland admitted. "Our difficulties are enormous. For instance, since none of us dares testify that he was present at the discovery, how can we ever give an account of it to the world?"

"We can't!" said the Professor. "Distinctly and definitely, I, for one, should not consent under any circumstances to lend my name to a statement on the subject. In the first place, assuming I were safely out of the country before the issue of such a report, criminal proceedings would undoubtedly be taken by the Egyptian government! This applies to all of us!"

SOME moments of uncomfortable silence followed; then:

"The fact is," Danbazzar stated, "the greatest find in Egyptology since the game began has got to blush unseen. I hadn't thought of it. I'll say so honestly. None of us had thought of it. But there it is, all the same."

"Then where do we stand?" cried Barry in bewilderment. "What have we gained if our discoveries can't be published?"

Danbazzar regarded him fixedly across the table.

"We have gained knowledge," he replied, "that has been lost for thousands of years. With what we know, and what Zalithea can tell us when we teach her to speak English, we're going to revolutionize archæology, physiology, and psychology—to say nothing of chemistry!"

"In one sense," said John Cumberland, "our course is unavoidable. We are committed to go on. Until we have got clear, and reclosed the tomb, we aren't safe! Personally, I'm satisfied. Our very highest hopes have been realized. We have triumphed! That's good enough for me. Let the future take care of itself. My present big worry is the girl."

"Explain what you mean, Dad," said Barry.

"I will," his father agreed. "In the first place, as soon as we can make her understand how much the world has changed, we have got to get over to Luxor. Difficulty number one: How do we explain her to the folks in Luxor? Assuming we manage this and arrive in Cairo, how in the name of Mike do we get her a passport that will be accepted in New York?"

DANBAZZAR flicked a cone of ash from his cigar. In the lamplight a queer green spark moved on the face of the scarab in his ring.

"Leave the story to me," he said. "The stuff I can get away. It's part of my business. The girl we'll smuggle out nearly as easily. We've got to lie like bond salesmen; but we'll get her away."

"Fried chicken," murmured the Professor.

"What's that, Blackwell?" John Cumberland asked.

"I was reflecting," the Professor explained, "upon the fact that a princess who doubtless has dined in the palace of the Pharaoh Seti the First this evening partook of soup canned in Pittsburgh. I think I shall go to bed."

The enigma that almost prostrated the Professor was to bewilder the rest of the party. How should gentlemen of today deal with a girl born thousands of years ago—and yet in her teens? The answer unfolds in next week's issue.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on Page Eighty-nine)

1—What is an oligarchy?
2—To what nation does the island of Sumatra belong?
3—What animal is half horse and half ass?
4—What country's flag bears the likeness of an elephant?
5—Who was *Becky Sharp?*
6—According to Greek mythology, on what mountain did the gods dwell?
7—What is the largest known star?
8—Who was the husband of Anne Boleyn?
9—With what notable invention is the name McCormick identified?
10—Who conquered Peru in the sixteenth century?
11—What are the nicknames of Connecticut?
12—What were the names of the last reigning houses of Austria, Germany, and Russia?
13—What is the capital of Bolivia?
14—What is said to have been the first battle between ironclads?
15—What great painter is known for his portrayal of red-haired women?
16—Who founded the Salvation Army?
17—What was the nationality of Alfred Nobel, founder of the Nobel Prizes?
18—What is a watt and how did it get its name?
19—What was the real name of Lewis Carroll, author of Alice in Wonderland?
20—In connection with what Civil War battle did General Sheridan make his famous ride?

"Give me the facts"

Digging out investment facts for yourself is a worrisome, time-taking job even though you have knowledge of dependable sources. When you buy a bond recommended by The National City Company you may be sure that all the essential facts which justify the Company's own confidence in that investment are readily available to you. Through National City offices in over fifty American cities you can get up-to-date facts on your present holdings or on a variety of desirable new bond offerings.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

Offices: Albany, Atlanta, Atlantic City, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Davenport, Denver, Detroit, Hartford, Houston, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Memphis, Miami, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Newark, New Orleans, Oakland, Omaha, Pasadena, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., Providence, Rochester, St. Louis, Saint Paul, San Diego, San Francisco, Scranton, Seattle, Tacoma, Toledo, Washington, Wilkes-Barre, Montreal, Toronto, London, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Geneva, Tokio, Shanghai.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

The Terrible TURK

Pictures by AUGUST HENKEL

Youssouf caught up with him and flung him, cotton drawers and all, right in the bass drum.

The Tragi-Comedy of a Mighty Wrestler

As Told by His Manager

WILLIAM A. BRADY

White photo

William A. Brady, Broadway theatrical producer, who delves into his past as a sportsman and declares: "I've known them all, from Sullivan to Tunney—but the most colorful of the bunch was this Youssouf."

(Reading time: 20 minutes 20 seconds.)

WE were out in Cleveland. I was managing the tour of Youssouf, the Terrible Turk, and had matched him against Tom Jenkins, a Cleveland boy, regarded as the best catch-as-catch-can wrestler in this country.

Jenkins was a local favorite; he'd worked in a rolling mill, and was a big, strapping fellow as hard as steel. The town had gone mad about him.

As for Youssouf, he was regarded as probably the greatest wrestler who ever lived. In this country he had bowled over his opponents one after another, and as he was picturesque and had "color" in addition, he had proved a sensation. Naturally, with these two as rivals, the big armory in Cleveland was jammed. Men had come from all over northern Ohio to see the Turk in action.

The armory was oddly shaped. It wasn't an ideal place to stage the bout. So that everybody could see, we had pitched the ring about ten feet high. About a hundred feet from the ring was a solid block of millworkers, friends of Jenkins. They had bet heavily on him, and had come to root for their favorite.

On these I kept a wary eye. I'll tell you why: I'd been tipped off that each of them carried a short piece of pipe underneath his coat, ready for any trouble. They had heard of the Turkish custom of a wrestler either killing or maiming his opponent. They had read about this hairy giant who trained on raw beefsteak and crunched his foes between his enormous hands—and they were taking no chances.

All went well during the first fall. Jenkins was so good that it took Youssouf an hour and twenty minutes to pin him to the mat. But as they got together for the second time, Jenkins backed toward the ropes when Youssouf started maneuvering for a hold. The Turk lunged forward, crashed into Jenkins, and both tumbled to the floor ten feet below, with Jenkins squashed under the Turk's 300 pounds.

I HAVE heard a mob of angry men before and since, but never so much howling and snarling as burst out right then. It sounded like a lot of beasts in the jungle. And above all was the deep yelling from where the millworkers sat:

"Kill the Turk! Kill him!"

They thought their favorite had been jobbed. They were ready for action. Up they got and started to push through to the platform. I'd kept an eye on them, for the reasons I've already mentioned, and I must confess that I wasn't very happy when I saw this sea of fists and pieces of pipe.

I wish I could say that I did something heroic—that I made a speech so eloquent that I quieted down the mob. But I didn't. Youssouf had clambered back on the stand, and stood still, with arms folded. With the calm fatalism of the Oriental, he awaited the end. He didn't understand English, but he knew trouble in any language.

We stood there in the ring as the millworkers came nearer. The police had held off the others

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Teeth *Will* Grow WHITER

when more thoroughly cleaned

Correct brushing, with correct brush
—NOT EXTRA CARE!—*is needed*

Millions of people, including most dentists, have found this true, through DR. WEST'S toothbrush.

It polishes teeth whiter, by cleaning more thoroughly. Modern dental specifications have given it correct size and design; 20% to 50% smaller than old-type brushes, *without* their awkward end-tufts.

Halts neglect!

Correct brushing is explained below. With a DR. WEST'S toothbrush it is easy, and brings results.

The inner curve, teeth far back, and all crevices—*usually neglected!*—are easily reached and thoroughly cleaned.

Special polishing bristles, of premium cost, are used. Always erect, their tips sweep clean!

All druggists have DR. WEST'S toothbrushes—in sizes for each member of your family. Each brush is sterilized and sealed for your protection—*and guaranteed!* Get some today.

DO THIS; NOTHING MORE

Brush teeth twice daily, with DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. *Brush always away from gums, toward cutting edges. Use any good dentifrice—cleansing is done only by bristle tips.* Each 90 days get a new DR. WEST'S. Dentists do, each 60 days. This insures *full* benefit.

NOTE HOW

DR. WEST'S Toothbrush fits inner curve; cleans behind "back" teeth; sweeps all crevices clean.

© 1928, W. B. M. Co.

[THE TERRIBLE TURK
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

from doing any damage, but I knew as well as I knew anything they couldn't hold off 200 huskies with hunks of pipe.

Jenkins was still lying below the stand where he had fallen. But above the roar of voices, that sounded like an angry sea, I could hear him say, "Lift me up! Lift me up!"

A couple of men hoisted him up the steps to the ring. He leaned against them and raised his hand. And he was so great a favorite that the mob quieted down immediately, even the millworkers, who by this time were only fifteen or twenty feet from where we were standing.

"Boys," said Jenkins—and I felt sorry for him, he was in such pain—"it was an accident. It couldn't be helped." He pointed to the Turk. "He's the gamest, squarest man I ever wrestled with." And then he shook Youssouf's hand.

The effect was startling. We all breathed with relief. The minute before we had expected to be clubbed to death. Now the armory shook with cheers.

Jenkins never recovered. He suffered severe injuries that indirectly caused his death some years later.

THE Cleveland experience was not unique in the Youssouf tour, though it was the most dangerous. Everywhere we went there was excitement. The Turk was always good for a laugh and, somehow or other, either a riot or a fight.

Looking back on it now, after almost thirty years, I guess it was because he had a bizarre personality. I've known all the big figures in the sporting world for many years. I managed Corbett and Jeffries. I've known them all, from Sullivan to Tunney, and the most colorful fellow of the whole bunch was this same Youssouf.

What a man! He was six feet two, tremendous in bulk, and shaped like a barrel. His hands, like two big hams, hung below his knees. And when to this you add a big drooping black mustache, a turban, baggy Zouave trousers of bright red, and put him on a street, you can figure for yourself what attention he commanded. Crowds used to follow him everywhere.

Youssouf hadn't had anything but crackers and water for two days. So he ordered three beefsteaks. My agent ordered three more, telling the waiter to bring them raw—as the Turk couldn't wait.

I landed him not long after he had been brought over to this country. As I found out later, he thought he was just across the water. He had no more idea of an ocean than your small boy of six. He knew no English and only a couple of words of French.

YOUSSOUF had been a mountaineer who had been drafted into the Turkish army. When a cannon was stuck in a hillside ditch one day, and horses couldn't drag it out, he lifted it out himself. He was promoted to a sergeancy, and eventually reports of his strength drifted to the Sultan, whose favorite wrestler he later became.

A Frenchman brought him over here and paid him twenty-five dollars a week. He starved the Turk and kept him virtually a prisoner in a cheap tenement room on the East Side in New York, leaving him out only for an occasional bout.

The Frenchman kept him under control by having a property man, dressed as a policeman, stand on guard outside the door. For, curiously, though Youssouf was not a bit afraid of death, he was terribly afraid of a policeman.

I had to use one on him myself once. But I'll tell that later.

Anyhow, before the Frenchman starved Youssouf to death, I sent a man over to Philadelphia, where he'd gone for a bout, to grab

him. I'd worked a game of my own through an interpreter, and thus left the Frenchy high and dry.

My agent met Youssouf and the interpreter at the station in Philadelphia, the Turk and his follower having come in from Wilmington. He was broke, of course.

Youssouf was much excited. My agent, whose knowledge of foreign languages was confined to Broadway slang, was puzzled at his five-minute flow of Turkish, accompanied by waving arms and flapping trousers.

Finally the interpreter said that Youssouf was trying to explain that he was hungry—hadn't had anything but crackers and water for two days. By this time a large crowd had congregated, including a half-dozen reporters, and, guided by my agent, the procession moved across the street to a restaurant.

Youssouf ordered three beefsteaks, and my agent ordered three more for him, telling the waiter to bring them raw, as Youssouf couldn't wait for all to be cooked.

Then he explained that the Turk always ate plenty of raw beefsteak, this being his only method of training for his bouts. The reporters may have been skeptical, but when they saw the Turk knock off six steaks in succession they were convinced. The story shot out on the wires all over the country, and thus was born the yarn that Youssouf trained on raw steak.

AS a matter of fact, the Turk did no training at all—not even on steak, though he did eat plenty of that. All his training consisted in salaaming three times to Mecca before every bout, while still in the privacy of his dressing room, and then anointing himself from a small vial he carried. What was in this I never knew. None of us did.

He never bathed. He never even knew what a Turkish bath was. And, though some of his opponents claimed the reason he tumbled them so easily was because he stifled them into submission, I never took their claims seriously. They were equally as fragrant.

Our first big bout was in Washington. Previously the Turk had wrestled with Smiling Jack McCormick, and had beaten him easily. So we took on McCormick as Youssouf's wrestling partner. McCormick had some little reputation as a fighter, and later he knocked out Kid McCoy.

In Baltimore we heard of a giant Negro, Solomon, who was so strong that one night, when liquored up, he beat up eight cops. He couldn't appear in Baltimore, but Paddy Kernan, the sports and theatrical man in Baltimore (a hotel still perpetuates his name there), fixed it up for Solomon to meet Youssouf in a Washington theater.

KERNAN gave Solomon one-half of a twenty-dollar bill and told him the other half would be forthcoming after the bout. The house was packed. Up in the gallery was a mob of Negroes, yelling for Solomon. The bout was delayed for the simple reason that Solomon had come over without tights, and we had to rig up a pair for him—sending out for cotton drawers and cutting them off at the knee.

The Turk came out in the ring and stood there glaring at Solomon. He knew nothing about Negroes, but thought all dark-skinned men were Arabs and despised them all heartily. When Solomon saw the Turk's massive bulk and huge arms, his lower jaw fell and the whites of his eyes showed up like two eggs.

As Youssouf made one circle toward him Solomon started running around the ring, with the Turk in hot pursuit. I leaned back and laughed till the tears came to my eyes. But that was only the beginning. The Negro was an excellent runner; but Youssouf caught up with him, lifted him up over his shoulder, and flung him, cotton drawers and all, right in the bass drum.

One howl slit through the babble of voices. That was Solomon's howl of anguish. He wasted time no longer, but, still howling, dashed down the aisle and out on Pennsylvania Avenue in his abbreviated costume.

We all were so startled at this

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

There sat the Turk in his dressing room. "Me sick," was all he would say.

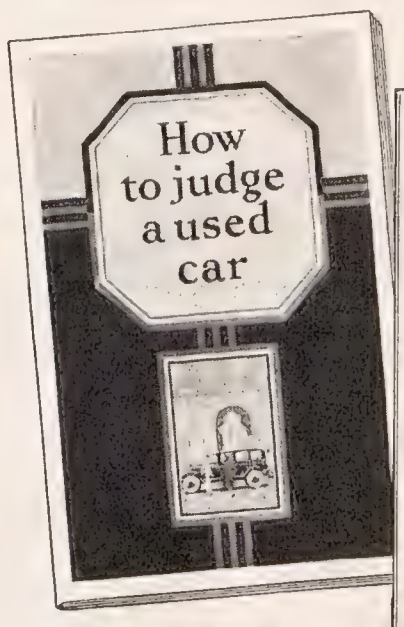
This free book saved money for 125,000 motorists

Write today for your copy!

Since it was first published, 125,000 people have been able to save money on their motoring through the information in this valuable book, "How to Judge a Used Car." The coupon below will bring these same time-saving and money-making facts to you *without cost!* Mail it today—invest 2c in a stamp and you may save $200.

In this free book, condensed into a few moments, interesting reading, experts who buy *thousands* of used cars for resale by dealers tell you in plain words and pictures how to choose the best used car "buy," how to judge a car's actual condition, how to learn the model year, how to set a fair price on a car offered you by a friend, what speedometers should tell, how to avoid "orphans," what code prices mean, etc. Much of this trade information was never before made public at any price—now the coupon below will bring it to you without cost.

Learn how you and your family can enjoy a better car this year for fewer dollars! Sign and mail this coupon now.



Mail the coupon *now*

Pledge to the Public
on Used Car Sales

1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

©1927, The Studebaker Corporation of America

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA,
Dept. D-78, South Bend, Ind.
Please send me my copy of your valuable free booklet, "How to Judge a Used Car."

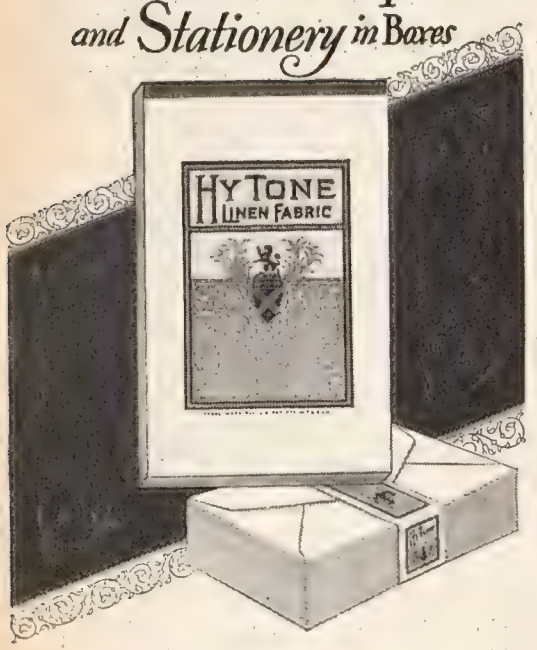
Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

STUDEBAKER
The Great Independent

HY TONE
LINEN FABRIC
Tablets, Envelopes
and Stationery in Boxes



Preferred by Millions

A Writing Tablet for every need. Available at a Low Price for correspondence purposes and convenient for those chummy notes. Popular sizes, ruled or unruled. Envelopes to match in various fashionable styles. Also Hy-Tone Writing Papers in boxes.

WESTERN TABLET & STATIONERY CORPORATION
Manufacturers
Holyoke, Mass. Richmond, Va.
West Carrollton, O. Dayton, O.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
St. Joseph, Mo.

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. 15c, 30c, 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Keep Your Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off until pimples, liver spots, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half-pint witch hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P.A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 431-H Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

[THE TERRIBLE TURK
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

weird figure that no one tried to stop him, and he was out of the theater before those of us who weren't laughing ourselves to death realized what had happened. As Solomon took it on the lam, the Negroes in the gallery, rankled at such a hasty defeat, began to amuse themselves by tearing up chairs and starting a battle. A riot call was sent in and the fun began in earnest.

Solomon had been galloping toward the Capitol in his flapping drawers when he was tripped by a flock of cops and grabbed. I fixed it with them to let him go, had him dressed up, found a Negro with an old delivery wagon, and gave him the money to start Solomon back to Baltimore.

THE riot in Washington was confined to the gallery, but elsewhere we were not so lucky. In New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, there was always a healthy disturbance after each bout. And here was the reason:

Leaving the question of betting entirely out of it, in those days people took their wrestling seriously. Wrestling, of course, is at its greatest popularity when boxing is prohibited. It gives an outlet to those who want such types of sport. And the minds of men seem inclined to favor wrestling if and when they can't see a prize fight.

Yet, when wrestling is popular, what happens? The promoters kill it. Of all sports, it is probably the easiest to fake. No question about that. So that, when the promoters see the gold rolling in, they can't resist grabbing all they can, and they kill their own goose. This happens about every ten years or so. Wrestling becomes popular, gets killed, remains dormant, and then rises again.

But to get back to Youssouf. There's one fellow who was on the level. He was out to win, and that's all there was to it.

I remember when we had the famous match with Strangler Lewis in Chicago. That was a classic. I knew Youssouf could throw any man alive—at least, any man I ever saw—but I was worried about Lewis' famous strangle hold. On the train to Chicago, I tried to talk to the Turk and tell him to beware.

"Mike," I said, motioning with my arms to indicate Lewis' famous grip, and mugging to indicate the choking that usually made his victims give up, "look out! Strangle hold!"

"Ur-ur," replied Youssouf, waving me away. He gibbered to the interpreter.

"He say don't bother heem. He feex," explained the interpreter.

I had to be satisfied with that, and I was.

Now, when we got in Chicago the next morning I browsed around as usual, and found out the betting odds were three to one on Lewis. I smelt some Limburger in the works, and I knew there was an *Uncle Tom* somewhere in the woodpile.

You see, I had so much confidence in Youssouf's ability to trim Lewis in any style—Greco-Roman, catch-as-catch-can, or what-have-you?—that when the question of the referee for the match came up, I foolishly said, "I don't care who you pick. It's all the same to me."

That's where I was silly. But if we were all always smart, the stock market would close right off. Well, I determined to go through with it.

Crowds followed him everywhere. Tremendous in bulk, he was shaped hams. Add a drooping black mustache, a turban, and baggy Zouave can figure for yourself

For I figured out to myself: How could a referee possibly throw a match? I didn't see how he could do it. That's where I was a fool twice in the same place.

WELL, I rambled around town and ran into some old gambling friends who told me to bet plenty on Lewis. They tipped me why:

Two big politicians were back of the scheme. They knew all the gamblers and the tough guys in both the Loop and the stockyards, and they figured that, with interest in wrestling at such a fever heat, this bout was the time for a killing.

So they went up to a friend of theirs, a Milwaukee banker, and laid their plan before him. They were going to get a referee they could depend on, and they'd shoot the works on Lewis if he, the banker, would put up the dough. The banker kicked through plenty.

All this money naturally had forced up the odds; and, besides, word had spread around that the bout was already in the bag for Lewis. The politicians and the banker stood to win $50,000, which was money in those days.

Still, with all this knowledge, I didn't see how a referee, in front of eight to ten thousand men, could throw a match, and I knew well in my heart that Lewis was no match for the Turk. In this optimistic frame of mind, we went to Tattersall's, where the bout was staged.

The first laugh was when the referee—I forget his name at the moment—came in, distinguished by a frock coat and long mustaches, looking more like *Lawyer Marks* in Uncle Tom's Cabin than ever I did when I played that part in my youth. Bulging out from beneath the frock coat were two .44 guns, one in each hip pocket.

Lewis came in, and the referee explained the rules—though why he should have bothered, from events that happened later, is beyond me.

As the men circled around to get a hold on each other, when the bout started, there was more shouting than I ever heard, even at a championship fight. The bunch from the stockyards were out in full force.

YOUSSOUF dodged of a sudden (he was as quick as a cat), threw Lewis down, and squeezed his throat like a vise. I yelled in glee. Here I had warned him about Lewis' strangle hold, and now he was giving Lewis a strangle hold!

The referee raised his hand and immediately awarded the match to Lewis. I jumped into the ring.

"What's the idea?" I bellowed.

"The Turk had a palate hold on him. It's a foul, and I give the match to Lewis."

I was disgusted, and I was sore. I turned to Youssouf, who couldn't make out what it was all about.

and then turned around to the referee. He had disappeared, frock coat, guns, mustaches, and all.

I turned toward Lewis. He had gone. I held up my hand toward the crowd. They greeted me with: "Sit down, you faker! Beat it before we knock your head off!"

In those days I had a good voice—and I used it. I started my speech, and when those in back saw that the fellows around the ring were listening to me, they began to quiet down and listen too.

like a barrel, with hands that hung below his knees like two big trousers of bright red—and when he appeared on the street you what attention he commanded.

"GENTLEMEN, we came here tonight to show you a wrestling match. You saw yourself what happened. We know something went wrong. But we had no part in it. I know, and everybody except the gamblers and the referee knows, that Youssouf, the Terrible Turk, can beat Lewis any day, any style. Now, we agree Lewis won. We agree the bets stand."

Then, slowly: "We came out to give you a show. We demand that Lewis come out here from his dressing room, where he's hiding, and wrestle Youssouf. We'll show who's the better man."

They howled and they cheered. "Come out of there, Lewis, you quitter!" they shrieked. And so insistent were they that they forced Lewis out. And the answer was that the Turk threw him twice in five minutes. Lewis never even got a chance to use his strangle hold.

But that was the only time in my life I ever heard of a man being disqualified for using a palate hold. Indeed, I never heard of a palate hold, before or since.

After the Chicago fiasco we moved on to Cincinnati. The local champion, Witmer, had achieved some little notoriety for having lifted up one end of a street car. He was matched against Youssouf at Havlin's Opera House on a Saturday night.

I was taking tickets at the door. The house was jammed to the gunwales, and I was jamming in the standees like sardines, when word came from the back of the house that Youssouf had refused to go on. I rushed back.

There sat the Turk in his dressing room, fully clothed, rocking back and forth.

"Get up there, Mike, you big Turk! Get your clothes off and get ready," I said. I went through the motions of disrobing and pointed to the stage.

The Turk paid no attention. "Me sick," he said, rolling his eyes. He had learned half a dozen words of English by then.

"Go on! Get up, you big bum!"

"No. Me sick." He let loose a flow of Turkish to the interpreter, who explained to me that Youssouf had a bad cold, with fever, and wouldn't go on.

I WAS in a rage. Here was a house packed with as much money as it ever would see—one of the most profitable nights of our tour—and the Turk wouldn't go on because he felt sick. I wouldn't have done so either, but it didn't occur to me at the time to make any comparison.

I cajoled, I swore, I threatened. The Turk wouldn't budge. He remained squatting on the chair, his huge body dwarfing the little room, muttering to himself.

Through the door I could hear the cries from out front: "Where's the Turk? Bring him out! Ain't afraid, is he?"

For a moment I thought of dismissing the audience, but as a showman it couldn't be done. I rushed outside and saw a cop in the wings.

"That Turk is four-flushing," I said. "He's got to go on. We can't disappoint the people. We've kept them waiting too long now. Get in there and make a play at pinching him. Here's ten for yourself."

The cop went back to Youssouf. "Come along, now!"

The Turk began to protest: "No. Me sick."

"Cut it out," said the cop. "You ain't sick. Git in the ring there, or I'll cart you off in the wagon."

The interpreter broke into a string of words. The Turk looked at me, but I remained, chewing my cigar, as firm as a rock. I turned to the cop. "Take him along," I said.

But the Turk already had begun to shed his clothes, and I felt I had won a great moral victory.

He walked out on the stage, took one grab at Witmer, threw that local champ flat on his back, and then lay on top of him until midnight. Not once during that time did he move! The interpreter had tipped him off that all sports events had to close promptly at midnight.

He outsmarted us, but we got the money just the same. The house didn't make out so well, for the usual riot started at midnight, with broken chairs and heads. The customers actually had the nerve to be annoyed because the bout had no action at all for the two hours and a half that Youssouf was enjoying his rest.

OF all my experiences with the Turk, though, the one that I enjoyed most was the bout at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, when he was matched with Roeber. It was the last sporting event ever staged at the Metropolitan, and when I tell you what happened you will know the reason why.

Roeber was a fighter as well as a wrestler. Indeed, he was training for Bob Fitzsimmons, and Fitz was in Roeber's corner that night at the Met, while I, as usual, was seconding the Turk. Incidentally, Youssouf, when he had his opponent pinned to the mat, had the habit of looking at me and saying, "*Morte?*"

That's French, of course, for death. Meaning that he sought my wishes as to whether or not to kill his rival. He didn't have a chance to do this with Roeber on that historic night, for Roeber backed into the corner as Youssouf approached. All of a sudden he realized that if Youssouf ever got a hand on him he was all through. And when this thought came to him, he hauled off and cracked Youssouf on the jaw.

I jumped into the ring with Fitz behind me, and I was so enraged when Fitz hit me that I slapped

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Free: *If your dealer does not yet feature* Barking Dog Smoking Mixture, a generous sample will be sent you by return mail for 50 cents, together with an attractive MacScott tobacco pouch, FREE. The MacScott pocket pouch is Hermetite—thin, tough, tight, light as a feather and waterproof. It will not crease nor sweat. Mail coupon for yours while supply lasts.

BARKING DOGS *Never Bite!*

A PIPE TOBACCO famous among *connoisseurs!* (***You should know it —see attractive offer on coupon***). Blended to order for a few special customers by a little shop on Wall Street twenty-five years ago, this mixture attracted a notable following of distinguished men:
Army and Navy officers, clubmen, financiers, and diplomats.
Orders come by mail from all parts of the world. And . . .

BARKING DOG Smoking Mixture

. . . although it is now a national institution, still keeps the same quaint little trademark and delightful old-time, never biting, friendly blend. To be had at all the high grade tobacco distributors in the principal cities of the United States.

Why not try Barking Dog mixture next time you supply *your* pipe? The coupon below brings it.

BARKING DOG SMOKING MIXTURE
511 Fifth Avenue, New York
Please send me a good generous sample (the regular 50 cent package) of your famous old Barking Dog Smoking Mixture. Send me also, without charge or obligation, the MacScott tobacco pouch of bright plaid Hermetite. Enclosed find fifty cents.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... *State*..... LW 4-7

STOPS AUTO SICKNESS
Journey by Sea, Train, Auto or Air in health and comfort. Mothersill's promptly ends the faintness and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34
75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
Paris London
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
25 Years In Use

Make $25 a DAY Sell this Auto Fountain Washer. Every car owner wants it. Direct from factory means low price, quick sales, big profits. Pocket your cash at time of sale. Branch Managers — extra commissions plus your own earnings. 90 other brush novelties.
Phila. Brush Co., Dept. L. M., Vineland, N. J.

This soft cushion doubles the life of your rugs

—and gives them a priceless luxury

OZITE performs two important functions in your home: Being marvelously soft itself, it adds oriental luxury to all your floor coverings—even the least expensive! And because it is a cushion *under the rug* it eliminates friction and doubles the life of the rug.

There is nothing complicated to understand about Ozite. To lay, simply roll out the cushion in the desired spot and roll the rug above it. The Ozite comes within a few inches of the edge and is never seen.

Ozite Cushion is made of hair—like a thin hair mattress. It is the invention (patented) of two scientists whose research impressed them with the remarkable properties of hair. Hair, they proved, is one of nature's toughest substances—always resilient, yet resisting deterioration and all forms of friction. They conceived the idea of a cushion for rugs and after several years of experiment they perfected Ozite.

Here are some of Ozite's features:

Ozite is mothproofed with a *permanent* solution deadly to moth larvae.

Ozite is "ozonized"—absolutely clean and odorless.

Ozite permits your vacuum cleaner to draw up at least 10% more dust.

Ozite makes your entire home quieter by silencing footfalls.

Ozite is taped and sewed on all edges.

Ozite never wears out—never mats down—never forms lumps.

Figured over a period of a few years, Ozite costs you nothing because it doubles the life of your rugs.

In a short time Ozite Rug Cushion has become the sensation of the floor covering industry. Dealers everywhere sell and recommend it. Ask about it, for your old rugs as well as new. Write for free booklet.

Ozite is absolutely guaranteed to satisfy!

Ozite Rug Cushion
PATENTED SEPTEMBER···9···1924

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY, 130 N. Wells Street, Chicago, Ill. L48 (*American Hair Felt Co., Mfrs.*)
Kindly send me your free booklet "The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets" and a sample of Ozité Cushion

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

[THE TERRIBLE TURK Continued from Page Sixty-one]

him on the jaw. He could have mopped up the ground with me any time he wanted, and I knew that well. So I folded my arms as he rushed at me—after incidentally kicking one of my staff with his foot and knocking the man unconscious.

An Irish cop—luckily we had slipped a couple of dollars to each policeman on duty around the ring—got between Fitz and me and said: "Lay a hand on him, Fitz, and I'll brain ye."

That stopped any hostilities between Ruby Bob and myself, but to even up the score everybody else started in. I've never seen such a battle in such refined surroundings. Everybody started fighting with his neighbor. Draperies were torn; blood was everywhere; cigar stubs littered the house from parquet to gallery; and broken heads were as common as hangers-on to a champion.

WELL, the reason I enjoyed the bout and its aftermath so much was that Frank Sanger, the lessee of the Met, and Charles Frohman were chinning the very next day in London. Frohman had trimmed me once and I had paid him back in kind.

Sanger and Frohman were discussing me, among other people.

"Ha! Ha!" chortled Sanger. "Brady put it over on you; but I put it over on Brady. I soaked him two thousand dollars for one night's rental of the Met, and you know, Charlie, it isn't worth a dime over eight hundred."

Just then somebody thrust a paper under Sanger's nose. He saw the headline: "Vandals Wreck Metropolitan Opera House in New York." He said no more.

Naturally, every theatrical contract has the clause that neither of the contracting parties is responsible for a riot or any other act of God. That's the phraseology that licked Sanger, and he never mentioned again his ability to trim me.

Not long after the bout at the Met, Youssouf began to get homesick. He had plenty of money. My arrangement with him was to pay him in five-franc gold pieces. Later, during the tour, he was persuaded to accept American gold eagles. All these he saved carefully and carried around in his money belt, which gradually became so heavy that only a man of his tremendous strength could have navigated with it. These gold pieces he used to take out and fondle hour by hour. They were his passion.

Yet he could part with them on occasion. I remember once we were traveling by day coach between jumps on a tour. Ahead of us was a poor Italian family, obviously immigrants. Three kids were with their parents, still dressed in their native costume. The Turk looked at the kids, undid his money belt, and removed one of his precious ten-dollar gold pieces. Then he shyly walked up and slipped it into one of the kids' hands, rumpled the boy's hair, and, without saying a word, came back to our party and sat down.

His act touched me, hard-boiled as I was, for the reason I knew how precious each one of those gold pieces was to him.

AND now, to show you how insecure life is, and how anything is likely to happen:

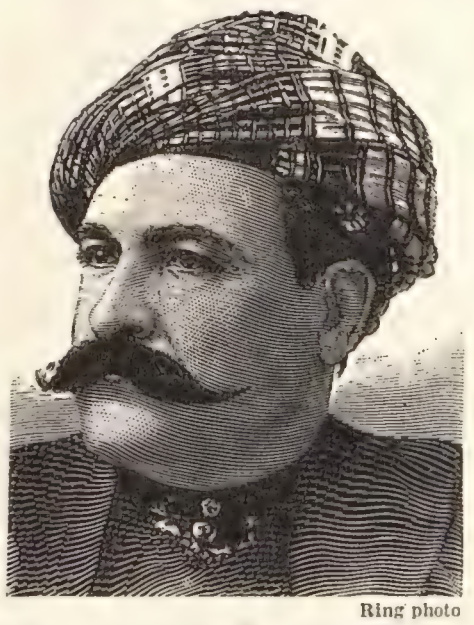
As I say, the Turk was getting homesick. I was making arrangements for a big bout in Boston on the Fourth of July. It was to be the grand climax to the Turk's tour. Meanwhile, he was staying at a hotel on Broadway.

My agent, who had traveled throughout the entire tour with him, came back from Boston and went down to the hotel to see Youssouf and take him to the Hub for the bout.

He found Youssouf had checked out; indeed, he had sailed on La Bourgogne. He had gotten so homesick he couldn't wait. And the scoundrelly clerk had sold him a steerage ticket for an enormous sum, probably splitting with the interpreter.

My agent and I hopped in a cab and rushed to the dock. But La Bourgogne was already in midstream, headed for the Narrows and out to sea. Our chase was of no avail.

A day or two later the country was startled by the news that La Bourgogne had gone down at sea. And with her had gone the Turk. He had about $15,000, so far as I could figure, in his money belt with him at the time.



Ring photo

Youssouf, the Terrible Turk, as he looked when he was at the top of his form.

Some of the yellow papers came out with lurid drawings of the Turk running through women and children like a wild man, armed with a knife. But I know that wasn't true. I remembered him with his arms folded the night we faced possible death together in Cleveland. I remembered him one day in a train wreck near Scranton, when the front part of the coach in which he was sitting was smashed and he remained seated where he was, unmoved. And I knew the reports were lies.

He was not afraid of death!

Some time later they found his body. Fishes had eaten the belt, and though the body by some chance was recognized as his, the gold had gone to the bottom of the sea. And thus ended the life of a man curious, tender, vain, simple as a child, and, as I've said before, the most colorful figure I ever met in my forty years as a sportsman.

THE END

SHOW Girl

Dixie Dugan and Jimmy Set Out to Battle Broadway

By

J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by JOHN H. STRIEBEL

(Reading time: 17 minutes 18 seconds.)

[WHO'S WHO, AND WHY: Dixie Dugan, pretty little dancer, has disappeared again. Her first disappearance was simple. After all the notoriety she got when Alvarez Romano, her partner, stabbed Jack Milton, wealthy broker, the *Evening Tab* started publishing daily installments of her life story. And Jimmy Doyle, its reporter, just kidnaped her to whoop up the sensation. It was some sensation. Milton hired detectives, and Denny Kerrigan, Dixie's old-time sweetie, quit his job — selling greeting cards and mottoes on the road—to join the search. But now she has disappeared again — from Jimmy. And it looks real this time. But read Denny's letter to his boss.]

PART SEVEN

Hermitage Hotel,
Times Square,
New York City,
July 26.

Mr. Al Evans,
Gleason & Company,
Minneapolis, Minn.

I wish I could merge the three of them with Jack's money and marry the syndicate. I'd go shopping with Jack, stay home with Jimmy, tell my troubles to Denny, and spend the week-ends with Alvarez.

DEAR AL:

Well, I'm coming back to work, Al—back to the old grind. Now everything is going to be hotsy-totsy, as they say down here in New York. All this sweating and fretting about women is over. They can all go to —— They're all alike, Al. Don't believe any of 'em.

It's just like the other night I was to one of those night clubs, trying to forget my troubles with a blonde who was trying to wish hers on me instead. And after I spent enough to take the mortgage off the old farm, we started for the door, and the orchestra plays Just Another Day Wasted Away.

Well, it's like that with women, Al. Every day you're with them, it's just another day wasted away. You can tell the Old Man I'm coming back and spread greeting cards and mottoes all over the State of Indiana. I'm going to strew 'em, Al. No one will escape. All this energy I've wasted on Dixie is now going to be sublimated, as they say in the Sunday Magazine Section—all going to be turned into channels that are worthier and full of purpose.

I guess you gather from this that I'm off Dixie. Well, I am. But, first, where do you suppose I found her, with detectives and newspapers and what not hunting for her all over America? I goes over to her house one evening, and there she is sitting in the front room, reading about herself being lost.

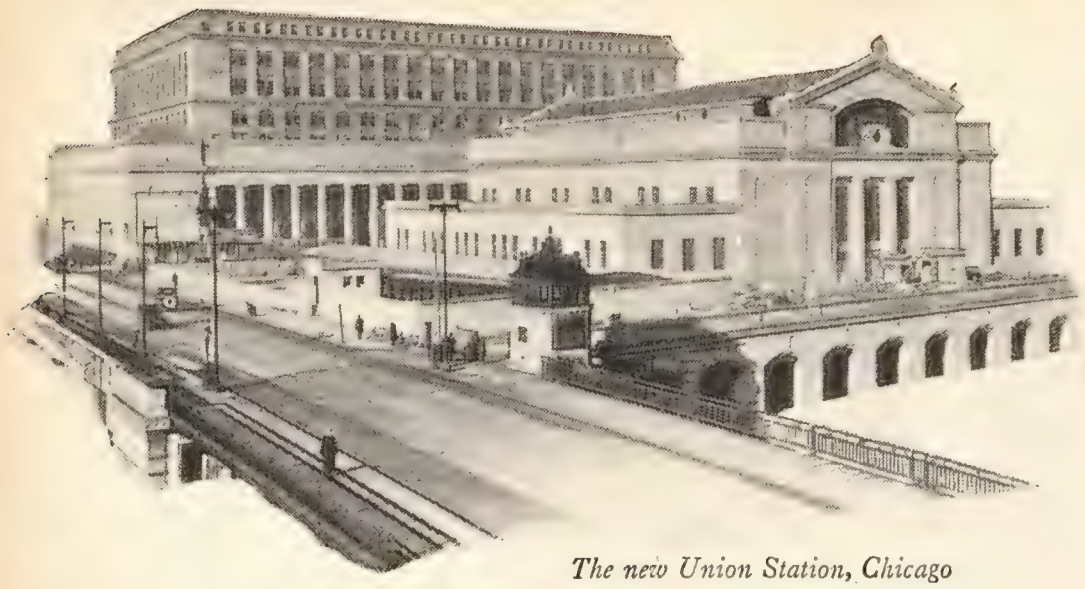
Well, you could have knocked me over with an elephant. I says, "I thought you was lost. Didn't you know I was down here looking for you?" And she says, "You and who else? The whole world has been looking for me. At least, if not the *World*, the *Evening Tab*."

Newspaper joke—heh! heh!

And then she tells me the whole story—how she was kidnaped by this dancing spick, Alvarez Romano, and later by Jimmy Doyle, who writes her stuff for the *Evening Tab*, and the *Evening Tab* kept her hid while they pretended to be hunting for her, so as to make a big story.

Finally she got tired of staying hid, so she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



The new Union Station, Chicago

Milling throngs in these Great Chicago Stations

Choose these two milk chocolate bars

OUTSELLING all others in these great Chicago stations—as in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh.

Everywhere, more and more people are buying more and more Nestlé's and Peter's!

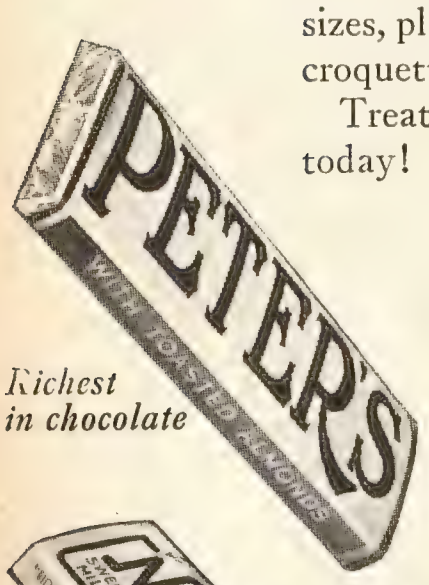
Just one delicious bite tells you why. "Here's something really different," you'll say.

Nestlé's is the creamier, milder, more delicate. It's the creamiest of *all* milk chocolate bars. Peter's has a nippy, tangy chocolate taste. Richest in chocolate of *all* milk chocolate bars. Both are truly distinctive in their old time Swiss flavor.

* * *

Sold everywhere in five- and ten-cent sizes, plain or with toasted almonds. Handy croquettes, too.

Treat yourself to Nestlé's or Peter's today!



Richest in chocolate

Richest in cream

The La Salle Street Station, Chicago

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

went home—the last place that a detective would think of looking. So I says, "Now that you had your fling, I suppose you're ready to settle down now and marry a good man." And she says, "What's this, a nominating speech? Name him and don't keep me in suspense like this."

But I says, "I don't have to name him. You're looking at him. What do you say we get married and get a little apartment in Chicago, and I'll come home to you every Saturday night after my week on the road selling mottoes and greeting cards in Indiana?" And she says, "I can depend upon you coming home Saturday night, can I? You wouldn't fool a dumb girl and not come home until Sunday maybe, or sneak in on Friday?"

And I says, "No fooling, now, Dixie. I'm crazy about you, and you know it, and if you don't marry me, I'll—I don't know what I'll do." And she says, "You can sublimate it. That's being done now, and besides I don't want to marry you or anybody else," says she. "I'm young and full of the devil, and want to stay that way for a while."

And then she says she doesn't want to get married, and doesn't want to have children crawling around the floor, because when she comes home late some night she might step on them and hurt them and then she'd never forgive herself. Or they might start staying out late nights or come home snozzled and she'd worry herself sick about them. And I says to her, "Stop fooling now, Dixie. What is your real reason for not marrying me?"

And she says, "Do you want me to get personal?" And I says, "Go as far as you like." And she says, "Well, you're a dear, sweet boy, but you're no career, and that's what I want. I'm going back on the stage in a new show, and I've got one of the principal parts; and years from now, when I am fat and famous and retired and a little slow on my feet and you want to renew this proposition, I'll consider it among my other proposals in rotation as received.

"Meanwhile, Indiana is calling for you, and you'll be of much more value to the nation and yourself on the banks of the Wabash far away. Go back to Indiana," says she, "and sell millions of greeting cards, and scatter sunshine through the land," says she, "and forget little Hard-Hearted Hannah who loves you too much to smear your life by leading you into an ambush from which you're bound to wake up dizzy some morning with your ears full of rice."

Well, Al, this sort of talk went on, I guess, until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, with me sounding her out like this, and finally I got it, Al. This show she's going into is being financed by this broker, and he's promised to make her a star. I couldn't compete with that kind of money, and I told her I was going to go back home and forget I had ever met her. Do you know what she says? She says, "I bet you can't."

Well, I'll fool her, Al. The world is full of women. What is it Kipling says?

> A woman is only a woman,
> But a good cigar is a smoke.

I bet that would make a good motto, Al. Think of the thousands of men who would like to hang that up on the wall and look at it every day and agree.

I told her I was going to go back home and forget I had ever met her.

And by the way, Al, after I got home last night I wrote a little motto which I think would be a big seller:

> I think of you through all my nights,
> I think of you through all my days,
> Wherever I go
> I see the glow

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

Look for the Cities Service Symbol —the sign of finest oils and gasolene

Wherever you see the Cities Service symbol, you can buy gasolene and oil with confidence of superiority, knowing they are produced under rigid specifications maintained by our $650,000,000 organization.

You obtain from our Oil Division the same pre-tested products our public utility companies use in serving millions of people throughout the country.

We can afford to make only the best oil products—else entire cities and sections might be thrown into darkness and power cut off from thousands of factories.

To attain the highest standards of perfection, we spend $1,000,000 a year on research and experimentation.

Finer gasolene, finer oil are impossible to refine.

Broadcasting by the Cities Service Concert Orchestra, assisted by the Cities Service Cavaliers, on Fridays at 8 p. m. Eastern Standard Time through the following stations of the National Broadcasting Company: WEAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWI, WSAI, WEBH, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, KSD, WTIC.

Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

115 horsepower!

The New Gardner 95

The most powerful stock car in America. Not only is it superior in numerical developed horsepower but, we believe, in unusual performance and in actual road use as well. Speed? Name your own!

Naturally, ownership of such a distinctively different motor car will be limited to the few who want such superlative power and unusual performance. And to those few, the New Gardner 95 will bring an entirely new experience in pliant, supple power.

But there is more than abundant power and unusually brilliant performance to commend the New 95. It is notable also for the modern flair of its new lines—its colorful custom body designs—and a new order of interior treatment. Each of these helps to make the New Gardner 95 what it is—a distinctively different motor car.

The New Gardner 95 at $2095 to $2495 is one of three complete series of Eights-in-line. Fifteen custom-designed body styles are available in these three series. Prices of Series 75 and 85 models range from $1195 to $2095, factory.

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

~ THAT DISTINCTIVELY DIFFERENT MOTOR CAR

GARDNER

Eight-in-Line

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

Of your sweet and lovely ways.
But every day I think of you,
And to myself do say,
Another day thinking of you, of you,
Is another day wasted away.

That would look nice illustrated, Al, with a border of forget-me-nots, and maybe a fellow standing on the hill looking out across moonlit water as if he were looking and looking.

Try it out on the Creative Department, anyway, Al. Not that I expect much results, because they think they know everything, and yet there they sit up there, out of touch with the world, pulling ideas out of their hats, and us salesmen who are out in the world, in touch with life all the time, keep sending them ideas which they throw in the wastebasket.

I want to tell you, Al, one of these days I'm going to throw a bombshell into this organization. I'm going to tell the Old Man just what I think of it, and show him our line is losing all its vitality because of the antics of the Creative Department.

Well, Al, have the old grips packed, and be sure I get a complete line this time. I don't want to go out on the road and find numbers missing, and then be bawled out for not sending in orders for numbers I haven't got.

I'll be in the Chicago office Monday, ready to hit the ball as in the good old days before I ever met this woman who has blighted my life. There's a swell new song down here that states the case. It's from Allez Oop, and it says, Pull Yourself Together and Smile. It goes something like this:

Pull yourself together and smile—
Troubles will pass you by.
Life is like a beautiful isle
Under a changing sky.

And then something or other, and finishes up:

Pull yourself together and smile,
And watch the clouds go by.

My little brain is all atwitter and atwirl. His name is Jimmy Doyle and he has me going around like a top.

That's me, Al. S'long. DENNY.

439 Flatbush Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y., July 18.

SUNSHINE DEAR:

I haven't written to you for ages, and I've a lot of alibis, some of which are true. I suppose I could start off and tell you some little ones and gradually lead up to some whoppers, and you'd be so astonished you'd forgive me. But truth is stranger than fiction, as Denny would say—only he'd try to make a motto out of it.

Speaking of Denny, he's gone back to Indiana, after laying down the law to me, saying either I'd marry him or go to hell. I pointed out to him I might do both, but I preferred to take them separately. He is convinced that it's all off with me anyway, and that I'm too full of spirits, drug-store and otherwise, and he went away saying his heart was broken. The fact is, I'm very fond of Denny, and guess I'd even marry him if I had nothing else to do.

Some day I'll get married and raise a lot of marvelous children; but right now I'm for helping the city fathers keep down the traffic. Why should I help crowd the subways? You can't get into them now.

I was reading only the other day that they can't build schools fast enough to take care of the children. I'd feel terrible if I went to all that trouble, only to find my children had to stand out in the rain to do their lessons.

Meanwhile, my little brain—which is one name for it—is all atwitter and atwirl. His name is Jimmy Doyle and he has me going around like a top. Did I tell you about him before? Maybe not. There are so many men in my life. (*Applause!*)

Well, anyway, he is a special writer on the *Evening Tab,* and he's been doing my life story, and meanwhile trying to add a few chapters of his own. He's as cute as a little red wagon and writes beautiful, and I think he's hot dog. And he's written a musical comedy with a swell part for me, and he says I'm going to be a star; so all I need now is to have all the critics and the public agree, and that will make it unanimous.

I can just hear you say that's a lot of bologny; but don't be so sure, because we have not only got the star and the author, but we've got an angel. Yes, sir, little Dixie has grabbed herself an angel. Or, rather, he has attached himself to Dixie, and he's getting a producer and going to put up the jack for this show. I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DEMAND ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. *But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin.* The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

More Attractive *since she gained that needed* . . . . . Weight!

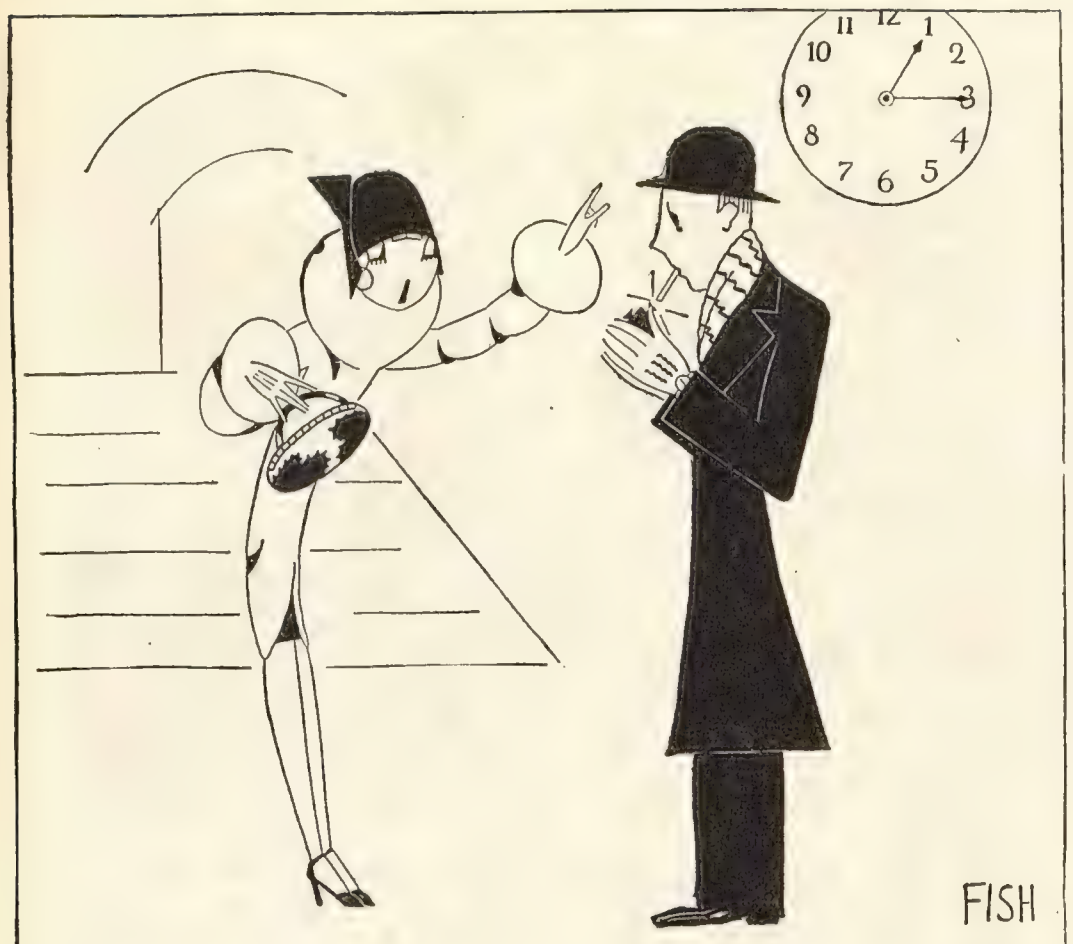
And she isn't the only girl in the world of whom this is true.

Just lose a few pounds and what happens? Ten to one your face and neck show the first effects—hollows form in your cheeks, ugly angles and lines appear—your eyes look out from deep sunken caverns and your neck grows scrawny and skinny. Result—you look older than you are—the fresh glow of health and youth goes and with it much of your powers of fascination.

There's nothing that fills out wrinkles, lines and hollows and keeps the face and figure youthfully rounded like good firm flesh, and the thin, haggard woman who takes McCoy's Tablets is doing more to keep herself young and attractive than all the beauty preparations she can use.

Taken for 30 days as directed these little sugar-coated tasteless tablets (formerly called McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets) must put at least 5 pounds of flesh on your bones or your money will be refunded. Get McCoy's today from your druggist and watch how much younger and better you feel in just a short time.

McCOY'S TABLETS



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you take your fiancee, who lives forty miles from the city, to the theatre and a supper club, and then miss the last train that you assured her she'd be sure to make, *be nonchalant*, light a MURAD Cigarette.

© 1928, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

Ends Paring

Corns or Calluses

Stops all pain in 3 seconds

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. In three seconds all the pain is gone. Acts like an anesthetic. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers—like dead skin. Works alike on corns or calluses.

Professional dancers by the score use this method. Doctors approve it as safe and gentle. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it.

Ask for "Gets-It" at your druggist. Money back if not delighted. There are imitations. Be sure to get the genuine.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

Please Accept 10c Package **FREE**

You Women Are Clever

You know a good thing when you see it. That's why so many of you have written for a trial package of Del-a-tone and are now using it regularly in preference to razors, pulling out hairs, and all other methods.

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair

Adds that touch of daintiness so essential to feminine charm. The standard depilatory for 20 years.

Del-a-tone Cream is snow-white, fragrant, and ready for immediate use. Removes hair **in only 3 minutes** from arms, under-arms, legs, back of neck or face. Leaves skin smooth, white, dainty. The quick, effective results are the same, whether you use the newer Del-a-tone Cream or the old reliable Del-a-tone (powder). Send coupon today for FREE 10c package.

The large size economy package is sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid anywhere in U.S. for one dollar. Money back if not satisfied.

Miss Mildred Hadley,
c/o THE DELATONE CO.,
Dept. 34, 721 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

FREE TRIAL In U. S. only

Please send me FREE, prepaid in plain wrapper, 10c size I have checked herewith:

☐ Del-a-tone Cream ☐ Del-a-tone (powder)

Name.....

Address

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

suppose you've guessed who it is. Jack Milton, the beautiful broker who threw that party for me and got stabbed in the back by Romano for his pains.

All he says he wants me to do is to think sweetly of him and make good. I think he knows that I know what I think he means; but if he thinks I'm selling out for a speaking part, he's due for a long buggy ride. As for the show he's going to put on, we haven't named it yet, but it's all about me starting poor and winding up rich. There are places in it where I can act all over the lot, besides hoofing hot and hooting musically.

Alvarez Romano, my red-hot tamale, has been playing dead for some time now. So I suspect he is up to some new devilment and will probably break into the picture just when I am sitting pretty and try to smear things. Well, he's an exciting devil. I wish Denny had some of his S. A. Denny is too sweet and orderly to be thrilling. Now, with Jimmy, you never know where you are; and with Alvarez, you never know where he is.

What I wish I could do is merge the three of them with Jack's money and marry the syndicate. I'd go shopping with Jack, stay home with Jimmy, tell my troubles to Denny, and spend the week-ends with Alvarez. Love and kisses—

DIXIE.

67 Wall St., New York,
August 1.

Mr. James J. Doyle,
c/o *Evening Tab,*
New York City.

DEAR MR. DOYLE:

I have finished reading the manuscript of your musical comedy, The Girl from Woolworth's, and I have sent it to my friends, the producers, Kibbitzer & Eppus, with suggestions for changes which I think will improve it. I don't propose to know anything about the show business, but I know what I like, and if they approve of the scrip with my changes, you will probably hear from them within a few days. Yours very truly,

JOHN MILTON.

KIBBITZER & EPPUS
1000 Broadway
N. Y. C.

August 4, 1927.

Mr. J. J. Doyle,
c/o *Evening Tab,*
New York.

DEAR MR. DOYLE:

Will it be convenient for you to come in and see the writer 11 o'clock tomorrow morning?

.Yours truly,

MOE EPPUS.

August 5, 11 o'clock.

Mr. Eppus is out of town, but leaves word for Mr. Doyle to come in and see him tomorrow at 11 o'clock.

August 6, 11 o'clock.

Mr. Eppus was called out suddenly, but will Mr. Doyle come back to see him at 3 o'clock this afternoon?

Same day, 3 o'clock.

Mr. Eppus is tied up in conference, but will Mr. Doyle come back next Monday?

Next Monday.

Mr. Doyle catches Mr. Eppus going out. Mr. Eppus makes an appointment for Thursday afternoon.

Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Eppus suggests Mr. Doyle see Mr. Kibbitzer next Monday.

Next Monday.

Mr. Kibbitzer sends out word he never heard of Mr. Doyle. Will Mr. Doyle write him a letter telling him what it's all about?

Mr. Doyle writes a letter to Kibbitzer & Eppus telling them what it's all about.

The following day.

No answer.

One week later.

No answer.

Mr. Doyle telephones Kibbitzer & Eppus. Both out of town.

Well, to think I've been sitting on it all this time! It must have been there a week.

August 27, 1927.

Mr. John Milton,
67 Wall St.,
New York.

DEAR MR. MILTON:

I have received a letter from Kibbitzer & Eppus asking me to come in to see them.

I have tried to see them for weeks now, with no result. What shall I do? Yours truly,

JIMMY DOYLE.

August 29, 1927.

Mr. J. J. Doyle,
c/o the *Evening Tab*,
New York.

DEAR MR. DOYLE:

I have been talking with Mr. Eppus on the telephone, and he says they wrote to you, but you never came in to see them.

Feels, if you are not more interested than that, they are not interested in producing your play.

Kindly go in to see them at once, unless, as they say, you have lost interest. Yours truly,

JOHN MILTON.

The following day.

Mr. Doyle goes in to see Mr. Eppus. Mr. Eppus is out of town.

The following day.

Ditto.

The following day.

The same.

The following day.

Also.

The following day.

Likewise.

Bulletin.

Mr. Eppus sees Mr. Doyle and makes an appointment with him for tomorrow.

Tomorrow. Office of Mr. Eppus of Kibbitzer & Eppus.

MR. EPPUS: I'm glad to see you, Mr. Doyle. Mr. Milton tells me you have written a play.

DOYLE: Why, haven't you read it?

MR. EPPUS: Read what? Why, I haven't any play here of yours. (*To secretary.*) Have we a play here of Mr. Muggins'?

DOYLE: Doyle is the name.

MR. EPPUS: I beg your pardon — Mr. Doyle.

SECRETARY: I don't think so. (*Pries gingerly into huge mountain of letters, telegrams, and manuscripts on Mr. Eppus' desk.*)

MR. EPPUS: (*Rises courteously to assist her. Looks on top layer.*) Why, no, Mr.— er — er — er — er—

DOYLE: Doyle is the name.

MR. EPPUS: Mr. Doyle. I don't see it here.

SECRETARY: What's this? (*Picks up scrip from chair on which Mr. Eppus has been sitting.*)

MR. EPPUS: (*Reading title with great surprise.*) The Girl from Woolworth's, by James J. Doyle. (*Laughs heartily.*) Well, to think I've been sitting on it all this time! It must have been there a week. (*Heartily, to Doyle.*) Yes, sir, at least a week; because before that I remember I had one of Sammy Shipman's plays there that he had been looking for for months. Oh, well, that's the way it goes. (*Sitting down, suddenly all business.*) Now, what is it, Mr. Doyle? What did you come to see me about?

DOYLE: (*Helplessly.*) Why, you sent for me, Mr. Eppus.

MR. EPPUS: I don't remember that. (*To secretary.*) Did I send for Mr. Doyle?

SECRETARY: I don't believe so.

MR. EPPUS: But now that you're here, we might just as well talk. Mr. Milton tells me you've got a play. Is this it?

DOYLE: Yes.

MR. EPPUS: (*Riffling through first few pages.*) Cost too much money. There isn't any money any more in shows like this. If I played forty thousand dollars gross a week for a year, I wouldn't get my bait back. And the road—well, I don't have to tell you what the road is like, Mr. Doyle.

DOYLE: (*Flattered.*) I guess it's pretty bad.

MR. EPPUS: It's the movies that did it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Keeps Your Hair Neat, Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week,—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

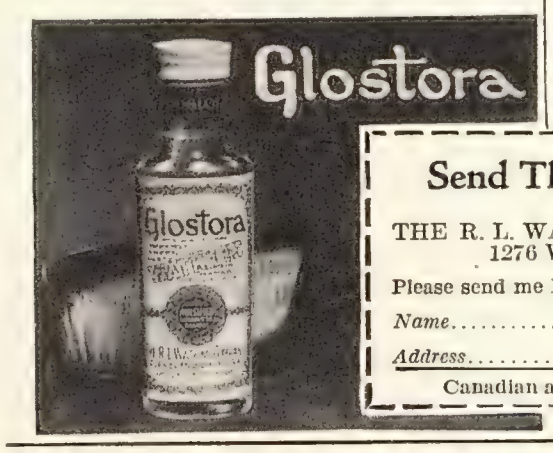
It gives your hair that natural, rich well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes and creams do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

A generous sample FREE upon request.



Send This *Coupon and* Try it FREE

28-G-30

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian address: 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto 2-Ont.

Heals the Skin of Irritations

You can have a clear, smooth velvety skin if you will only try pure, cooling liquid D. D. D. Soothes the tissues, quickly driving away pimples, blotches and other blemishes. Relieves eczema and similar skin irritations. This healing, stainless liquid penetrates the skin and instantly stops itching. Dries up almost immediately. A 35c trial bottle is guaranteed to prove the merits of this famous antiseptic — or your money back. All drug stores.

D.D.D. *The Healing Skin Lotion*

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

ROSICRUCIAN MYSTERIES

FREE BOOK explains what Marie Corelli referred to as the Fraternity of the Rosy Cross. "Light of Egypt" mailed to all seekers for occult truth, without obligation. Librarian No. 2. AMORC TEMPLE, San Jose, California.

Sell LIFE PROTECTION

$50 to $100 a Week to Agents

Amazing Anti-Glare Device For Automobiles

Prevents loss of life and makes big money for salesmen. Motorists buy on 30-second demonstration. Treated by secret process. Shields the eyes from dazzling headlights. Also used by day as a rear-view mirror. Unique, mystifying. Big season now. Write for details of our generous trial offer and sensational money making plan with special discount prices to agents. No obligation. Address

The Lee See Co., Dept. 104, Kewaunee, Wisconsin

READ! Rhanney sold 108 in less than a week. Ballance made $40 in a day, $200 in a week. Grissinger sold six first fifteen minutes. It is a winner for salesmen.

At dealers or else direct.

Feed Music with his meals

YOUR CANARY

Keep him healthy; keep him singing continuously and beautifully with Max Geisler ROLLER SEED and MAIZENA BISCUIT

"The scientifically balanced feed"

"My bird didn't sing for almost a year but your Roller seed made him sing wonderfully again."—Mrs. F. J. Bauman, Madison, S. D.

Correctly proportioned and contains right kind of nutriment for healthy body and voice. Full size pkg. Roller Seed and sample box Maizena Biscuit postpaid. (Sold for 40 yrs.) **35c**

Send dealer's name for free bird book.

Max **GEISLER** BIRD CO. EST. 1888
102 Geisler Bldg., Omaha, Neb. or 31 Cooper Sq., New York

DeVilbiss
PERFUMIZERS

A Tip to Men Who Wish to Choose An Easter Gift

Here is a gift that every woman wants; distinctive, useful—an ornament to her dressing table. Every Perfumizer is guaranteed.

You will find DeVilbiss Perfumizers at any Toilet Goods counter

DeVilbiss
Toledo, O.
Medicinal Atomizers *Perfume Sprays*
Spray Painting Equipment

New! A Transcendent Development

AN AMAZING new patented process that promises to revolutionize the packaging of fine candies! A startling new package! Process and package are guaranteed to place Almond Roca in the hands of those to whom you present it, whether they reside here or abroad, in perfect condition. A transcendent development! Flattering appreciations of Almond Roca come daily from all parts of the country. The West "went wild" over it—the East acclaimed it! No advance is asked for it in the new package, packed by the new process. The price remains a dollar and a half—money back if you know another confection its equal. Make it your Easter Remembrance! If no near-at-hand dealer has it, we will ship direct, prepaid. * * * *

BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect,* Tacoma, Washington.

Almond Roca

America's Finest Confection

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

(*Fifteen minutes elapse during which Mr. Eppus tells how the movies did it.*)

DOYLE: Mr. Milton suggested I come in and see you about this show. He said you were interested.

MR. EPPUS: We're always interested in works of new authors. I make it a point to read scrips the moment they come to my desk. I'm going to give this my very earliest attention.

(*Stack of manuscripts, which has been teetering on desk, falls into wastebasket.*)

Yes, sir; one never knows when a great hit is going to come into your office. Take Abie's Irish Rose. It went the rounds of the managers for years. And Broadway, and The Spider, and Burlesque.

(*Picks up a couple of manuscripts and puts them on chair and sits on them.*)

Yes, sir; in this business we must keep one eye open all the time. (*Suddenly, briskly.*) I'm glad I met you, Mr. Doyle. Sometime, when you have something, bring it in and I'll be glad to read it.

(*To secretary.*) Take a letter: Lee Shubert, Shubert Theater, New York City. It has come to my attention that your office has been making a practice . . . No, cross that out: it's too damn polite. . . . I'd like to know what the hell you mean . . . No, I'd better not say that, either. Take it again. . . . Where do you get that stuff—that sounds all right. . . . Good-by, Mr. Doyle. . . . Where do you get that stuff trying to . . . Now, what was I going to write to him about, anyway? (*Glances idly at scrip on desk. Reads:*) The Girl from Woolworth's. That's a good title. Did you read it?

SECRETARY: Yes; it has some pretty good stuff in it.

MR. EPPUS: That's the one Milton wants to bank-roll, isn't it? Who's the dame?

SECRETARY: He's cracked on a little night-club dancer—Dixie Dugan. You know, she was mixed up in that stabbing, and then went into vaudeville, and made a hit.

MR. EPPUS: What did *Variety* say about her?

SECRETARY: Said she was swell; wondered why Ziggy didn't cop her.

MR. EPPUS: Ziggy waits until somebody else makes 'em, then he cops 'em. I bet if I put her in this show, and two critics mentioned her name, the next day Ziggy'd be calling her out of bed. Have Milton come in and see me tomorrow, and send that scrip to Otto Harbach right away, and tell him to tell me if he can make English out of it. We've got to get something to follow Oui, Oui, Wilhemina. You could have shot a machine gun through that orchestra last night and hit nothing but cut-rates.

One week later.

KIBBITZER & EPPUS
1000 Broadway,
N. Y. C.

September 12.

Miss Dixie Dugan,
439 Flatbush Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MISS DUGAN:

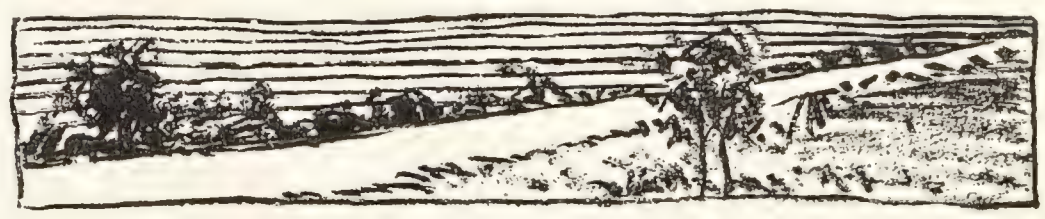
Can you come in and see Mr. Eppus tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock in regard to part in The Girl from Woolworth's?

This show is now being cast and rehearsals start in ten days.

Yours very truly,
MINNIE MOOTCH
(Secretary to Mr. Eppus).

It looks like things are on the up and up for Dixie and Jimmy now. But you never can tell about Broadway. Watch out for Old Man Trouble in the next installment.

Poems You Ought to Know



UPHILL

By CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

[Christina Rossetti was born in London in 1830. She came of that versatile family in which the father and sons, as well as the daughter, were writers, artists, critics, and poets. Among her writings are Goblin Market, which Dante Gabriel Rossetti illustrated, A Pageant and Other Poems, and several religious studies. She died in 1894.]

DOES the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

And WHY Not?

Lil and Sandy Warm Up Their Imagination

A Fireside Chapter in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

"GOOD night, children," Mrs. Morse called to Lil and Sandy. "Pop and I are off." And she banged the front door extra loud—a usual habit when a taxi purred at the curb! She and Mr. Morse were splurging, it being Ladies' Night at the lodge, and her new purple taffeta adding to the excitement of this great April event.

"The whole evening alone—just you and I," Sandy told Lil, lighting the logs in his father-in-law's fireplace. And he tuned in on sentimental, twanging ukulele music; then he got out his mother-in-law's can of marshmallows and a toasting fork.

Yellowed tongues of flame lazily lapping along the logs . . . a reddish, sparkling crackle . . . the fireplace's golden glow . . . a picture frame for dreams . . . and Lil and Sandy were the artists.

What fun it always is to paint dreams!

"About the baby," Sandy began. "Of course, he'll play on the football team of the State University. He's goin' to college—wish I had—and he'll go through with a bang! Head of every class, scholarships galore, and captain of basketball, hockey, crew, and football. Bless his little chesty chest!"

"Oh!" Visioning her son balanced upon his team's shoulders, that was all Lil could say. She feared for the safety of his bones.

"He must get knocked around to make him brave and soldierly—"

"Oh, not a soldier, surely? Anything but that, Sandy."

"Yes, that baby will be a soldier—and what a soldier!" he declared. He gave a log a kick with his shoe. "When the enemy swoops down upon our shores 'mid shot and shell—"

"He will get shot and shelled and killed, Sandy. That's what will be sure to happen. You shouldn't think up such dreadful things!"

"Pardon me, my dear! Little Sandy won't forget to dodge bullets," Big Sandy boasted. "He's goin' to get a private niche in history's archives. That means bravery unsurpassed! Commander in Chief of the army, Cæsar, Grant, Alexander the Great, Dewey, Napoleon, Stonewall Jackson, Wellington, William Tell—all those great heroes rolled into one: Sandford the Conqueror!"

"I can just see him mounted upon a gallant steed, cantering across dangerous battlefields," Lil said. "But I do get rather timid thinking about it."

The flicker of the fire . . . little purple squirts of flame licking up into the yellow . . . Sandy's tenth golden-browned marshmallow.

"And as for becoming President," he went on. "When that cute little son of ours gets sworn in, and his speech is broadcast to every home and hut throughout the U. S. A.—"

"How old will I be then?" Lil asked. "College, the army, politics, his inauguration. Why, that's fine! I won't be too old to be there in person." . . . Dreams of their son . . . red embers on the hearth . . .

"And why not?" Sandy said, kissing Lil.

Their fireplace fantasy!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

More than Man Could Bear

Dickie had lived all of his four years in a small town, and when his family moved to a farm he was disconsolate. One day I came upon him in the yard, looking so dejected I said:

"Dickie, why don't you like it out here in the country?"

He said, "Listen—do you hear anything?"

And when I said no, he said:

"Well, that's the way it is all the time."—Mrs. C. R. Brown, 810 Seiler Ave., Savannah, Ga.

Not Much to Ask

Bobby was trying to pull a drawer open. It stuck. He gave one last vigorous pull, using his whole weight in the attempt, but forgetting to brace himself. The result was that the drawer loosened up with a jerk, throwing Bobby off his feet and into a pail of water standing near by. As the astonished little boy picked himself up, he turned to his mother and said in a most reproachful tone, "Mother! Why didn't you look where I was going?"—Betty Arndt, 1043 E. 176th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Daily Massaging *with* Forhan's *keeps gums healthy and teeth alive*

MAKE THIS MINUTE TEST

STAND before your mirror. With your forefinger press against the lower gum. Increase the pressure gradually. Then quickly lift your finger. Its shape is outlined in white on the gum. Gradually the blood returns and the gum feels invigorated.

* * *

That is what happens when gums are massaged with Forhan's night and morning. The gums are kept youthful, healthy. And as a result, teeth remain alive and sound, provided they are submitted to dental inspection at regular intervals.

Why Gums Must Be Exercised

Neglected gums pull away from the teeth. They soften and soon become a favorite breeding ground for such insidious troubles as Pyorrhea, Gingivitis, and Trench Mouth—enemies of good health. As your dentist will tell you, to keep gums firm and free from infection, you must brush and massage them.

First thing in the morning and the last thing at night, massage your gums with Forhan's for the Gums. Just apply Forhan's to the index finger and thumb. Rub upper and lower gums both inside and out, rub the roof of the mouth until you feel the exhilarating glow that comes with increased circulation. Directions are in booklet that comes with each tube.

Don't Be Among The Unlucky 4 out of 5

Protect health against the grim foe that strikes 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger, dread Pyorrhea. Use Forhan's as a massage, as a dentifrice.

It cleans teeth and restores their natural whiteness. It protects them against acids which cause decay.

And in addition, it helps to firm gums and keep them youthful and sound. This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. is compounded with Forhan's Astringent used by dentists in the treatment of Pyorrhea.

Don't wait for warning signs, for gums to bleed and recede from teeth, for teeth to loosen in their sockets. Begin using Forhan's for the Gums, today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Mary's *In Bad* Now

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

(Reading time: 4 minutes 20 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

Well, the new one (only she isn't new any more) is in DIS-grace at last. I mean Mary, the one that walked in here and said she was my sister. I mean the one that made herself just as at home as if she belonged here.

Did she GET it for what she did yesterday? She DID.

I got it, too. But, as Aunt Toni says, that's not NEWS. Only when Mary got in bad it was.

She's always been such a GOOD girl ever since she came here with her suitcase. I tried to ungood her lots of times. I didn't want to be told any more that Mary wouldn't do this and that. NO—she was a GOOD girl. And now she's just like me. I like Mary now. I like her a whole, whole lot.

Do you know what is a dirty look? I don't know either. I only just heard about one. But I think that is what my Aunt Toni gave me when she told Mom as-so-ci-ashuns cer-TAIN-ly did tell on people. That was right after Mary did what she did yesterday and I was in the room with her when we were caught.

I didn't tell Mary to do it. I only said it would be fun if we did. And she said, "Yes, let's get the big scissors." And I said, "Do you know where they're hid?" And she said, "No, do you?" And I said, "Yes." And she said, "You show me." And I said, "All right." But I didn't take them out of the drawer. I couldn't reach. Mary could when I brought the stool over for her to stand on. And then I got ready to get my hair cut off with the scissors.

Mom's been talking for a week about taking me downtown to get my hair cut. She said I was beginning to look like Mugs. Mugs is a dog. He's a little dog. He belongs to the fat lady that lives downstairs. She sits on the bench in the hall.

Mugs can't see out of his eyes. They're all covered up with hair. It comes down all over his face like he was playing hide-and-seek with you. Just like mine before I get it cut. That's why Mom said I began to look like him. But when she saw me yesterday, after Mary got through with me, she said I looked like nothing she ever saw before.

Daddy said I looked like the devil. And I said, "What's the devil?" He said, "It's what you and I are apt to catch any minute if we don't watch our step. Mom's awful good on giving it," he said.

Aunt Toni said if it was only a style that could be im-i-tat-ed she wouldn't mind so much. BUT—but no other girl of her acquaintance would ever be guilty of making such a spec-tikkle of herself. So I said, "What's a spec-tikkle, Auntie?" And she said, "You should ask," and she hoped none of her friends would see me until my hair grew out. And when some people did come to see her last night she said, "No, you DON'T want to see Toni," after they said they did.

Per-son-ally, I think it would be just grand not to have any hair on your head at all. Then you'd never have to get it washed. And you wouldn't get any soap in your eyes. Nor any water in your ears. And pennies would slide off'n it easy, and plates and cups and books and matches and all the things you try to make slide off.

I think Mom ought to be glad she didn't have to take me downtown to get my hair cut. She says I'm a ter-RIBBle ordeal when she does. Joseph, who cuts it, says I'm not a ter-RIBBle ordeal. Only a or-deal. Mom puts money on a little plate for Joseph.

I guess they wouldn't have minded about my hair so much if the skin had showed through all over instead of only in patches. It would have if Mary hadn't got in-ter-rupt-ed before she got through.

You see, when Mary came to our house she brought her own doll, Mary, Jr. Mary, Jr.'s head is all hard and smooth and it hasn't any hair. Where there's a big crack you can see inside her head. There's nothing in it. But she's awful pretty. I said I wisht my head had no hair like Mary, Jr.'s, so I could look through the crack and see what was in it. That's when Mary said she'd fix it and when we both went to get the scissors. And we wouldn't have got in-ter-rupt-ed, maybe, before the skin showed all over except my ear got caught in the scissors. It didn't come off. Only some blood did on the scissors. And when Mary saw the blood she screamed. When she did I did, too. When she said she'd cut my ear I screamed more. It wasn't hurting till she told me that. And then it began to hurt something awful.

Pictures by RUTH KING

YOU see, when Mary came to our house she brought her own doll, Mary, Jr.

I guess they wouldn't have minded about my hair so much if the skin had showed through all over instead of only in patches.

And the more Mary got paddled by Mom, who tore in when she heard the screams, the more my ear hurt me. But I didn't get put to bed—not right away. Only Mary did. I got a piece of candy to make my ear stop hurting. It stopped right away. So Mom said she thought she'd take another look at that ear. She didn't think it could be very serious if a piece of candy could heal it so quickly.

When she looked there wasn't any cut at all. Then Mary started to cry that her finger was bleeding. Mom looked at it, and there the cut was that she was looking for on my ear.

Then Mom got to thinking it all over.

It's always a bad sign for me when she starts thinking things over. So I said, to make her stop thinking, "Mary, Jr., has nothing in her head. Only a crack."

BUT Mom didn't pay any 'ten-shun to me. So I said, "Have you got anything in your head, Mom?" She didn't answer me. So then I said, "Let's see if Aunt Toni has anything in her head through the crack. I'll get the stool so you can get the scissors like I did for Mary."

"You got the stool for Mary to get the scissors?" she said. And I said, "Yes; Mary didn't think of it."

"And who," she asked me, "had the idea first about cutting the hair off?"

I said I did. I thought she was going to think it was a bright idea, after all.

Then she said, "I guess I was harder on Mary than I should have been. You probably put her up to it. You've been putting her up to several things lately that I'm sure she never thought of herself."

I said, "Y-E-S," delighted.

So when I was put in bed beside Mary she asked me if I was sore anywhere behind like she was. And I said, "No," and she said she wasn't either. But she wisht Mom hadn't come in before I cut her hair off as I promised I would as soon as she got through mine.

I've got another one to tell you next week. Watch for it.—Toni.

A Breath

With the odor of Spring

BAD breath is a common and grave social offense. No beauty, no charm can offset it. It comes from many causes.

May-Breath tablets offer you protection. They form an instant deodorant, whether the cause is the mouth or the stomach.

Bad odors are combated at once.

Carry the pocket box of May-Breath. You will never go without it when you know.

May-Breath

An antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form

VENUS Pencils

The largest selling Quality pencil in the world

Universally used wherever the best is wanted:—*for general purposes, for drawing, for the most exacting technical requirements.*

There is just the right VENUS Pencil for everybody's every need among the 17 black degrees and 3 copying.

On sale everywhere

Send $1.00 for sample box of a dozen assorted styles

American Pencil Co., 216 Fifth Av., N.Y.

Makers of UNIQUE *Thin Lead Colored Pencils—12 colors—$1.00 per doz.*

$60 a week

Make $60 a week and be your own boss simply taking orders for my amazing new, fast selling All-Weather Coat. World's biggest value—only $3.98. At my bargain price every man, woman, child, a red-hot prospect. Everyone buys! Stone cleared $605 in 30 days.

Amazing New Raincoat

Never before such a value! This new coat is so attractive you'd expect it to cost twice its price. Finely tailored of high-quality, guaranteed rubberized fabric. Popular style. Six striking, vivid colors. Windproof, dustproof and waterproof.

ONLY $3.98

No Experience Needed

No capital required. I tell you what to do—I furnish everything absolutely FREE. Sample coat for demonstration *at no cost.* Spare time or full time. If $60 a week sounds good to you, write at once for details of my amazing new money-making plan. No cost or obligation. Don't delay, *write today.*

THIS COAT ONLY $3.98

C. E. COMER, Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 1307-F Dayton, Ohio

EARAKINE STOPS EARACHE

Softens the wax. All drug stores, or by mail —50c. C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit, Mich.

If *We Lose Our* Nerve *Shall We Gain Our Youth?*

By EILEEN BOURNE

THE old adage, "Youth will have its day," is obsolete. Youth is going to have its lifetime. For Old Age, already staggering under the blows of modern medical science, received, a few weeks ago in Vienna, a left hook which ought to make the rest of the round mere child's play.

It was young Dr. Karl Doppler who delivered the blow. He is the most recent protagonist to enter the rejuvenation ring. A Viennese paper announced his new method in letters an inch high. Excitement ran through the city and flashed its way by cable across the world. Youthfulness to be had! Without operation! By a method as simple as it is effective.

Dr. Doppler's work is based on facts known for some time about the sympathetic nervous system. The latter is really a most unsympathetic system indeed; for it is absolutely in league against us with old age and does its very best to betray the body to the enemy.

Many of us realize that as we grow older all our nerves become more tightly strung and more clamorous. But it comes as a shock to learn that the sympathetic nerves which are connected with the blood vessels become so violent as actually to strangle those blood vessels. They choke off the legitimate supply. And although every organ of the body suffers from this throttling process, it is its effect on the glands which is most destructive.

For, as we said in our article last week, the glands are chiefly responsible for keeping the body young and active. They produce and distribute a substance called hormone, which is as essential to the youthful vigor of body cells as air is to the lungs. Undernourished glands fail to accomplish this important work and what follows is clearly apparent in the toneless skin, straggly hair, and flabby flesh which make the thought of old age so repellent.

Now, Dr. Doppler decided that if the deadly clutch of these special nerves upon the blood vessels could be loosened, greater nourishment could be assured the glands, and therefore longer activity and youth to the entire body. But how to accomplish this? Operation was impossible, for these nerves are scattered throughout the physical organism. He therefore decided that the destruction of the nerves by chemical means was the only possible way.

What he had to find was a substance which would do this without injuring the rest of the system. And at last he did so. A drug called phenol does the trick. An incision is made in the region of the appendix and the cut painted with the drug. After a few days this is carried by the blood all through the body and it kills the overactive *nervus sympaticus.* The blood vessels then expand to their normal size, and the blood flows freely again and reaches the glands in full strength. As a result they are once more able to continue their work.

ALREADY this important treatment has made an enormous impression in medical circles. Dr. Doppler's clinic has been visited by physicians from many countries. The young physician is soon coming to America to demonstrate his treatment and teach others how to use it. He has been assisted by his own chief, Dr. Hans Lorenz.

So far the success has been notable. Two hundred persons have taken this treatment and have markedly improved under it. True, many of them had serious maladies to be cured. But there were also cases of people prematurely aging who after the phenol application regained much of their youth and vigor. New growth of hair and improvement in the texture and firmness of the skin were results of especial importance.

The young scientist seemed reluctant to speak of his extraordinary success. "Don't be angry," he said, "if I must say that I have to submit my ideas formally in my published work before I can talk freely about them."

And doubtless he is right. For most of his work dates back only two years. One must reserve opinion. No one can yet assure us absolutely that this is the one right way to youth and beauty.

The woman of today who takes the upkeep of her appearance seriously has to do more than her daily exercises, her chin patting, and her careful make-up. She has to be in touch with the development of medical science. For that has become the great pathfinder of youth.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State..... 86

A New Face For Spring!

Does this gayest of the seasons find your skin dull, sallow, lined, perhaps blemished? . . . These are the signs of SKIN-FATIGUE.

Answer the crying need of your skin, revivify your charm, with the only logical and resultful means of counteracting SKIN-FATIGUE—the ACTIVE, scientific beauty preparations created by HELENA RUBINSTEIN, the most distinguished beauty scientist of our day—

Spring Beauty Guide

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—the basis of beauty—cleanses the skin immaculately, molds away the "drawn look"—smooths, softens, protects. Unsurpassed for normal skins, and the only cream cleanser positively beneficial to oily or pimpled skin. 1.00

VALAZE CLEANSING AND MASSAGE CREAM—quickly removes dust and make-up. Unexcelled for dry, sensitive skins. 75c, 1.25

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKIN-FOOD—the skin-clearing masterpiece—purifies, refines, animates. Unsurpassed for sallowness and light freckles. 1.00

VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION—firms tissue, removes fine lines. 1.25

Oily Skin—Large Pores—Blackheads

VALAZE PORE PASTE SPECIAL—washes away blackheads, oiliness; closes pores. 1.00

VALAZE LIQUIDINE—corrects oiliness and "shine." 1.50

To Heighten Personality

WATER LILY POWDER—exquisite, clingy. Novena (dry skins), Complexion (normal and oily skins) 1.50. *Water Lily Lipstick*—Red Ruby (medium), Red Cardinal (light) 1.25—in Chinese Red, Jade Green or Jet Black cases to match compacts. *Double Compact* 2.50; Golden, 3.00; *Single Compact,* 2.00; *Golden,* 2.50.

Rubinstein beauty preparations are dispensed by trained and competent advisers at all the better stores, or may be ordered directly from Dept. Y 4-7.

Helena Rubinstein

8 E. 57th St., New York

Chicago, 670 N. Michigan Ave.
Paris London
Boston Detroit
Philadelphia Newark

VOX POP

"Learned Scribe," Nothing! This Was Supposed to Be Funny

TORONTO, CANADA—The greatness of Shakespeare knows no nationality, but belongs to the civilized world. Of

course he is a great American, but also a great Canadian, Australian, German, etc. England does not claim him for her own, but she did have the honor of being the stage on which he, "in his time," played "many parts."

You did not *take* Shakespeare from England; England *gave* him to the world. Why, then, did your learned scribe—author of your editorial, "Wm. Shakespeare—A Great American"—tell the English to "laugh off" the statement of Shakespeare's Americanism?

Until reading your editorial I never heard of a country trying to monopolize him to such an extent that the country of his birth has to go and laugh the fact off, "if possible." Perhaps this is due to the painful lack of literary genius in the U. S.—*Ken Webb.*

Oh, All Right

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Have read your editorial on Shakespeare being made an American. Where do you get that stuff? Why should we praise him (an Englishman) in regard to the stage, when his people are always criticizing our shows, operas, dramas, and movies, let alone giving us a little deserved credit.

So let's put a real American on that monument and give our praise to him.—*A Mayor Thompson Admirer: Jos. Stevens.*

If an Atheist, Why Wonder?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We wonder what Christ would say if He saw your slogan: "Our Country—Right or Wrong." Or if He saw a man going around with a medal pinned on his breast for services in the war, or if He saw a woman dangling in the air, choking to death, tied to a scaffold. In Christian countries who can claim Him to be their God?—*Anon (Atheist).*

One Friend for the British

CENTER, TEX.—I believe Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "When the World Screamed" to be the most splendid story to appear in months.

LIBERTY is to be congratulated for maintaining such enviably high standards as to draw the writings of master penmen like Doyle and Kipling.—*John W. Lynch.*

Well, We Strive to Please

STATE SANATORIUM, ARK.—We, the undersigned, are bugs at the Arkansas Tuberculosis Sanatorium. Our physician has advised us not to read anything serious or of literary value. We have unanimously decided to read nothing but LIBERTY, as we feel that it meets our doctor's requirements.

After agreeing upon this magazine, it was necessary that one of us walk four miles to get a copy, and he had to steal it; but of course "lungers" are not responsible for what they do.—*Joe Peters, Bill Chachere, Hiram Jones, Shorty Simmons.*

More Targets for Vox Pop?

NATCHEZ, MISS.—If you desire to improve your magazine, please give us more of your splendid editorials and cut out those *untrue* bloodthirsty air stories and your rotten sport articles. I repeat—more editorials!—*Isaac Raynewater.*

Tell Him to Hurry

SPOKANE, WASH.—There are ten in our family. Nine of us read LIB-

ERTY. The baby can't, as yet, but give him time.—*100% Boosters.*

"Color, Creed, or Race"

CLEVELAND, OHIO—In reply to a "Reader" of LIBERTY who criticized your valuable and fine magazine in regard to the article, "The Pope at Home," I want to ask the worthy "Reader" what he means by saying: "This is a Protestant country"? How does he get that way? This is *not* a Protestant country.

Our country, as all fair-minded Americans know, was discovered by a Roman Catholic. Our freedom was fought for and won by men of all denominations, regardless of color, creed, or race.

The Constitution was signed by men of different creeds who thought only of the welfare of those who came to this country to throw off the yoke of kings and emperors and narrow-minded reformers. If the leaders of this Republic felt as the "Reader" does we soon would have a Russia in its worst form.

Give us more of such fine articles on the great men of the world, regardless of class or creed. Tell us something about our fine big Jewish leaders—and we also enjoy knowing something about the lives of our brothers, the non-believers.—*Mrs. J. W. Stein.*

Maybe They Only Seem So

PERRYVILLE, MO.—If LIBERTY consisted only of Frank Luke and Toni, Jr., it still would be worth twice the price. Why, oh, *why*, do you make the best stories so short, and the insipid bunk in the dead stories so long?—*H. Markwort.*

Dempsey and the War

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Your Charles J. McGuirk was doing splendidly at the job of making a national idol out of William Harrison (Jack) Dempsey, "The Manassa Mauler," until he came to the events during the World War, and there he touched a sore spot.

This spot became more sensitive when he talked of Dempsey doing "war work," and threatening to enlist in the navy, and when McGuirk made no reference to "shipyard occupations."

Tunney is a bruiser, too, but certainly a more creditable one, because Tunney can watch the flag go by without hanging his head in shame. —*F. C.*

DETROIT, MICH. — Haw! Haw! Haw! Oh, please stop printing such funny things in your magazine.

In the Dempsey articles I came across these lines, and—Ho! Ho! Ho! My, oh, my! Anyway, it went something like this: "Dempsey *plunged* into war work—a fight was *given* to Willie Meehan"; and a little further on it got screamingly funny with: "The war ended just as Dempsey waived exemption and got ready for service in the navy." My, oh, my! "Just as the war ended—" Oh, my! I can't go any further. Haw! Haw! Haw!—*M. M. Rule.*

Undoubtedly a Good Actor

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Please tell me how the LIBERTY number of *Judge* got away with panning LIBERTY? I don't know whether they helped LIBERTY, or what have you?

I have read *Judge* and LIBERTY for some years, but think they carried their fun too far.—*Kenneth Gillum, "Just an Actor."*

Faithful, Come What May

BOSTON, MASS.—In your article, "Presidential Possibilities—Smith," the uncalled-for, insulting, scandalous slur on the late President Harding must not go unchallenged. What must your readers in the Middle West (more especially in the State of Ohio) think of it? I am referring to a question in your article, and its answer:

"Is Al Smith of Presidential caliber? With such Presidents as Zachary Taylor, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, U. S. Grant, W. H. Taft, and Warren Harding in mind, the question has its ironic aspects."

Warren G. Harding was one of nature's gentlemen, you or O'Donnell Bennett to the contrary notwithstanding.—*J. O'Rourke.*

Diagnosis

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Here is my opinion of your February 25 issue:

Cover—Very good.

Editorial—Very inspiring.

"When the World Screamed"—Starts very interesting.

"Jack Dempsey"—So much bunk.

"The Lost Chord" — Terrible junk. (Is that all the author thinks of—Wine, Women, and Song?)

"Presidential Possibilities" — It don't click.

Ralph Barton—Knows his stuff.

"Show Girl"—Right up on top.

"The Balloon Buster"—Very interesting.

"The Aim of the Modern High-School Girl"—Fair reading matter.

"The Sword of Damocles"—Among the best.—*Alvin J. Sommers.*

Sorry; We Have to Move Page About for Reasons of "Make-up"

CHICAGO, ILL.—Don't you think you would be doing your readers a good turn if you would put "For the Love o' Lil" always on one certain page, say, the next to the back cover?

Some weeks ago it appeared on page 61. I remembered to turn to the vicinity of page 61 the week afterward. Alas, I finally found it on page 82. It keeps flitting about that way. Really, it's most exasperating.—"*One of the Many.*"

Giving Our Little Girl a Hand

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.—Can't see anyone knock LIBERTY—especially "Show Girl." Being an actor myself,

I know it is all true. My wife and I have had a million laughs over it. —*Ex-Soldier.*

A Real Nice Province, Too

MEDICINE HAT, ALBERTA, CANADA —After giving a great review to "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," a picture that is so poor that it has had to be "pulled" in several theaters to keep from spoiling business, Frederick James Smith goes hay-wire again and gives Miss Fay Wray's place of birth as "a little town near Alberta, Canada."

This Alberta, Canada, is a province covering about 253,000 square miles, which is just about the size of the State of Texas. Smith's geography and reviewing seem to be a bunch of horse feathers!—*F. P. Large.*

POLLY half reclined on a sofa, pulling her legs up in a subtle manner that exposed an unnecessary amount of écru silk stocking.

Into TEMPTATION

A Story of What Happened to a Young Man's Good Resolution

By

EDWARD HOPE

Pictures by R. P. COLEMAN

(Reading time: 24 minutes 42 seconds.)

BENJAMIN B. DIX laid aside the blue-backed typewritten report he had been glowering at, raised his head, and allowed his small gray eyes to peep forth from the pouches in which they lurked. He cleared his throat.

"Good morning, Mr. Powers," he rumbled. "Sit down."

One convulsive fat finger indicated a chair at the end of the broad, satiny desk. Tony seated himself apprehensively and said nothing. He was oppressed by this great, expensively simple office and by its bulgy monarch.

"Professor Glaspel has recommended you in the highest terms," said Benjamin B. Dix accusingly. "He tells me that, in spite of your athletic activities, you are an earnest young man, that you worked your way through college and were graduated with honors."

Mr. Dix cleared his throat again.

"Why do you want to tutor my son? Do you intend to become a teacher?"

"No, sir; I intend to go into business. But this is something I can do. For the summer. To save a little money. In the fall I hope to get a job in business."

"Good. Practical viewpoint. Professional teachers are theorists; live in a fog." Mr. Dix rubbed his chin, which gave forth a sandpapery sound. "Let me tell you about my son," he said.

"Yes, sir. I'd be interested."

"Ben is not a stupid boy," pronounced the father. "He's lazy. He's stubborn. He's spoiled—his mother has spoiled him. He resists teaching. But he is not stupid."

Tony nodded.

"He is fifteen," Mr. Dix went on, "and he's about a year behind in school. If he passes certain examinations in the fall, he can make this up."

"I see," said Tony, as if a complicated situation had been explained.

"Last summer," said Mr. Dix, "I had a tutor for him. Old college professor. He learned nothing. Absolutely nothing, I can assure you. I think his tutor was too old. Too set in his ways. Too dried up. Old dodo. Tried to talk to him myself. Bored me to death. Probably bored Ben too. That's why I want a young man this time."

"I see."

"I want you"—Mr. Dix leaned forward and tapped the immaculate desk-top with an immaculate pudgy finger—"to win his confidence, respect. He's read about you in the papers, seen your picture. So have I." The fat hands rubbed together. "I'm a Yale man myself. Seen

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Afraid of getting moonburned?" she said, and laughed.

[INTO TEMPTATION Continued from Page Seventy-five]

you play. But that's all over and done with."

"Yes, sir; I know."

"Still, we'll use that to win Ben over. He's sick of old codgers. When he sees a young man, an athlete, interested in school work, educated, he'll have more respect. And you can keep him out of mischief. The Lord knows, a father can't keep track of his children these days. Never know what they're up to, the things that are going on. So you can keep him out of mischief. Swim with him. Play tennis. Golf."

"Yes, sir."

BENJAMIN B. DIX frowned, shifted in his chair, and came to rest, leaning forward.

"I've got only one objection to you," he said at length.

"Sir?"

"You're too damned good-looking; too romantic."

"Romantic?" Tony leaned forward now.

"Don't mean you're silly," said the older man. "But other people are."

"I'm afraid I don't understand you, sir."

"I've got a daughter," rumbled Benjamin B. Dix gloomily. "Twenty. Exceptionally pretty. Men follow her around like flies. Partly for herself. Partly because the man she marries'll have the spending of a lot of money."

"I see."

"I don't want her getting tangled up with any man till she's older. No matter who."

Once again Tony's prospective employer cleared his throat.

"As you know, I'm offering unusually high pay for the right tutor."

"Yes, sir. Very generous pay."

"Tell you what. I'll add an inducement. How'd you like the paper business?" He made a two-finger gesture indicating the room as expressive of the enterprise.

"Why—very well, I should think, sir."

"All right. Now, if you are—uh—satisfactory as my son's tutor this summer—satisfactory in—uh—every way—I'll start you in here in the fall. How's that?"

"That's great, Mr. Dix. I'd certainly appreciate it."

"Very well. I expect absolute discretion. I mean, with my daughter. No nonsense. At the first sign of—of—uh—anything between you and Polly—you're fired. Do you agree to that?"

"Why—yes, sir."

Mr. Dix rubbed his chin scratchily again.

"I will not give Polly any instructions about her conduct toward you. I have found that such instructions simply tend to aggravate the situation. Modern young people have exalted ideas of their—uh—rights. I will say nothing to my daughter."

Tony nodded. "Very well, sir."

Mr. Dix pressed a button on the corner of his desk. The efficient-looking young woman who sat outside the throne-room door entered silently.

"Miss Oliver, will you please give Mr. Powers the letter from Thurlow School outlining the work Ben is to do this summer? And find a train for him to take for Little Bay tomorrow morning. And get him a ticket. And tell him how to go. And call the house and have somebody meet him at the station."

He wiggled as if to indicate that the spirit was willing to rise, and extended his hand to Tony.

"See you Friday night, then, Mr. Powers. I stay in town through the week and go out for week-ends. Good luck to you."

"Thank you, Mr. Dix."

II

A TALL, expressionless man in black opened the door, stood back while Tony passed through, and received the bags from the footman. Tony had never noticed before how battered his bags were. Uncertain of the next move, he hesitated. The indoor lackey came to his rescue.

"You are to have rooms in the east wing, sir," he said. "I'll show you."

He was awarded a sitting room, sleeping porch, bedroom, and bath. The lackey opened his bags for him—he became painfully conscious of the tattered state of his pajamas, which were on top—warned him that luncheon would be served in fifteen minutes, and mercifully left.

While he prepared himself for his first sight of the other Dixes, Tony let his mind dwell on the possibilities in the paper business for making profits.

Mrs. Dix was pink and white and ample. She was motherly as a dowager queen must be motherly. At a glance you knew that she played a great deal of bridge at rather high stakes, and that she organized charity bazaars and fresh-air camps, and was a leader of garden clubs and civic betterment movements. Her perfectly friendly greeting to Tony, as he came into the broad and flower-splashed living room, made him wish he had kept on his city clothes, instead of changing to white flannels and sports shoes.

She inquired about his journey from town, and, before he had time to answer, produced her son from a fat chair where he had been lolling.

"Benjamin," she said, "this is Mr. Powers. I hope, Mr. Powers, that you and Benjamin are going to have many pleasant hours together."

One look at the scion of the Dix family was enough to convince Tony that a pleasant minute would be an optimistic forecast. He grasped the fat, hot hand and forced a smile.

"Hello," said Benjamin, staring insultingly.

"Well," said Tony, "are you ready for Cæsar's Gallic Wars and the Lake poets?"

"Aw!" remarked Benjamin, and turned away in disgust.

"Polly dear," said Mrs. Dix, at Tony's elbow, "this is Mr. Powers. My daughter," she

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-NINE]

© 1928 N. C. A.

Always Remember—

that Candy relieves fatigue and builds energy. It is the ideal gift. So on Holidays, Sundays and every day—

Sweeten the Day with Candy!

ON every Candy counter, every day, you'll find your favorite Candy inviting you to enjoy yourself. For where can you get so much pleasure for so little cost? Giving Candy is an investment in happiness that pays handsomely. Enjoy the good things of life—treat *yourself* to Candy, whether a box or just a bite or two. Candy is good for you because of its wholesome combination of milk, sugar, nuts, fruits and other healthful foods.

NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION
AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES

As vivid as the age As modern As tomorrow

Bringing a new enjoyment to all men who keep their grip on youth!

You've never worn anything so satisfying. Style—color—dash—verve! The primitive masculine instinct for splendor finding its perfect outlet. . . . ¶ Pajamas by Glover! You see them wherever you find men—of any age—with the zest of youth. No longer are these Pajamas confined to the bedroom. Now, through the leisure hours in the intimacy of the home, men revel in their rich comfort, their virile beauty. ¶ Around the radio, at the late Sunday breakfast, on the davenport after a trying day at the office—in clubs, college dormitories—in the Pullmans of crack trains. Everywhere—these Glover Pajamas! A different sort of Pajamas, yes. Styled with the swank of a European watering-place—tailored to the perfection that is distinctively Glover's—in patterns and colors to meet every individual expression of good taste. . . . ¶ What sheer joy there is in wearing them! Give yourself this satisfaction, this very night. Ask for Glover Pajamas at your favorite store.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY

New York Chicago Dubuque San Francisco

(*Address Executive Offices, Dubuque, Iowa*)

The few styles and patterns pictured are typical of the broad range of Glover Pajamas at every price from $2 to $25. Look for the woven Glover label! If your store cannot supply you, write us.

Ask to see the *Glover Sports Special Shirt*—collar-attached—with Kayway shoulder and free-swing back—champion of golf shirts—$3. Smart style and flawless tailoring distinguish all Glover Shirts.

Glover's
BRIGHTON CARLSBAD
Sleepingwear

SURPRISE YOUR WIFE!

CRILLON, $5 in Gold, Blue, Helio, Green

JOCKEY CLUB, $5 in Gold, Tan, Blue, Black

MONTE CARLO, $3 in Blue, Black, and Helio

COMMODORE, $3 in Black, Tan, and Navy

NEWPORT, $6.50 in Green, Helio, Blue, Black—with belt

SPRINGTIME, $3 in Orange, Red, Helio, Blue

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, $4.50 (on the figure)—in Red, Orange, Tan

GLOVER PAJAMAS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

announced. Tony raised his eyes to the girl who had come in.

Tony's forced smile and a formal bow disintegrated, half accomplished, as he saw Polly. Words did not come to him. He compelled the smile to finish itself.

"Hello," said the girl. "So you're the learned professor."

Polly, christened Pauline in 1907 after Mr. Dix's maiden sister, had robbed other men of their composure simply by allowing them to gaze upon her.

How a union of the paunchy Benjamin B. Dix and the sleek but chinful lady who was his wife could have produced this lovely lyric in flesh and blood had mystified more experienced observers than Tony.

She was straight and slender and easy. Her swirly bobbed hair was an almost luminous light brown; but the face it framed was darkish, and the eyes were that dark brown which is spoken of as black. Her smile suggested an infinite number of other moods her mouth could express. To Tony, whose life had not been wholly cloistered, it even managed somehow to suggest cool softness against his own lips.

He organized himself.

"The absent-minded professor himself," he smiled—not very successfully.

As they went into the dining room, he decided that his job for the summer was no sinecure, after all. He concluded that his employer had taken an unfair advantage of him in exacting the promise without first showing him Polly.

Not that he would allow one mere girl's mere physical beauty to come between himself and a promising future. All that was necessary was a little more care than usual—particularly care not to allow situations to arise.

III

BUT situations began to try to arise almost at once.

That very first afternoon, for instance.

Tony and Ben—having decided that the tutoring should begin with the next day—played an approximation of tennis on the court that overlooked the billowy green lawn sloping down to the Sound.

Tony, remembering that one of his duties was to keep his charge healthily occupied, suggested a swim; and Ben, for some unfathomable reason, agreed that it would be pleasant. They walked toward the house together. As they did so, a red roadster was visible on the drive. Ben waved.

"Oh, Poll!" he yelled. "Pollleee!" The car stopped. "How a-bout a swee-um?" howled Ben.

Polly got out of the roadster and held one hand cupped behind a probably small coral-pink ear.

"How a-bout swim-mun?" Ben bellowed again.

Polly's head moved up and down in pantomimic assent, and she got back into the car.

As she drove on toward the house, Tony cleared his throat, rubbed his forehead with the back of his hand, frowned.

"As long as you've got company," he said, "I don't believe I'll swim with you. I've got a little headache. Think I'll lie down a bit."

"'Lead us,'" he thought to himself, as Ben protested, "'not into temptation.'"

As the summer went on, the threat of Polly hung over Tony Powers like a Damoclean sword. Through mornings when he was secluded with Ben in earnest consideration of the deadly commentaries of Cæsar, the only slightly less deadly maunderings of William Wordsworth, and the equalizations of *a* and *b* and *x* and *y*, the tutor's mind strayed incorrigibly to remembered looks in Polly's eyes and flashes of Polly's silken knees and twists of Polly's red lips.

Inevitably, he met her at luncheon and dinner and occasionally about the house, but all evitable meetings he escaped. The paper business was the source of all this comfort, all this peace, all these swarming servants; and into the paper business Tony was going.

Afternoons he spent in swimming, playing golf and tennis, and occasionally sailing the catboat with Ben, who was actually improving, both in his learning and in his manners.

Evenings were Tony's own, and an old car had been assigned for his use as he might see fit. He drove hither and yon over the countryside.

But Polly kept popping up.

TONY could not go to sleep. The full moon, three-quarters of the way up the sky, was shining in through the screens that were his walls, silvering the restless leaves outside, softening, he knew, the softness of the lawn, the dock, the boats on the water.

He gave up his attempt to sleep, got out of bed, pulled on socks and shoes and got into shirt and trousers. He tiptoed silently down through the house, taking the back stairs he used when he came in in a wet bathing suit, and out to the lawn. A hazy miracle stretched before him.

On the dock he sat and smoked two or three cigarettes, thinking of nothing—and everything. The water slapped and swished below him, and out where he was staring vacantly the moonlight struck sparks from the small waves.

Tony took off one shoe and one sock and dipped his toes experimentally into the water. He pulled off the other shoe and started on the other sock.

"I shouldn't do anything rash,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Money Can Not Buy a Better Writing Pen

You pick the point that fits your writing stroke

There are fourteen different styles of points to choose from—Wahl makes 'em all—and there's *one that writes like you.*

Find that one. See your dealer today and try the range of Wahl graduated, easy-writing points.

For real writing satisfaction, pick your pen by its point. This Wahl is a matchless value at this sensible price, five dollars.

WAHL EVERSHARP

PENS AND PENCILS

Genuine Eversharp Lead 15c

© 1928, The Wahl Company, Chicago: The Wahl Company, Ltd., Toronto

Outstanding... for Beauty for Comfort for Value!

No. 1032

Offered by leading furniture shops everywhere in 55 handsome styles . . . in 125 striking new colors and fabrics . . . all selected for smartness and long wear—the Royal Easy Chair is outstanding among *all* chairs for beauty.

No. 61

Reclining Back and Disappearing Legrest Provide Utmost Comfort

They are outstanding for comfort—for not only is the design and upholstering of these chairs supremely restful—but when you pull a hidden ring, *without moving from the chair,* the back adjusts itself silently to your mood . . . sitting . . . lounging . . . fully reclined; while another pull of the ring returns the back to its original or any intermediate position. And hidden away so you'd never guess it was there is the wonderfully comfortable leg rest.

The World's Easiest Easy Chair

No. 825

These are the exclusive comfort features which have made Royal Easy Chairs world famous.

More beautiful than most . . . more stylish than most . . . more comfortable than *any . . . yet costing no more*—Royal Easy Chairs are outstanding for value, too.

L-3

Royal Easy Chair Company, Sturgis, Michigan

Please send me your FREE book "The Chair in the Home"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Royal EASY-CHAIRS STURGIS MICHIGAN

Comfort ROYAL Easy Chairs and Davenports FRANCHISE DEALER

[INTO TEMPTATION Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

said Polly's voice, quite close by.

Tony nearly fell into the water he had wanted to slip into so quietly. He got up from the boards awkwardly, a shoe in one hand, and faced about.

"He-hello," he murmured.

Polly came toward him, white and vague in the moonlight.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you," she said, "but I thought it was better to tell you I was here."

"Y-es. Have you been there long?"

"No. I just came home from a party. I thought I'd come down and have a look at the moonlight."

She was at his side now, and he could see the soft curve of her bare shoulders in an evening dress.

"I—I'm sorry I obtruded myself," said Tony.

"You whatted yourself?"

"Got myself in the way. I came down for the same reason."

"It's really worth looking at, isn't it?"

"Yes. I've been here quite a while. I was just going up to bed."

"Really? I had an idea you were going swimming."

"Well, I was. And then to bed."

"Afraid of getting moon-burned?" she said, and laughed. "I should think you'd be bored to death, associating with that awful brother of mine all day," she said.

"No," he assured her. "Oh, no. It's interesting, you know. Teaching."

"But you look like such a healthy young man and you're so used to excitement. Football and everything."

"It's a nice change," he said. He executed the suggestion of a stretch. "Well—"

"Going?"

"Yes. Got to be up in the morning. Must get to bed. Are you going up?"

"No. It's too beautiful to leave. I'm going to stay a bit."

"Well—"

"Good night," she said suddenly.

He went.

IT was a week or so later. Mrs. Dix was reading, finishing one more chapter before she peeked in the back of the book to see who really stole the jewels—after which she would go to bed. Across the room, Tony too was reading.

The telephone shattered the silence. Mrs. Dix jumped.

"Dear! Who can that be at this hour?" she burst out. "I wonder if you'd mind answering, Mr. Powers. I'm afraid the servants are in bed."

"Not at all."

Tony went. In a moment he was back.

"It is Miss Dix for you," he said. "Somebody was driving her home, and the car broke down. She wants to know if you can send for her."

Mrs. Dix clucked, put down her book, and went into the next room. She came back presently, her under lip nipped in her teeth.

"Mr. Powers, I wonder if I may ask you a favor?"

"Certainly." Tony rose. "Anything at all."

"I shouldn't ask you, for the world. But Harrigan is in town, and Morris is ill and I don't like to ask him to get up. Would it be too much to ask you to go? You could take Polly's car. She and Tommy Calvin are at a drug store in Huntington, and Tommy has to stay to look after the car."

Tony managed to find the drug store.

"YOU'D better drive," he told Polly. "It's your car. I might ruin it."

"No," she said; "you drive. I'm cold." She got in. "Oh, Lord! Where's the steamer rug?"

"I don't know," said Tony. "I didn't see it."

"Oh, damn! I remember. I took it out this afternoon. I'm going to freeze!"

After considerable persuasion, she put on his coat. It made her look small and helpless. They started on the homeward journey.

A mile or two farther on, she slid over closer to him. He was proud that the car did not swerve an inch and show the condition of his nerves. "Do you mind if I sit near you?" she asked. "It's simply perishing over there where the wind comes in."

He kept his eyes on the road. "Would you like me to put up the side curtains?"

"Not unless you mind my sitting here. It's much warmer."

"Just as you like," he said.

They rode on in silence. Tony noticed, to his dismay, that her knees were clearly reflected in the windshield, and observed that they were quite as lovely as he had feared from earlier glimpses.

He reached for the dash light, turned it out.

"Does the professor like the dark?"

"It's some trick about my eyes. The dashlight gets into the corners of them and I can't see the road."

She made no comment on this.

He pressed his foot down farther on the gas pedal. Sixty-five miles an hour or so on a strange road would force him to concentrate. Every second, he thought, every mile per hour, was bringing him closer to home and safety.

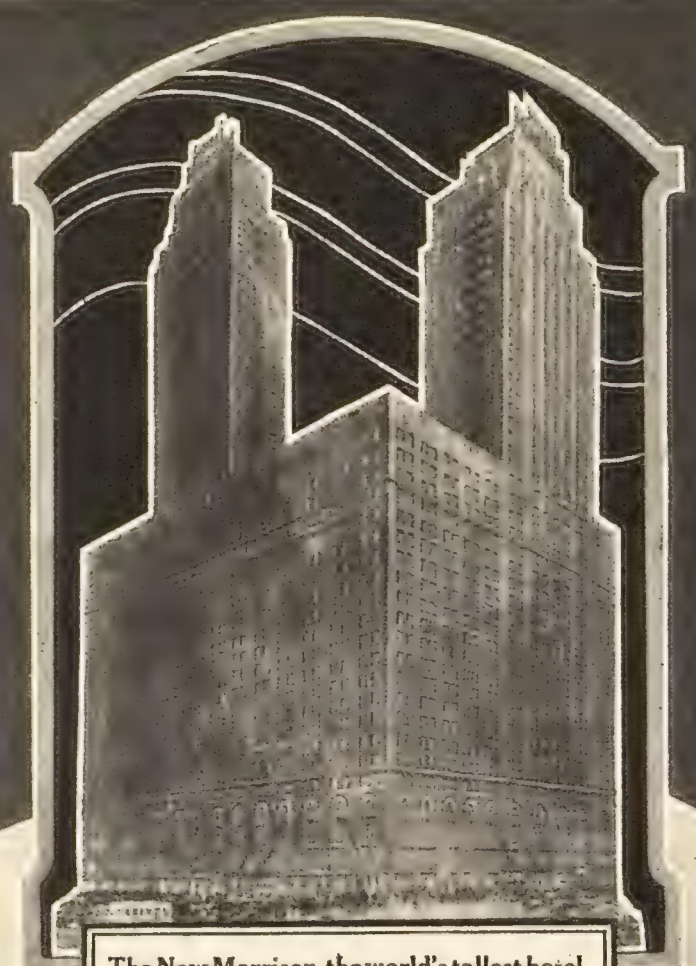
"There was an old monk from Siberia," his brain told him, "whose existence grew drearia and drearia. Till he sprang — from his cell—with a hell—of a yell—"

They finished the trip to the Dix summer palace without incident.

TONY was to have dinner alone. It was a Friday night in late July. Mr. and Mrs. Dix and Ben had driven away to dine with relatives in a near-by town. Polly was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTY-TWO]

The Quiet Tower-Rooms of Chicago's 46-Story MORRISON HOTEL



The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

500 Feet Above The City's Liveliest Intersection

Guest Room in the Tower, Morrison Hotel

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

$2.50 Up

Chicago's Most Central Hotel

NO OTHER HOTEL in the world offers its guests so wide a choice of surroundings as the Morrison. The inspiring animation and gaiety of America's inland metropolis, and the placid calm of a mountain chalet may be exchanged *in a few seconds*.

In the World's Tallest Hotel—

—not a sound disturbs the unbroken tranquility of the Morrison's tower rooms. Yet, when in the mood, the guest can find at the foot of the tower the merriest, cheeriest environment that any great city can show.

The Terrace Garden And Boston Oyster House

In the Terrace Garden he enjoys the most delicious menus, while dancing and picturesque entertainments enliven an ever changing scene. In the Boston Oyster House he finds duplicated every detail of the classic rendezvous that became part of Chicago's history fifty years ago.

1944 Rooms, Each With Bath

All rooms are outside, with bath, running ice water, telephone, bed-head lamp, and Servidor. A housekeeper is stationed on each floor, and all guests have garage privileges. Yet rooms are engaged here that would cost nearly double at any other leading hotel—owing to the high sublease values at this central location, which pay all the ground rent.

TABLE OF RATES (Single in Each Case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00

16 Corner Suites, $12.00 · 16 Suites, $15.00 · 6 Suites, $20.00

Sample rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

Write or Wire for Reservations

MORRISON HOTEL

THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE

and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT

CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

[INTO TEMPTATION Continued from Page Eighty]

to be called for by a pedigreed youth and taken to an approved road house for dinner and dancing.

But the pedigreed youth, as is the custom with pedigreed youths, played polo in the afternoon, and, as is not unusual, was thrown from his pony on his arm, which inconveniently broke.

Polly dined at home with her brother's tutor.

The meal was served under the thorough chaperonage of hovering lackeys. With a sense of safety, for the moment at least, Tony was calm with Polly for the first time. They talked of injuries in athletics, which topic brought the conversation naturally to football.

Properly led on, Tony permitted himself a few anecdotes of college athletics in which he was a leading character.

They moved into the living room for their coffee. Polly half reclined on a sofa, pulling her legs up in a subtle manner that accentuated their grace and exposed an unnecessary amount of écru silk stocking. Which made it necessary for Tony to lean back in his chair and look dreamily at the ceiling.

The servants had retired to the inner recesses of the palace.

"I've never understood," offered Polly, putting down her coffee cup, "what makes girls so silly about athletes. It must be the caveman complex; and I don't understand that. I've never had any craving to be tossed around by a brute."

"Here's a match," said Tony, and went and lighted her cigarette.

"I suppose it's the possessive instinct, too. The same thing that makes a woman want to wear the most expensive diamonds makes her want to own the biggest and strongest man. She likes to parade him around and say, 'See? This is mine!'"

"But that works both ways." Tony allowed his eyes to stray down from the ceiling for a moment. "A man likes to have the most beautiful woman, too."

"Still, I notice most of them are willing to content themselves with what they can get."

"Yes—after a fashion. One compromises."

"Compromises women." Polly stretched slightly, luxuriously. "The nice part about being a man is that nothing very serious can overtake you. You can attempt what you please. And if you lose, you lose nothing."

She wiggled her toes distractingly. One slipper came loose from her heel. She leaned over and replaced it.

"Isn't that so?" she asked.

"Not—entirely. No."

Tony rubbed out his cigarette and got to his feet.

"I wonder," he said, "if you'd mind if I—went upstairs to—write some letters? Ah—I've been meaning for weeks—"

One corner of Polly's mouth drew itself awry in politely ironical understanding.

"Not at all."

Resisting an impulse to break into a trot, he made his way hastily to the stairs.

"Good night," called Polly after him.

A DULL gray afternoon in August. Ben had been allowed to go to the movies. Mrs. Dix was away somewhere, playing bridge.

Tony lolled sleepily in his sitting room, looking over the passages of Cæsar that he and his charge were to take up on the following day.

A knock on the half-open door startled him.

"Yes?" he said.

"May I come in?" It was Polly.

Tony ran his hands through his hair, straightened his tie. "Certainly." He rose.

She came in. She was wearing a dark dress, splashed with deep colors, open at the throat. Her hair was mussed a little. She had a book in one hand, a place marked with one finger. She pulled the door nearly shut behind her.

"H'lo," she said.

"H'lo." Tony bowed slightly, smiled a little. "What'll you have?"

"Three or four things," she said.

She seated herself in the chair he had risen from, crossed her legs—more graceful than ever now, in the thinnest of black silk—and opened the book. He saw a checkered design on one page. "First I want a ten-letter word for 'class of marine life' with 'stac' in the middle of it."

"Not cross-word puzzles!"

"Yes. I was bored to death, and I found this book on daddy's desk. And you're educated, so when I got stuck on the very first puzzle I came to you. Here." She pointed a smooth, slender finger at a place on the puzzle. "Four across, class of marine life."

He stood beside her and looked. Her perfume was the more potent for being barely discernible.

"Umm," he said. "Ah—how about 'crustacean'?"

"Of course!" She drew her knee up to support the book while she wrote, "C-r-u-s-t-a-c—ah—i-o-n?"

"E-a-n," Tony smiled.

She looked over her shoulder at him and laughed bewitchingly.

"Now look," she said. "That gives me 'p-r-i' to start 'geometrical figure' and 's-t' to start 'golf term.' I wonder if that's stance or stymie? Come here."

A marvelous new face

. . . achieves the clean, invigorating effect of massage by an expert barber in a few seconds.

Here's one of the greatest ideas ever devised for sprucing up men's skin—giving it the smooth, well-groomed, youthful look of an athlete. Instead of spending a half hour under the skilful trained fingers of an expert barber, you can now get the full effect of a wonderfully refreshing massage every morning—at home—in about 10 seconds.

Simply pat a few drops of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion on your face after shaving. The effect is instant. Your skin tingles a moment—then feels cool, clean, refreshed. The muscle tissue in your face is stimulated—fatigue vanishes. The surface skin becomes smoother. Small wrinkles disappear. Pouchy flesh tightens up. And—*you feel better.*

More alive, more buoyant, peppy!

Preceded by the new wonderful satin-smooth shave you get with Fougere Royale Shaving Cream—the non-caustic, non-irritating, perfectly balanced cream that prevents smarting and burning—your day starts off perfectly.

Try it. Both lotion and cream are mildly perfumed with the odeur of Fougere Royale (Royal Fern)—a pleasing wholesome outdoor fragrance.

Generous samples will be sent you if you fill out the coupon.

She indicated the broad arm of the chair. Tony took a deep breath and compressed his lips.

"I—ah—I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I—er—I've got to get through this Latin before dinner. I'd like to try to help you, but—"

"Oh," she said, "*I'm* sorry." She was on her feet, at the door. "Thank you, anyway."

She was gone and the door was shut behind her.

Tony sat down and said profane and complimentary things about her.

IV

"BEEN a good girl?" rumbled Benjamin B. Dix, pulling his daughter down on that part of his leg that protruded from under his rotund abdomen.

"Much too," said Polly, wrinkling her nose. "I'm bored to death."

"What's the matter? Standing army of suitors gone back on you?"

"Oh, no. But they're all so—so suity. They sit and goggle at me as if I were something in the aquarium. They want to know if I'm warm enough and cool enough, and if they can get me anything, and if I wouldn't like to sit nearer to them, and—as soon as they get me alone they make love to me."

"Kiss you?"

"Try to. Do you think I'd let one of them kiss me? The—the—poor fish! Why have you got so much money, daddy?"

"Why— Well, that's a funny question! Because your mother wanted it, I guess." Wrinkles collected at the corners of his eyes as he looked up at her. "Why? Do you think they're after it?"

"Some of them."

Her father rumbled again in mock distress.

"This is very serious, my dear. Most unfortunate. By the way, how do you get along with young Powers, the tutor fellow? He's doing mighty well with Junior, I think."

"Junior can have him. He reminds me of a floorwalker—a floorwalker with a job in the movies. Stiff and straight and correct. I don't think I ever saw a young man take himself so seriously. I don't see how he ever played football. I should think it would have been too informal for him. Bending his back and falling down on the grass and all that."

"He seems to have got on your nerves."

"No. But he's always posing around the house and I keep tripping over him. And he begs my pardon and stalks off."

"Maybe he's bashful."

"Bashful? With his conceit? What I don't understand is that he was popular at Yale. He must have amounted to something. Once."

"You're sure you aren't unfair to him?"

Polly made a little face and did not see fit to answer.

"I'd just like to see him in an emergency some time," she said, half to herself. "I wonder if anything could jar him out of it."

V

TONY was throwing sticks from the dock for the Airedale to swim after. The first week of September had arrived. The ordeal by Polly was nearly over. Mrs. Dix had taken Ben to town to get his school clothes. It was a bright, breezy day, warm—but smelling, somehow, of football. His hand, closed on a stick, longed for the feel of pigskin.

Polly found him woofing at the dog when she arrived.

"Oh," he said, turning. "Hello!"

"Have you got letters to write or homework to do?" asked Polly. "Or must you be going to bed right away? Because, if not, I was going to suggest that you leave the dog to his own devices and take the cat out with me." She indicated the catboat. "There's a nice wind," she said. "It ought to be fun."

"Fine," Tony agreed. "Love to."

A catboat in a stiff breeze could surely offer no great danger of a belated fall from grace.

In the Sound proper the air was even livelier. Tony found himself sufficiently occupied in his job as movable ballast, while Polly managed the sailing. Tony found the careening of the little boat, the power of the wind, the salty splash of the spray invigorating.

"COMING about!" called Polly.

Tony crouched to let the boom pass over him. There was a swish, and slap of canvas catching the wind. The boat jerked forward on the new tack.

Almost simultaneously he heard a thud and a splash that had no place in the order of things. The sail flapped in the wind. Tony looked to the stern.

Polly was not there.

In the water a few feet away he saw her inert. Tony dived, came up, shook the water out of his eyes, grasped her. She was limp and unable to struggle.

Holding Polly's face out of the water, he struck out for the drifting boat, thanking Heaven and Yale for hard, vigorous muscles. Presently, puffing a little, he caught the side of the boat with his free hand, still holding Polly's chin in the crook of the other arm, and Polly still unmoving.

It was no small feat to pull himself aboard

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

freshener" for men

Fougère Royale
ROYAL FERN

The Fougere Royale Specialties for men are:

After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Shaving Stick, 75c
Talcum, 50c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. B-5
539 West 45th St., New York City

You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

"The Flavor is Roasted In!"

©1926, D.-W. Co.

NO dinner, political or otherwise, is complete without coffee. There is nothing like a good warm cup to cheer the jaded traveler, the tired husband or the honored guest . . . . . White House Coffee, sold for over 40 years, *is* good coffee. In the White House ovens the coffee is roasted just enough to perfect the full coffee taste, but not enough to drive the life out of the coffee beans . . . . . Thus the flavor is roasted *into* White House Coffee and not out into the air. It brings right on your table that fragrant coffee aroma and delicious coffee taste.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY, *Boston, Mass., Chicago, Ill., Portsmouth, Va.*

[INTO TEMPTATION
Continued from Page Eighty-three]

without letting the girl go; but he managed it, then dragged her after him as gently as he could, forcing tired arms so that she might not be scratched on the gunwale as she came over.

This much accomplished, Tony was more or less at a loss for further procedure. He had no way of discovering what had happened to the girl, and no notion, therefore, of the treatment needed.

With a fixed idea that unconscious persons should be laid with their heads low, he tried vainly to arrange her in some semblance of comfort, abandoned the idea, and seated himself athwart the boat, his arm around her and her head on his shoulder.

He was relieved to find her pulse strong and regular. He chafed her wrists as well as his single free hand permitted, and alternated by stroking her brow. Her color seemed fair enough. What the devil did you do now?

POLLY saved him any further groping among first-aid methods by sighing. Her eyelids fluttered.

"Oh," she said softly, and nuzzled her cheek against his shoulder.

"That's the girl!" he murmured. "You'll be fine in a minute. Just take it easy. Sweet child!"

Her eyes fluttered and closed again. She raised the arm that had been cramped against his chest and crooked it around his neck. Her forearm was cool and smooth against his cheek. She opened her eyes, looked at him, smiled wanly. Something—possibly her arm—drew his face down.

His lips touched hers, pressed down on them. Her mouth was cool, her face still wet with salt water. Her eyes closed again. She drew away.

"The boom," she said softly.

"I leaned over for my cigarettes."

"Yes," he said, and brought his mouth slowly down on hers again. And then, "Oh, my God, how I love you!"

She leaned back across his knees and looked up at him with wide, astonished eyes.

"Your God how you what?"

He grinned at her and moved his head slowly up and down.

"Yes. I might as well tell you. Your father can fire me, if he likes. I can get other jobs in other businesses. I love you. That's the truth."

She pulled herself up again by the arm that hugged his neck.

"Do you—*really?*"

"I suppose everybody says the same thing. I'm sorry to repeat it, but it's true. I love you. If everybody else does, that's a sign of everybody's good sense."

Her face was very close to his. He bent down again. . . .

"But," she said presently, "I thought you thought I was a nasty

little flapper. I had no idea—"

"I stood it as long as I could. I probably would have put it over to the end. But—Lord! When I saw you floating there—When I got you back on the boat and you wouldn't move— Oh, I can get a job in a glue factory! Your father can chase me out tonight, if he likes. But—but—I hope you won't."

"I?"

"I mean—if I should be very devoted, and if I could get myself a good job and eventually make enough money to—to— Well, what I mean is, do you suppose you could ever—I mean—"

"Silly!" she said.

"But—is it silly? I know I don't amount to anything now, but if I could—"

"Stupid!" she said. And she kissed him. "Meanwhile," she went on, "it's getting along toward teatime, and I'm sopping wet, and we're drifting farther and farther toward—"

"Heaven!" Tony supplied. "Oh, my—oh, my—oh, my!"

Polly struggled to get up.

"How's your head?" asked Tony.

"What's a bash on the head?" She was taking her place at the tiller.

"Coming about!" she called, and Tony ducked. "And now, what's all this nonsense about daddy firing you? And what do you mean about you getting a job in a glue factory?"

"Well, when your father hired me to tutor Ben," Tony began—and reported what had been said and promised about Mr. Dix's employee and Mr. Dix's charming daughter.

"Well," said Polly, when he had finished. "So daddy said that about me, did he? I'll show him! And he'd fire you, would he? I'll show him about that, too. Why, silly! Don't you see that marrying me is the one perfect way of getting yourself a permanent and well paid job in daddy's office?"

"That," said Tony, "is why I'm going to get a job in a glue factory or in the ash-tray industry or something."

VI

FOR my part, I cannot say whether it is possible for the boom of a catboat to knock a healthy girl both unconscious and overboard.

There are those who have expressed considerable doubt about it, but I should never be unchivalrous enough to take sides with them.

All I know is that the bruise on Polly's head was never treated, and that it left no lump.

THE END

"Do you mind if I sit near you?" she asked. "It's simply perishing over there where the wind comes in."

Always Fresh— Never Frozen!

Beware of imitations!
Unless it bears this wrapper, it is not 40-Fathom Fish.

40-Fathom Fish Speeds Straight from the Ocean To Your Table

WHETHER you live near the sea or hundreds of miles inland, you can now enjoy fine ocean fish that is absolutely fresh. You can have prime deep-sea haddock—fish as sweet and tender and tasty as ever tumbled out of a net.

"40-Fathom" is the trade name of fish which is caught by the Bay State Fishing Company's big fleet of steam trawlers, far out in the ocean. . . . Each catch is carefully sorted, and only the choicest fish are selected for your table.

40-Fathom Haddock comes to you in the form of fillets—the clear white breasts and sides of the fish. . . . Heads, tails, backbones and all waste are removed. . . . Then these savory fish steaks are individually wrapped in parchment paper, iced and fast-expressed to your dealer.

You buy nothing but fresh fish *meal*, ready to cook. . . . It costs you no more than inferior fish which requires the bother and waste of cleaning. . . . Ask your meat, fish or provision dealer for 40-Fathom Haddock Fillets and relish a delicious fresh "shore dinner". . . . Look for the 40-Fathom trademark on the wrapper. Refuse substitutes.

BAY STATE FISHING CO., 30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.
Largest Producer of Fresh Ocean Fish in America

FREE Recipe Book!
Mail This Coupon

40 Fathom FISH

Send Coupon Today! © 1926, B. S. F. Co.

BAY STATE FISHING CO., L. 4-7
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.:

Please send me your free Book of Recipes for cooking 40-Fathom Fish as served at the famous Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York City.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

the latest in bridge sets *with* *the* new push button lock...

How delightfully easy — just push the conveniently located button and the table leg is released for folding. Until then the table remains firm, rigid, non-collapsible!

This is an exclusive, patented feature of the latest bridge set developed by the Carrom Company—bridge sets composed of four folding, padded-seat chairs and table finished in Chinese Red, Jade Green, or Canary Yellow. Tables have modishly decorated tops of Black Moire or Lizard-Grained Leatherette and may be purchased separately if desired.

See these beautiful bridge sets at leading furniture and department stores. Thousands of persons have seen them, admired their beauty, bought them for their homes!

Winners Announced

The winners of the first two Carrom Bridge Contests conducted by Milton C. Work, have been notified. The names of the winning contestants will be forwarded to anyone interested. Write direct to The Carrom Company, Ludington, Michigan.

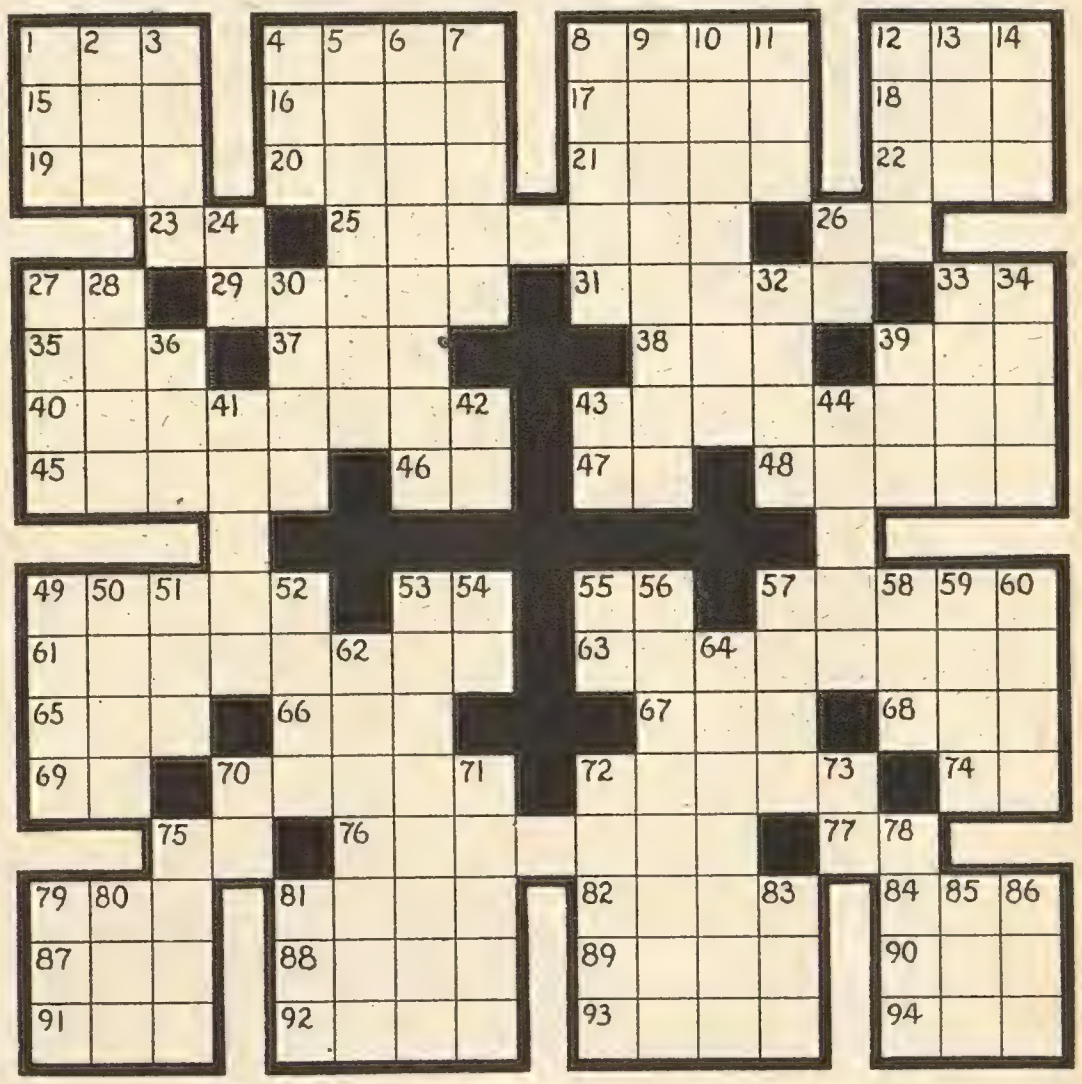
THE Carrom CO.
FOLDING TABLES

ESTABLISHED 1889 LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN

CROSSLET PUZZLE

THE swastika, the Greek cross, and the cross of St. Andrew have appeared as the central figure in recent LIBERTY puzzles, and here we have the botonee cross, more frequently called the crosslet. Many of the standard cross forms have not been conspicuous as religious devices, being confined almost entirely to artistic uses. The crosslet has been used extensively in heraldry, where it is found as one of the commonest decorations on escutcheons or shields, though rarely appearing alone.

It is depicted here in its original form, but usually it is elaborated to the extent of having the ends of its limbs developed into trefoils or treble buds instead of being left in the shape of squarely cut plain crosses.

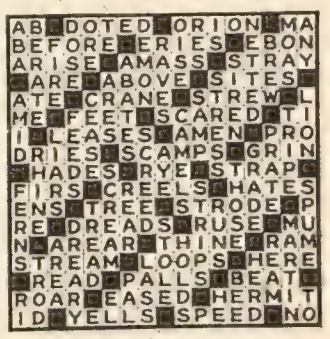


HORIZONTAL

1 Possessed
4 Saucy
8 Lacking color
12 Authoritative rule
15 Poem
16 District
17 A mortgage
18 A pronoun
19 Cardinal number
20 Third son of Jacob
21 Exclamation of sorrow
22 Siamese coin
23 Thus
25 Threatener
26 A form of to be
27 Letter of the Greek alphabet
29 A coquette
31 Eagles
33 Exclamation
35 Mother of *Peer Gynt*
37 Devoured
38 Over
39 Bird's craw
40 Devout
43 Point out
45 General course or direction
46 Perform
47 A bone
48 Strayed
49 A species of willow
53 Note of the scale
55 By
57 Rent
61 Commands
63 Decided
65 Woman's name
66 A sty
67 Spanish word for river
68 Even
69 Note of the scale
70 Torn places
72 Measures of weight
74 Mother
75 Note of the scale
76 Figure for demonstration purposes
77 Not
79 Playing card
81 Metal
82 Frosts
84 Parity
87 Small parcel of land
88 Color
89 Spanish coin
90 Past
91 Sheep
92 Otherwise
93 Paradise
94 Permit

VERTICAL

1 Heated
2 American author
3 Lairs
4 Comrade
5 A hermit
6 Worthy of great respect
7 A trace of unsoundness
8 To put
9 Auxiliary wing tips of an airplane
10 Erudite
11 Type measures
12 Earthy mixture including sand and clay
13 Insect
14 Moist
24 Pertaining to
26 While
27 Market
28 Employer
30 Rendered fat of an animal
32 A city in Pennsylvania
33 Detest
34 Bound to pay
36 The mother of Abel
39 Impair
41 Concluded
42 Toward
43 The beloved of Zeus
44 Angler's basket
49 Ancient Persian poet
50 Mentally balanced
51 Tavern
52 Plunder
53 Makes slight allusion
54 Exists
55 A measure of area
56 Built in successive terraces
57 Weaving machine
58 Hail
59 Appear
60 Woman's name
62 Part of a climbing plant
64 Native of an Asiatic kingdom
70 The sun god
71 French word for health
72 To grasp
73 The symbol for tin
75 Festival
78 Semiprecious stone
79 Malt liquor
80 Bovine animal
81 Suffix denoting an adherent to a cause
83 A descendant
85 Duration of existence
86 Decay



Answer to last week's puzzle

Spring Brings Alluring Fashion Lines

By Mary Brush Williams

ONE just naturally thinks of oneself as the war correspondent of the fashions after reporting, even so remotely from the scene of conflict, the battle of the spring openings in Paris. Perhaps one is rather the war editor of the fashions, with the privilege of interpreting, now and then, the significant, the practical, the pretty.

Anyway, one is impelled to break away from mere reporting and ask if you don't think the ensemble displayed on this page well-nigh approaches perfection in its soft, practical adaptation of modern styles.

We are standing at this moment with not very reluctant feet, not where the brook and river meet, but where the old styles of the '80s are beginning to mix (*mélanger*, the French call it) with the styles of 1927 and the decade previous, into something approaching perfection.

We are changing from feminism into something feminine; and presently, if we accept the new style principle, our modern personalities will probably become enmeshed in the soft meaninglessness of those earlier fashions. But for the moment we are using them only as a garnishment to our harsher structures. They are merely "set on."

Before long they may strike down deeper into the very sturdiness of our conceptions and feminize them. Maybe human beings are so influenced by external surroundings that what we wear will make us over into sweet and dainty old-fashioned girls, and we shall faint on gentlemen's shoulders.

On the other hand, maybe these new clothes are so unrepresentative of our modern day and way of doing things and manner of thinking that they will not be accepted at all. At any rate, a little of their softening influence is sure to last and bring charm to an age that was much in need of it.

Our evening ensemble combines points from the two periods on which we now are drawing in what I think is almost perfection. A dinner dress made with a separate skirt and a coat that is of three-quarter length, and which is something like a cape, yet somewhat, too, like a top-coat, causes this costume to appear to be much in the spirit of an evening tailleur.

It is much softer and daintier than the costumes of a season ago, and yet is built on the thoroughly modern principle of having a suit for evening.

The coat conforms to the predominant fashion tendency of the day, which is to draw all of the fullness backward (as when one wore a bustle, if one ever did such a thing!).

The sudden popularity of the cape has also brought about this drawn-backward movement. This coat, you will see, is scarcely more than a cape with sleeves in it. And (quite irrelevantly) how excellent a model it is for a spring and summer day wrap, or for an actual tailleur, if one likes, in covert cloth or *laine*.

To insert at this point the written comment of the artist from Paris: "A little chiffon coat made very full in the back, like a cape. The cape idea seems to run through everything. It will probably develop more and more as the season goes on. The other dominant idea gleaned from the new season is the three-quarter length for wraps, and this is definitely creeping into the mode."

An evening dress of oyster-white chiffon with crystal embroidery. The skirt is of uneven strips of the chiffon.

THE new ensemble evening suit. The dress is of gray chiffon trimmed with moiré silk in two tones of red. The skirt, of loose strips of the chiffon, is sewed on a foundation of the same material. The coat is also of gray chiffon, with a furless band for a collar.

The dress illustrates one of the accepted means we are using to break up any optical sense that we are viewing a straight up-and-down silhouette (even if we are). It uses the ruse of employing horizontal lines in decoration. In this costume, as in many others of the season, a very wide band circles the figure between the limits of a high waistline and low hipline. This band is in two tones of red.

The skirt of the costume is made of little strips of the same material as the bodice and the foundation of the dress, which is gray chiffon. These strips are fastened round the top of the skirt, and give a fluttering effect when one moves, like the old-fashioned effects of the '80s. When one stands still, they fall straight, almost like plaits in the old-fashioned effect of the 1920s. And they combine into what will probably be the new fashion just about to come.

THE other evening frock shows the slightly molded hipline of the coming period, and the floating panels, which are made of chiffon. It also incorporates the almost essential principle that one must have one's dress longer in the back than in the front; and in this case, as frequently, it appears to take a man's full evening dress for its model. It is a little bit suggestive of the so-called swallow-tailed coat.

You will observe that the hipline is molded very snugly; this and the floating panels beneath it and the tail effect to the skirt mark the costume as a recent production. The gown is of oyster-white chiffon and there is crystal embroidery on the bodice, which is cut very low indeed; but a flesh-colored piece of chiffon fills it in, so that it is not quite as nude as it looks.

Say It With Flounces Says Paris

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, March 11.

"A PERFECT riot of flounces running in every direction: sloping up in front or at the back, plaited or gathered, cut on the bias or cut straight, but always carefully studied so that the effect is youthful." This is Jean Patou's personal description of the spring and summer mode for afternoon and evening. It is the description of all of Paris.

Four out of five dresses have it—the flounce in some sort of interpretation. They are variously called flounces, tiers, and ruffles, and you may find them masquerading under that favorite phrase of the fashionmongers, "the circular movement." Girls will be girls this spring. They shall flaunt that most feminine of all sartorial details, the flounce, and they shall cease from the futile effort to look sexless. Not only shall we wear ruffles, but our springtime chic will be all tied up in bows.

How Paris keeps the riotous ruffle within the bounds of slender and youthful cachet, I shall try to explain to you. And how she ties her bows shall be elucidated. First of all, let it be known that flounces and bows this season are of two major types. These two classes come from two kinds of material that are supremely smart. They are stiff tissues and floating fabrics. Any woman knows that ruffles made of taffeta are one thing and that flounces of chiffon are another kind of story.

The same is true of bows. Jean Patou is the great prophet of these so different ways of making the springtime fashions via the ruffle route, and so I have selected and Fromenti has sketched four models created by Patou to show you how it is done. The boy has a way with him. His clothes represent one of the two most successful fashion collections in all Paris this season.

Irregular flounces give cachet to the chiffon frock and crêpe coat.

Stiff black moiré makes this spring ensemble, with a white silk blouse.

First is the question of material. There is a trend toward the stiff fabrics of other days. Ruffles and bows that interpret fashion in these fabrics are in a separate class. Patou uses many of these materials both for day and evening, and he is, in this, in perfect accord with others of the greatest of Paris fashion makers.

Taffeta, moiré, and satin that will stand alone without fleshly support are the three great materials that make this class of style. Patou uses moiré and taffeta for daytime, and he makes them wearable, giving them at the same time a new genre of chic.

The way in which black moiré is used for the ensemble by Jean Patou is shown in our second sketch. The coat of moiré fits with exquisite neatness the shoulders and arms, and flares gently toward the hemline. The small collar is edged with white, and the sleeve cuffs outlined with it. The moiré skirt is one very long ruffle, cut circular and dipping down in front.

The infinite variety of the ruffle is smartly expressed in this Patou dinner dress of black taffeta. The fitted bodice, with its diagonal décolletage, ties in a big bow on the right hip.

The blouse of white crêpe de Chine proves that the bowknot may achieve an importance as a design. The really-truly bowknot of black moiré ties at the center front of the girdle, and the long ends are appliquéd on to the blouse.

No matter what the rest of the world may decide, Patou likes to put a flower on his coat lapels, and in this case he places a large flower of white organdie next to one of black moiré.

The daytime ensemble of very supple material is shown in our first figure. A great many chic women are going to choose this type. This frock is made of black-and-gray-printed chiffon with a soft blouse the collar of which is made of a knotted scarf, but minus a bow. The wide girdle sash, however, has its bowknot on the left hip.

Bows at the décolletage and waistline give character to this lamé evening frock.

The skirt is a masterpiece of the ruffled and, at the same time, youthful line. The hipline, very carefully fitted by the yoke at the top, is made completely charming by the diagonal ruffle that becomes narrower and moves upward on the left side. The lower ruffle does the opposite, moving downward and becoming wider at the left side-front. The coat of black featherweight wool crêpe is arranged in tucks of varying width from top to bottom, and the girlish bishop sleeves, with their snugly fitting cuffs, are also tucked. Patou's new flower of white organdie decorates the tiny shawl collar of the coat.

ANALYZING the Paris vogue for ruffles, tiers, or flounces, it becomes evident that a regular army of flounces is composed almost entirely of irregulars. Ruffles of differing width, irregular fullness, and tiers placed unevenly are characteristic of the new mode. One of them is shown in our largest sketch, an evening gown in black taffeta. The skirt of this model Patou makes in five flounces, none of them the same width or fullness, and only one of them attached, while the others float.

The bodice, which is cut diagonally at the top, is draped and tied in a very large bow on the right hip.

Our fourth sketch shows a Patou evening gown made of silver, rose, and gray lamé of chiffon weight, wherein bows and shirred flounces are combined to create a new line.

Play 'em hard!

$15.00 KENT "OLYMPIC DRIVER"

Here's a Racket that will stand the gaff. Has exceptional strength; beauty and balance. The frame is light in the head and made from carefully selected ash, reinforced throughout the entire bow with walnut. Each side is reinforced with rawhide. The shoulders are strengthened with a binding of green pearl fibreloid. Strung with the best orange split sheep gut.

Ask your Sporting Goods Dealer.

Kent RACKETS

Write E. Kent Estate, Pawtucket, R. I., for free catalog of Kent Rackets, priced up to $15.00, and Rules of the Game.

—after the grocery boy leaves

The packages have been emptied and contents stored away—how convenient to throw the "trash" into the Vul-Cot beside the kitchen sink. . . This dainty new home Vul-Cot, the little sister to the famous business Vul-Cot—is made in colors to harmonize with every scheme of interior decoration. Light as a feather, yet super-strong, solid at sides and bottom so that not even dust or ashes can sift through onto floors. At stationery, housefurnishing and department stores.

VUL-COT

- the national wastebasket

National Vulcanized Fibre Co. Wilmington, Del.

Wizard Improved Heel Grips

Their soft rubber fingers fill natural depressions in side of heel, holding shoe firmly in position without bulging. Very thin at back. Prevents wear on hose. The comfortable, snug way of overcoming slipping heels. At your dealers.

30c a pair

WIZARD CO., Dept. A, St. Louis, Mo.

NO MORE PAIN

Amazing relief for you. Stops burning, aching, tender, swollen, calloused, torturing feet. Foot trouble mastered in marvelous CAL-O-CIDE. Wear shoes you like. One application of CAL-O-CIDE and corns and callouses gone like magic. At druggists, or send 35c.

MEDCO CO., Dept. J, Dayton, Ohio

Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

You Can Make Money at WORD GOLF

YOU will earn $5 if your *original* WORD GOLF problem appears in LIBERTY, but please remember that there are *no awards* for *solutions*.

If you are not familiar with the game of converting one word into another by strokes or steps, look at the solutions of last week's WORD GOLF, printed below. They are excellent examples of how the transformation is accomplished.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge defined poetry as " the best words in their best order," and this might well be extended to include WORD GOLF.

By " best " words we mean those reasonably familiar to everyone—not obscure, and, above all, not obsolete ones. Foreign-language words should be avoided also.

As to " order," bear in mind that at every step in the conversion the word used may differ from its predecessor by just one letter and that the remaining letters must not be transposed.

You are invited to submit as many entries as you wish, but unaccepted contributions will not be returned and LIBERTY cannot undertake to correspond on the subject of WORD GOLF.

Address WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

T. O. WEBB
Chattanooga, Tenn.

W	A	D	E
S	W	I	M

AGNES M. WESCHLER
Brookland, D. C.

F	L	I	E	R
P	L	A	N	E

JOHN BRISTOL
Vernal, Utah

T	I	N	Y
V	A	S	T

GEORGE T. BAILEY
New York, N. Y.

S	H	A	R	P
S	W	O	R	D

CORA V. DELAMAR
Raleigh, N. C.

C	H	I	N
B	R	O	W

MARY RORK
Chicago, Ill.

L	I	N	E	N
P	A	P	E	R

Answers to Last Week's *WORD GOLF*

MEAT	BROOD	DULL	SIDE	SLEEP	EYES
MOAT	BROOK	DUEL	BIDE	SHEEP	DYES
MOST	CROOK	FUEL	RIDE	CHEEP	DIES
MAST	CROCK	FEEL	RICE	CREEP	DIMS
MASH	CRICK	KEEL	RACE	CREEK	DAMS
HASH	CHICK	KEEN	RACK	CREAK	DAMP
			BACK	CREAM	VAMP
				DREAM	

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 56

1—A form of government in which the power is in the hands of a few.
2—Holland.
3—The mule.
4—Siam's.
5—The heroine of Thackeray's Vanity Fair.
6—Mount Olympus.
7—Betelgeuse.
8—King Henry VIII of England.
9—The reaping machine.
10—Francisco Pizarro.
11—" Constitution "; " Nutmeg."
12—Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, and Romanoff.
13—La Paz.
14—That between the Monitor and Merrimac on March 9, 1862, in Hampton Roads, Virginia.
15—Titian.
16—General William Booth, an English clergyman.
17—Swedish.
18—A unit of electrical power. It is named for James Watt, a Scottish inventor.
19—Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.
20—The Battle of Cedar Creek, twenty miles from Winchester, Virginia.

Index to Advertisements

This Issue

PAGE

American Face Brick Association..44
American Pencil Co.....73
Amorc Temple.....69
Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc....37
Barking Dog Smoking Mixture....61
Bauer Chemical Co.....42
Bayer Aspirin.....67
Bay State Fishing Co.....85
Benrus Watch Company.....48
Brown & Haley.....70
Cadillac Motor Car Company.....31
Campbell Soup Company.....15
Carnation Milk Products Company Third Cover
Carrom Co.....86
Cities Service Oils & Gasolene.....65
Clinton Carpet Company.....62
Comer Mfg. Co.....73
Corn Products Refining Co.....26
Cuno Engineering Corp., The.....30
Cuticura.....42
D.D.D. (Skin Lotion).....69
Delatone Co., The.....68
Dent & Company, C. S.....73
De Vilbiss.....70
Dwinell-Wright Company.....84
Eskimo Pie Corporation.....27
Everwear Hosiery Company, The..42
Fleischmann Company, The.....18
Forhan Company.....71
Freezone.....52
Gardner Motor Co., Inc., The....66
Geisler Bird Co., Max.....69
General Electric Company..... 6
General Office Equipment Corp....54
"Gets It".....68
Glover Company, H. B.....78
Hopkins & Son, Ferd T.....24
Houbigant, Inc.....82 & 83
Ingram Co., Frederick F.....38
Janvier, Inc., Walter.....29
Kent Estate, E.....89
Kohler Co.....Back Cover
Kotex Company.....51
Lambert Pharmacal Company.....39
Largman, Gray Company.....16
La Salle Extension University.....60
Laundryowners National Association of United States and Canada 28
Lee See Co., The.....69
Lehn & Fink, Inc.....53
Lewis Knitting Company.....32
Lloyd Loom Products.....46 & 47
Lorillard Co., P.....68
Lucky Strike.....35
Lucky Tiger.....44
Marmola.....52
May-Breath.....73
McCormick & Co.....44
McCoy's Tablets.....67
Medco Co.....89
Menhenitt Company, Ltd., The....69
Mennen Company, The.....40
Mercolized Wax.....60
Miller Rubber Company, The.....22
Morrison Hotel.....81
Mothersill Remedy Co. Ltd., The.61
Motor Improvements, Inc.....55
National Carbon Co., Inc.....45
National City Company, The.....56
National Confectioners Association.77
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.....89
Nestlé's & Peter's Chocolate.....64
Oakland Motor Car Company 4
Olive Tablets.....60
Pabst Corporation.....Second Cover
Phila. Brush Co.....61
Polk Miller Products Corp.....49
Postum Company, Inc.....41
Process Engraving Company, The.42
Royal Easy Chair Company.....80
Rubinstein, Helena.....73
Stein & Company, A..... 3
Studebaker Corporation of America, The.....59
Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation..21
Tung-Sol Lamp Works, Inc.....34
Wahl Company, The.....79
Watkins Company, The R. L. (Glostora).....69
Western Tablet & Stationery Corporation.....60
West's (Tooth Brush), Dr.....58
Wildroot.....36
Williams Co., The J. B.....25
Wizard Co.....89

We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

A Joyous Easter Dinner

By ETHEL SOMERS

THE Easter dinner should be a joyous affair. Of course, for the children's table Easter means bunnies, eggs, and nests. The adults appreciate gay springlike floral decorations. With the world outside ablaze for the joyous Easter season, what could be more fitting than a floral presentation of some of the menu items?

Printanière Soup

½ cup thinly sliced carrots
½ cup thinly sliced turnips
½ cup sliced celery
½ onion chopped or wee spring onions, sliced
1 cup potatoes, diced
½ cup green peas, if desired
1 tablespoon sugar
4 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt
1 quart consommé or bouillon

THE art of preparing this soup lies chiefly in the cutting of the vegetables in attractive shapes or in tiny pieces no larger than a pea. Any mixture of root vegetables may be used, if the selection includes at least four different kinds. Onions and peas add zest. Place the carefully prepared vegetables in a pan which has a tight-fitting cover. Add the butter, salt, and sugar. Cover, and cook very gently over a low fire, stirring occasionally. If the cooking is gentle the vegetables will not burn, even though no water is added. When the vegetables begin to soften, add the well seasoned bouillon or consommé and finish the cooking. Serve hot.

Spring Leg of Lamb

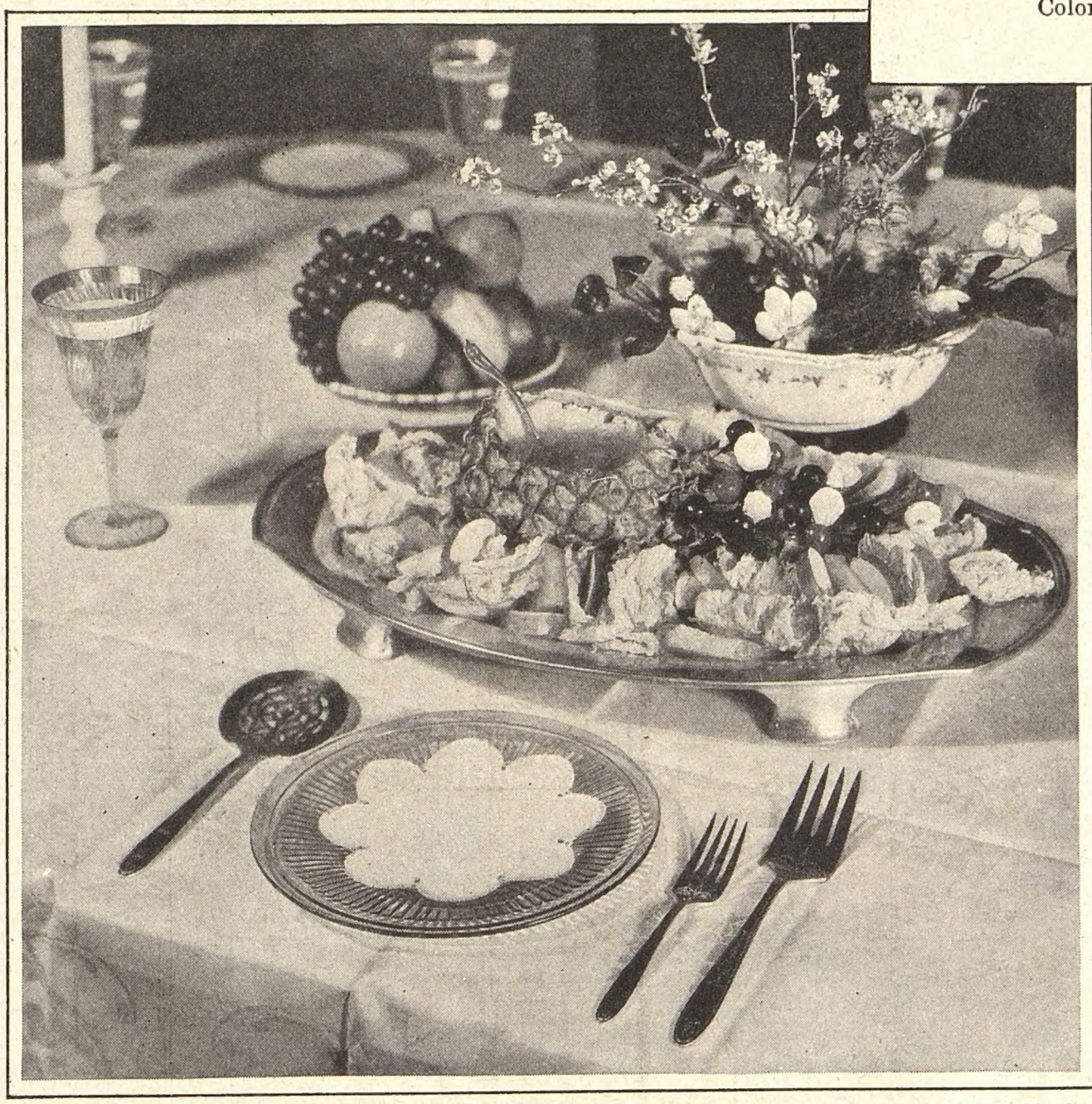
6 pounds leg of lamb (hind leg)
1 tablespoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

DRY roasting requires a choice cut of meat. If the meat is lacking in fat, which of course is not to be desired in lamb, use additional fat—either rubbed into the outer surface or fastened with a skewer to the highest exposed surface of the roast. If the butcher has not already skinned the leg by pulling off the thin transparent membrane from the outside, do this at home, starting at the hip end and pulling toward the shank. This leaves a layer of clean fat attached to the leg.

Place the prepared roast, unsalted, on the rack of a roasting pan. Meanwhile preheat the oven for at least 10 minutes to 450° F. (Searing at the start at a high temperature is most important, to protect the inside of the roast until it is steamed tender. If the meat is short on fatty tissue, some hot melted butter or other fat may be poured over the roast.) The searing is best done in the lower or roasting oven with the roaster uncovered and the oven continued at 450° F. for 30 minutes. Less watching, however, is required if the roaster is placed in the baking oven to be seared and roasted.

At the end of the first 30 minutes the outer layer should be seared and slightly browned. Reduce the oven temperature to 400° F. and continue to roast uncovered for 25 minutes per pound, or 2½ hours for a 6-pound leg of lamb. Uncovered roasting produces the best results, but requires that the meat be basted with the collecting fat from the bottom of the roaster every 15 or 20 minutes. When the roasting period is half over, add the salt and pepper to the basting liquor.

If constant attention cannot be given, cover the roaster after the 30 minutes of searing, leaving the valve in the cover open, and pour a ½-inch layer of boiling hot water in the bottom of the roasting pan. So cooked, the roast will be self-basted.



A hollowed-out pineapple makes a festive bowl for salad dressing, especially if the green tips of the top are garnished with cherries and cheese balls.

Easter Dinner Menu

Printanière Soup
Hot Cheese-Sprinkled Crackers
Spring Leg of Lamb
Parsley-Buttered Potatoes
Mint Sauce Brown Gravy
Vegetable Bouquet
Hot Rolls Calla-Lily Butter Pats
Fruit-Salad Platter Supreme
Nested Pineapple Mousse
Colored Tea Cakes
Coffee

Vegetable Bouquet

1 small or medium cauliflower steamed 15 to 30 minutes
6 young beets steamed 40 minutes
6 carrots steamed 40 minutes or fancifully sliced carrots steamed 15 to 20 minutes
2 pounds green peas steamed 25 to 35 minutes

THE vegetables should be prepared by carefully cleaning and steaming. The time of steaming varies according to the freshness of the vegetable. Using a plain or fluted knife, cut the steamed beets and carrots into fanciful floral shapes. Arrange on a hot vegetable plate with the cauliflower in the center. Fix the beet and carrot flowers on a border of the buttered and seasoned peas.

Fruit-Salad Platter Supreme

1 medium pineapple
Red and green cherries
1 package cream or nippy cheese
Any fruit-salad combination, as pineapple, banana, and orange with sliced kumquats, sectioned grapefruit, halved strawberries, or sliced red-skinned apple
Lettuce and any fruity French dressing

WASH the pineapple thoroughly. With a grapefruit knife remove the whole central portion in one or several pieces, leaving simply a hollow shell to serve as a container for the chilled salad dressing. Decorate the green tips of the pineapple tuft, which of course have been cleaned and pruned a bit if necessary. Green and red cherries, together with cheese balls, make attractive decorations for the points. Arrange on a salad platter and place in the ice box to chill overnight. Just before serving fill with fruity French dressing. Around the edge of the platter arrange the lettuce cups with the varicolored fruits scattered attractively throughout. Serve the lettuce and fruits on individual plates at the table, garnish with the cherries and cheese balls, and dress with the salad dressing.

Pineapple Mousse

1 teaspoon gelatin
3 tablespoons cold water
1 cup scalded pineapple juice
¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 pint cream

SOAK the gelatin in cold water until the water is absorbed, and then dissolve in hot pineapple juice. Add the sugar and lemon juice and cool. When thickened, fold in the cream, whipped. Beat the mixture until thick and fluffy, using a mechanical egg beater. Pour into a dampened container with a tight-fitting cover. No room for expansion need be allowed, because the mousse is already whipped and will not expand further on freezing. Adjust the tight cover of the mold and pack in salt and ice (1 part salt to 6 parts ice) for 4 hours, or freeze as usual in an ice-cream freezer or a mechanical ice box. Remove with an ice-cream scoop or spoon and serve in spun-sugar nests.

EASTER brings the "buffet Russe." Even after a dinner no one can resist a nibbling tour at a real, old-fashioned buffet Russe, the sideboard laden with its array of delectable dishes. LIBERTY'S three cookbooks show how to prepare the kingliest dishes of the buffet Russe, such as lobster salad, bird's-nest salad, anchovy rolls, roast duck glacé rouge, supreme of chicken, chicken-sweetbread patties, banana-cream pie, etc. Get your LIBERTY cookbooks *now* and surprise your guests with their favorite dishes in their most appetizing forms. Each cookbook only 10¢—all three for 25¢. Use the coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....
Street or R. F. D.....
City..... State.....
4-7-28

The tall can, diluted, makes an overflowing quart of pure, rich milk

© 1928, Carnation Milk Products Co.

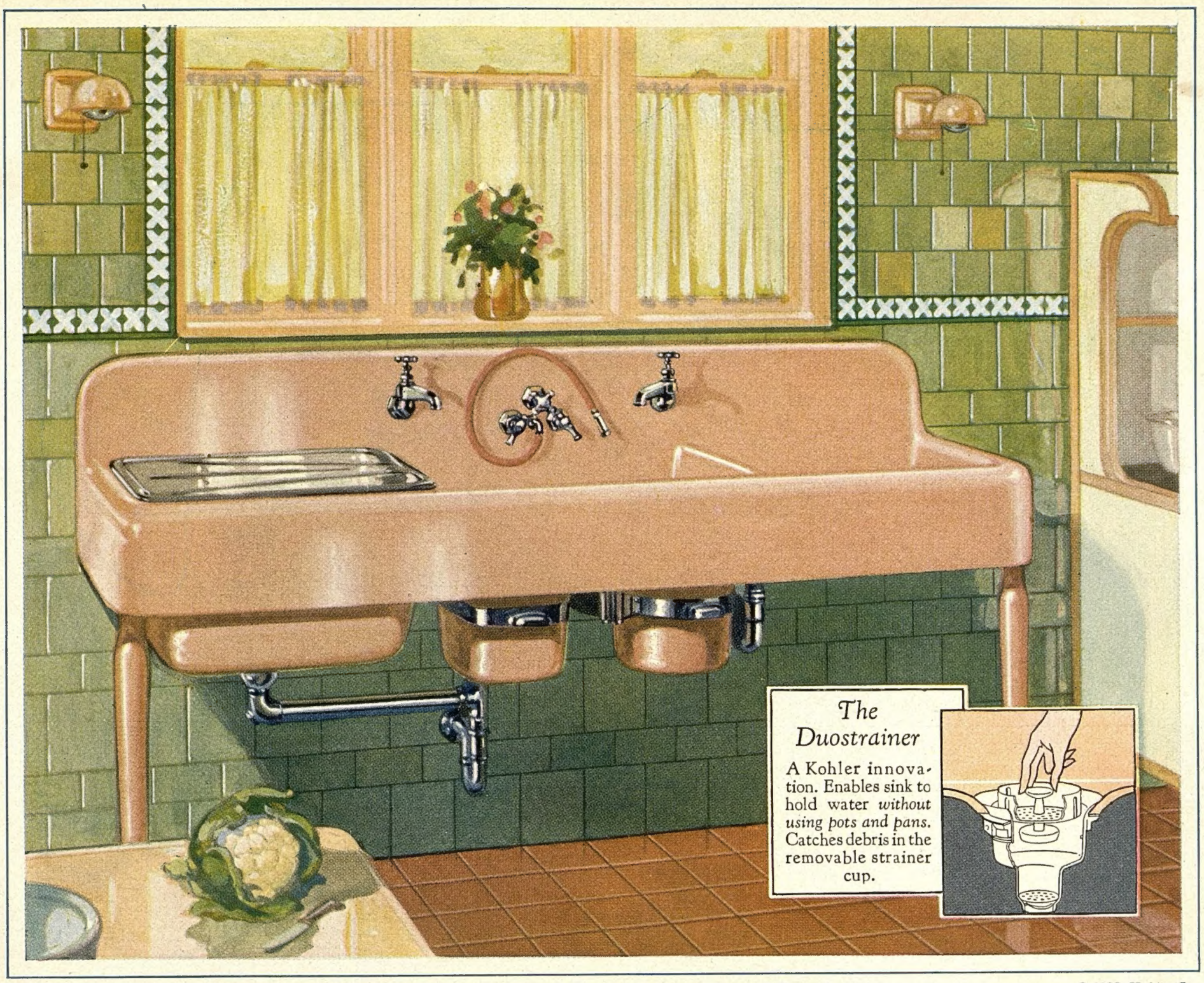
Only a diplomat, you'll think, could devise a cream soup so subtly, so silkily, smooth as this! And only a cook with a reckless disrespect for the cost of butter and cream, you'll hazard, could make it so thickly, so richly *creamy!*

But it isn't extravagance—it's Carnation Milk. Anyone can do it. Just use Carnation, the pure rich milk that evaporation makes doubly rich; that "homogenization" makes *all-creamy*—the double helping of cream distributed evenly through the milk, in finest particles. Use Carnation in *all* your cooking. It is so convenient and economical. And results are so much better!

Carnation "Two-Can" Cream of Tomato Soup—1 can tomato soup; 1 tall can Carnation Milk. Heat in different pans, watching carefully to prevent scorching. When piping hot (not boiling) pour tomato soup into milk. *Do not* pour milk into tomato, or curdling may result. Serve immediately; garnishing with whipped cream and chopped parsley. Soup must not be reheated after combining. This makes a thick creamy soup.

Write for Mary Blake Cook Book

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
438 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
538 Stuart Bldg., Seattle; New York; Aylmer, Ont.



A Kohler Efficiency Sink (No. K-1150) in "Autumn Brown" Enamel

© 1928, Kohler Co.

A three-well sink—*the very latest*

Look twice! This is really a *triple* sink — with three wells instead of one. It is radically new: far ahead of ordinary sinks: a genuine contribution to efficiency in the kitchen.

For instance, you can wash dishes in the central sink and rinse them on the right — a sequence of efficient operations. With their Duostrainer drains, pictured above, these sinks hold water just like a bath tub. Think of being able to wash dishes or vegetables *without bothering with pans!*

Then there is the laundry tub on the left, particularly helpful with the *everyday* washing — of lingerie, children's clothing, fine handkerchiefs and linens. . . . And there are other interesting features. Notice especially the refuse container, also the receptacle for brushes, cleanser and other articles, always handy yet never in the way, on their swinging arms underneath. . . .

This Kohler Efficiency Sink is one of several new models. Others are illustrated below. Like Kohler bath tubs, lavatories, and toilets, they are all made in Kohler Colors in addition to white.

Ask your plumber about these far-reaching Kohler improvements. And mail us this coupon.

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis. L 4-7-28

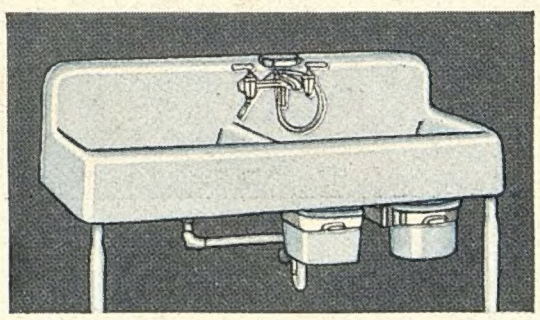
Gentlemen: Please send literature as checked.

- ☐ Kohler Efficiency Sinks
- ☐ Kohler Electric Sinks
- ☐ "Color Charm Enters the Bathroom"—(Kohler Color Ware)

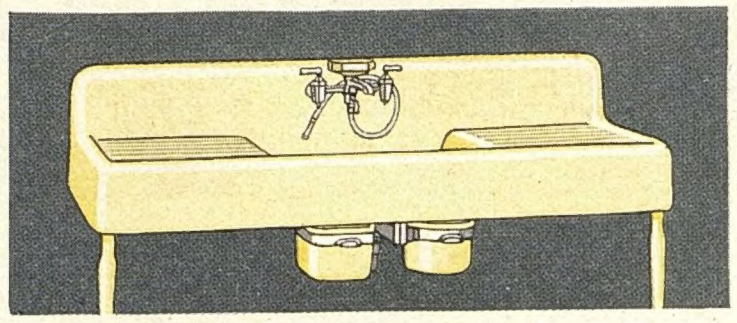
Name.....

Address.....

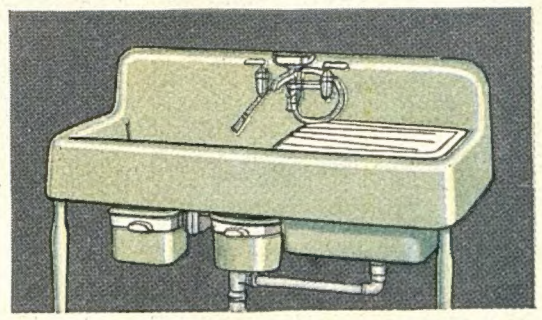
City..... *State*.....



No. K-1240. Efficiency in small space. Two deep Duostrainer sinks. Refuse container and receptacle for cleaning material beneath on swinging arms. Illustrated in "Horizon Blue"



No. K-1275. The deep Duostrainer sink, twin drainboards, rinsing hose, and other features combine to make this one of the finest sinks for medium and large kitchens. Adjustable to best working height, like all Kohler sinks. In "Old Ivory" enamel



No. K-1160. A capacious laundry tub at the right; a deep Duostrainer regular sink at the left. Ideal for small homes and apartments. In "Spring Green" enamel

KOHLER CO., *Founded 1873*, KOHLER, WIS. · *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis. · *Branches in Principal Cities*

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures